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WAYSIDE GLEANINGS
FOR
LEISURE MOMENTS.

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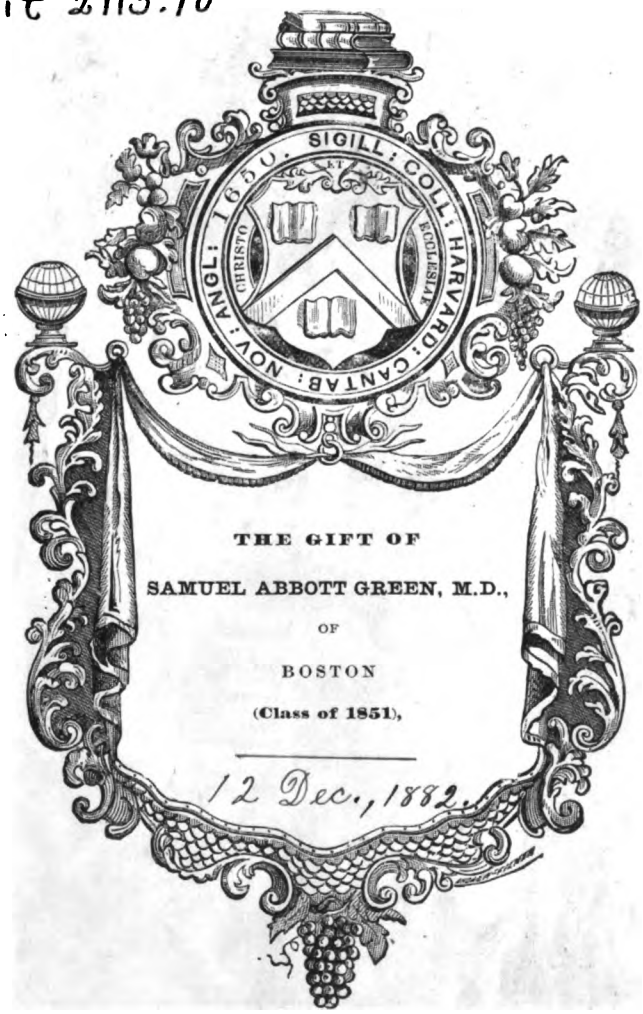

THE GIFT OF

SAMUEL ABBOTT GREEN, M.D.,

OF

BOSTON

(Class of 1851),

12 Dec., 1882.

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WAYSIDE GLEANINGS

FOR

LEISURE MOMENTS.

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THE ORCHESTRA.

[*FROM THE GERMAN.*]

The world is but a huge Orchestra,
And we therein must Players be,
And she who stirs our human feelings
Is our sweet sister, Harmony.
The great men, standing high above us,
Shall the Conductor's part fulfil,
While we, poor devils, scrape and fiddle
As best we can, some well, some ill.

The poor man's Tempo is Andante,
Allegro suits the rich man well,
And in the great man's Maestoso
Our piping notes the music swell.
But many a one doth vainly fiddle,
Nor clear nor tunefully plays he,
And therefore must for life, contented,
A humble bellows-blower be.

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WAYSIDE GLEANINGS

FOR

LEISURE MOMENTS.

OLD AGE.

It is seldom, says the "Friend's Intelligencer," we see as beautiful a tribute to the worth of "old age" as is contained in the following, which recently appeared in one of our city periodicals, and is now offered for republication in our columns.

"SHE HAS OUTLIVED HER USEFULNESS."

Not long since a good-looking man, in middle life, came to our door asking for "the minister." When informed that he was out of town he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied, "I have lost my mother, and as this place used to be her home, and my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside him."

Our hearts rose in sympathy, and we said, "You have met with a great loss."

"Well, yes," replied the strong man with hesitancy: "a mother is a great loss in general; but our mother had outlived her usefulness; she was in her second childhood, and her mind had grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself and a burden to everybody. There were seven of us, sons and daughters, and as we could not find anybody who was willing to board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I've had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out, and that was three months before her death. But then she was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us all up."

Without looking at the face of the heartless man, we directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor, and returned to our nursery. We gazed on the merry little faces which smiled or grew sad in imitation of ours, — those little ones to whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet as "mother," — and we wondered if that day could ever come when they could say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness; she is no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody!" and we hoped before such a day would dawn we might be taken to our rest. God forbid that we should outlive the love of our children! Rather let us die while their hearts are a part of our own, that our grave may be watered with their tears, and our love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial, we went to the sanctuary to pay our token of respect for the aged stranger, for we felt that we could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

"She was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us all up; she was no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else."

These cruel, heartless words rang in our ears as we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled long and loud, until its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toil-worn mother. One — two — three — four —

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five. How clearly and almost merrily each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber in her mother's bosom, and of her seat at nightfall on her weary father's knee. Six — seven — eight — nine — ten, rang out the tale of her sports upon the greensward in the meadow, and by the brook. Eleven — twelve — thirteen — fourteen — fifteen, spoke more gravely of school-days, and little household joys and cares. Sixteen — seventeen — eighteen, sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood and the dream of early love. Nineteen brought us the happy bride. Twenty spoke of the young mother, whose heart was full to bursting with the new-sprung love which God had awakened in her bosom. And then stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood, — of the love, and cares, and hopes, and fears, and toils through which she passed during these long years, till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From that to sixty each stroke told of the warm-hearted mother and grandmother, living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of her children and children's children. Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize; but hark! the bell tolls on! Seventy-one — two — three — four. She begins to grow feeble, requires some care, is not always perfectly patient or satisfied: she goes from one child's house to another, so that no one place seems like home. She murmurs in plaintive tones, and after all her toil and weariness it is hard she cannot be allowed a home to die in; that she must be sent, rather than invited, from house to house. Eighty — eighty-one — two — three — four — ah! now she is a second child — now "she has outlived her usefulness, she has ceased to be a comfort to herself or anybody;" that is, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth-craving and money-grasping children.

Now sounds out, reverberating through our lonely forest, and echoing back from the "hill of the dead," eighty-nine! There she now lies in the coffin, cold and still; she makes no trouble now, demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. A look of patient endurance, we fancied also an expression of grief for unrequited love, sat on her marble features. Her children were there, clad in weeds of woe, and in irony we remembered the strong man's words, "She was a good mother in her day."

When the bell ceased tolling, the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was very erect, and his voice strong, but his hair silvery white. He read several passages of Scripture expressive of God's compassion to feeble man, and especially of his tenderness when gray hairs are on him, and his strength faileth. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty and of dependence on God, urging all present to make their peace with their Master while in health, that they might claim his promise when heart and flesh should fail them. Then, he said, "The eternal God shall be thy refuge, and beneath thee shall be the everlasting arms." Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the coffined form before him, he then said reverently, "From a little child I honored the aged, but never till gray hairs covered my own head did I know truly how much love and sympathy this class has a right to demand of their fellow creatures. Now I feel it. Our mother," he added, most tenderly, "who now lies in death before us, was a stranger to me, as are all her descendants. All I know of her is what her son has told me to-day, — that she was brought to this town from afar, sixty-nine years ago, a happy bride; that she passed most of her life toiling, as only mothers ever have strength to toil, until she had reared a large family of sons and daughters; that she left her home here, clad in weeds of widowhood, to dwell among her children, and that, till health and vigor left her, she lived for you, her descendants.

"You, who together have shared her love and care, know how well you have requited her. God forbid that conscience should accuse any of you of ingratitude or murmuring on account of the care she has been to you of late. When you go back to your homes be

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careful of your words and your example before your own children, for the fruit of your own doing you will surely reap from them when you yourselves totter on the brink of the grave. I entreat you as a friend, as one who has himself entered the 'evening of life,' that you may never say in the presence of your families nor of Heaven, 'Our mother has outlived her usefulness; she was a burden to us.' Never, never, never; a mother cannot live so long as that! No; when she can no longer labor for her children, nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their bosom, and call forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their nature."

THE FLOWER GIRL BY THE CROSSING.

BY LORD LYTTON.

By the muddy crossing in the crowded streets,
Stands a little maid with her basket full of posies,
Proffering all who pass her choice of knitted sweets,
Tempting Age with heart's-ease, courting Youth with roses.

Age disdains the heart's-ease,
Love rejects the roses;
London life is busy—
Who can stop for posies?

One man is too grave, another is too gay—
This man has his hothouse, that man not a penny;
Flowers, too, are common in the month of May,
And the things most common least attract the many.

Ill on London crossings
Fares the sale of posies;
Age disdains the heart's-ease,
Youth rejects the roses.

THE CANTEEN.

BY PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,
And true-lovers' knots, I ween:
The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,
But there 's never a bond, old friend, like this, —
We have drunk from the same canteen!

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,
And sometimes apple-jack, fine as silk;
But whatever the tipple has been,
We shared it together, in bane or bliss,
And I warm to you, friend, when I think of this, —
We have drunk from the same canteen!

The rich and the great sit down to dine,
And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine,
From glasses of crystal and green;
But I guess in their golden potations they miss
The warmth of regard to be found in this, —
We have drunk from the same canteen.

We have shared our blankets and tent together,
And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we have been;
Had days of battle and days of rest;
But this memory I cling to and love the best, —
We have drunk from the same canteen!

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast, and but little hope
Upon which my faint spirit could lean;
Oh then, I remember, you crawled to my side,
And, bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,
We drank from the same canteen.

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EX-PRESIDENT JAMES WALKER.

[*From the New York Evening Post, Aug.* 15, 1874.]

REV. DR. JAMES WALKER, ex-President of Harvard University, reaches the venerable age of eighty years to-morrow, August 16. He was born in Burlington, Massachusetts, in 1794, was graduated at Harvard in 1814, was ordained pastor over the Harvard Congregational (Unitarian) Church, in Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1818, became assistant professor of moral philosophy at Cambridge in 1839, and President of Harvard University in 1853. Since his retirement in 1860 he has lived quietly at Cambridge, a constant and earnest student, and occasionally appearing as a writer and a preacher. Recently his bodily infirmity has kept him much at home, but his mind has never been clearer, and his conversation never more full of life. He and Rev. Dr. Dewey, who was eighty years old March 14, are the patriarchs of the Unitarian denomination in America.

The following poem, by Rev. Charles T. Brooks, of Newport, is to be sent to-morrow, with a rich work of Christian art in silver and gold, to Rev. Dr. James Walker, of Cambridge, ex-President of Harvard College, in honor of his eightieth birthday. The old parishioners and friends who send the gift have requested Rev. Dr. Osgood, of this city, one of the members of Dr. Walker's old parish, to write the letter in their name.

TO JAMES WALKER, D. D.

On his Eightieth Birthday.

O full of years and of the stores
  Of tranquil wisdom years impart
To him who, in their flight, adores
  The Eternal One with grateful heart!

O full of years, yet fuller still
  Of what no earthly years can give
But he alone, whose mercies fill
  Pure hearts with love to all that live!

O full of years, with memories blest
  Of toil for God, and man, and truth,
With hopes that calm and cheer the breast,
  And breathe a new, transfigured youth!

O full of years! thy "fourscore years"
  Not "labor" bring, and "sorrow,"—
    nay!
Thy peaceful sun, as evening nears,
  Points onward to still brighter day.

Grateful we hail the blessed sight
  Of this thy tranquil eventide;
And would with thee, in its pure light,
  Thy guests and guests of heaven abide.

This day, — to us a festal day, —
  Loved friend and father, we would bring
Our debt of gratitude to pay
  The heart's memorial offering.

Its sculptured language well may speak
  What tongue and pen in vain would
    say;
What the warm heart might vainly seek
  To breathe out in the tender lay.

"The cup of blessing which we bless,"
  Kindly accept; and may it be
An emblem of the happiness
  Life's brimming cup shall keep for thee!

To us thy heart's full, golden bowl
  Rich draughts of Heaven's pure wine hath
    brought,
Nerving anew the jaded soul
  With quickenings of electric thought.

We speak not for ourselves alone,
  But for a manly race, whose youth,
Enkindled by thy thrilling tone,
  Woke to the majesty of truth!

Who, in that fresh and tender hour
  When burning passions dance their round,
Thus felt Religion's gracious power,
  And saw her brow with beauty crowned!

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And thousands, too, who never heard
Thy voice, have kindled o'er the page
On which thy brave and lucid word
Went forth to move and mould the age.

The pulpit was thy "joy and throne;"
No less in Harvard's august chair,
Thy manly, genial wisdom shone
And breathed its blessed influence there.

To-day, O loved and honored one,
What throngs rise up to call thee blest,
And pray thy slowly sinking sun
Long linger in the glowing west!

[*From the Transcript.*]

THE GIFT TO EX-PRESIDENT REV. JAMES WALKER, D. D., spoken of in the "Transcript," yesterday, is thus described: —

A cup and plate in silver, relieved with gold, are made to tell the lesson of his life, and the good wishes of his old parishioners and friends. The cup is nearly a foot high, with a pedestal bordered with gold, with ivy and lilies in wrought silver upon the stem, and with rich designs and inscriptions upon the bowl, which is lined with gold. Upon one side of the bowl the seal of Harvard University is given in bold relief, with the motto, "Christo et Ecclesiæ," in raised letters, and with blades of wheat on one side, richly chased, and a vine branch on the other. Upon the opposite side of the bowl is the name of Dr. Walker, with the chief dates of his life enclosed within branches of olive and oak. Around the rim of the cup is the inscription in church letter, "The Cup of Blessing which we Bless."

The plate is a foot in diameter, with a gold border of ecclesiastical pattern, and a wreath, vine and berries engraved around the inside. The name is in the centre, surrounded by the words, in antique letters, "Thine old age shall be clearer than the noonday; thou shalt be as the morning." Both the cup and plate are inscribed, after name, "From old parishioners and friends, upon his eightieth birthday" (it is a pity that the inscription did not read "upon the eightieth anniversary of his birthday," a form of words which would convey the meaning accurately), and were sent to the Doctor in a handsome case of morocco lined with blue silk. Huntington, who saw the gift at Tiffany's before it was sent away, and whose judgment is authoritative, pronounced it a gem of Christian art; and the letter that went with it said that it was meant to tell the Doctor at once that his friends believed that God had blessed him in his life, and that they gave their own "God bless you!" in this pleasant and lasting form.

[*From the New York Evening Post.*]

GIFT TO KING'S CHAPEL. — The late Rev. Dr. James Walker, ex-President of Harvard College, left a special gift for Rev. Dr. Osgood of that city, the nature and disposition of which are thus stated: "Dr. Osgood received the costly and exquisite pieces of silver and the richly-wrought cup and plate that were presented to Dr. Walker last August, when he was eighty years old, by his old parishioners and friends. The gift was, of course, accepted with gratitude, but the receiver thought it too sacred and impressive to be kept private in the household, and therefore offered it to King's Chapel, Boston, where Dr. Walker had so many friends, and where he was invited to be pastor after his retirement from the presidency at the age of sixty-six. The minister and wardens of King's Chapel signified to Dr. Osgood their grateful acceptance of the beautiful memorial, and the intention of the congregation to keep it with their communion plate and use the cup and plate at Christmas, Easter, and Whit Sunday at Holy Communion. The formal presentation of the gift was made in the Chapel on Sunday morning, Feb. 28, by the minister, Rev. Henry W. Foote, and the correspondence concerning it was then read. The only condition attached by Dr. Osgood was that it should go to Harvard University in case the Chapel should ever cease to hold it."

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JOHN BROWN.

WE print to-day a graceful and serious little poem by Dr. Parsons, addressed to a friend who had lately returned from the Adirondacks. The reader who has ever visited the grave of John Brown will be reminded by this sonnet of the great rock under whose shadow the old man rests. We take from the note-book of a friend who was there in 1870 the following description of the spot: —

Visited John Brown's grave at North Elba, half a mile across the fields from Hanmer's tavern, two miles by the road. His house, unpainted, small, one story and a half, with a small addition behind, is on a cleared plateau of five or eight acres: "Whiteface," in full sight on the north and a fine view for a full semicircle or more, all round to the east and south of the Adirondack ranges; on the west and south, woods. The chief point about the place is the cleared, level plateau, laid down to grass, with scattered stumps now old and growing small; on this the house stands; my companion admires the taste that chose such a spot, — the finest site, he thinks, that we have seen. The grave is in a little enclosure, fifty feet square or so, close by the house, at the northeast; a huge boulder, of a flat rather than high shape (it is about eight feet high), occupies a full third of the enclosure; it seems bedded deep in the earth; steps lead to the top of it, and there, where the side of the rock rises a little from its general slope, one reads these words, cut into the solid stone and facing the east: —

JOHN BROWN.

1859.

The grave lies at the side of this boulder and has at the head of it a slab, — an old one removed from some other place, — with an antique inscription to the memory of Captain John Brown, who died in 1776; under this is another one to "John Brown, born 1800, executed at Charlestown, Va., Dec. 2, 1859;" other inscriptions to his sons crowd the stone. This little enclosure is in grass, with a rose-bush or two; off at the east corner is a small maple. The rugged, massive rock is a fit companion at the grave; it is to be hoped that no other monument will be set up. . . . . It comes over one here that this man, more than any other one person, must be thought of as *the victim* of slavery, and that in him — whether it be true or not that his mind grew disordered — are shown the revulsion and the protest of human nature itself at the horrid system.

The nobly simple inscription upon the rock at John Brown's grave was placed there by a citizen of Boston.

TO A LADY,

[Whose ring bore the motto *Dieu est ma Roche.*]

What went ye forth in that fair wilderness
To look on, lady? — fawns of mottled skin,
Or trembling does driven to unwonted deeps,
Or the wild Saranac, half its glory gone
Of grace obscure and lovely loneliness,
And woods unconscious of the tourists' din,
Where now no torrent unregarded leaps?
Or to see Autumn his red mantle don,
And the free forest in imperial dress?
Lady! thy legend should have graven been
There in the Adirondacks, where he sleeps
Whose soul, the song saith, still is marching on.
God was *his* rock, and fitly in the shade
Of God's first handiwork that head was laid.

GENERAL SCHENCK, U. S. Minister to England, has been using an old American anecdote to good advantage. To the wife of a British cabinet officer, who assured him that "England made America all that she is," he said: "Pardon, madam, you remind me of an answer of the Iowa lad in his teens, who, attending Sunday school for the first time, was asked by his teacher, 'Who made you?' He replied, 'God made me so long (holding his hands about ten inches apart), but I growed the rest.'"

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MARY BOOTH.

BY THOMAS W. PARSONS.

WHAT shall we do now, Mary being dead,
Or say, or write, that shall express the half?
What *can* we do, but pillow that fair head,
And let the springtime write her epitaph, —

As it will soon, in snowdrop, violet,
Wild-flower, and columbine, and maiden's tear,
Each letter of that pretty alphabet
That spells in flowers the pageant of the year?

She was a maiden for a man to love;
She was a woman for a husband's life;
One that had learned to value far above
The name of Love the sacred name of Wife.

Her little life-dream, rounded so with sleep,
Had all there is of life, except gray hairs, —
Hope — love — trust — passion, and devotion deep —
And that mysterious tie a mother bears.

She hath fulfilled her promise, and hath past;
Let her down gently at the iron door!
Eyes, look on that loved image for the last;
Now cover it in earth, — her earth no more.

MOTHER GOOSE NOT A MYTH.

MR. WILLIAM L. STONE, of this city, writes as follows to the "Providence Journal:" —

In the January number of the "Braunonian" appears a well-written and interesting paper entitled "Mother Goose's Melodies." In the first paragraph is this sentence: "Here the traditional bard is Mother Goose, of whom nothing certain is known. . . . . But more than the name history does not reveal." In this statement, however, the writer is in error; for, so far from "Mother Goose" being a creature of fancy, she was, we beg to assure him, a veritable personage.

The mother-in-law of Thomas Fleet, the editor, in 1731, of the "Boston Weekly Rehearsal," was none other than the original Mother Goose, — the Mother Goose of the world-famous Melodies. Mother Goose belonged to a wealthy family in Boston, where her eldest daughter, Elizabeth Goose, was married by Cotton Mather, in 1715, to Fleet, and in due time gave birth to a son. Like most mothers-in-law in our own day, the importance of Mrs. Goose increased with the appearance of her grandchild, and poor Mr. Fleet, half distracted with her endless nursery ditties, finding all other means fail, tried what ridicule could effect, and actually printed a book with the title, "Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children, printed by T. Fleet, at his printing house, Pudding Lane, Boston. Price ten coppers."

Mother Goose was the mother of nineteen children, and hence we may easily trace the origin of that famous classic, —

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she did n't know what to do."

ABOUT THE AGE OF HORSES. — A short time ago we met a gentleman who gave information in regard to ascertaining the age of horses after they have passed the ninth year, new to us, and will be, we are sure, to most of our readers. It is this: After the horse is nine years old, a wrinkle comes on the upper corner of the lower lid, and every year thereafter he has one well-defined wrinkle for every year over nine. If a horse has three wrinkles, he is twelve; if he has four, he is thirteen. Add the number of wrinkles to nine, and you will get it. So says the gentleman, and he is sure it will not fail. As a good many people have horses over nine, it is easily tried. If true, the horse dentist must give up his trade.

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A WELCOME TO CAPTAIN WILKES.

WELCOME to Wilkes! who did n't wait
To study up Vattel and Wheaton,
But bagged his game, and left the act
For dull diplomacy to treat on.

Honor for one who dared assume
Upon a critical emergence
Responsibility, — and seize
A precious pair of rank insurgents.

Rather than let them slip, 't were well
That precedent should bear transgression,
And as for points of law, — why, Wilkes
Made sure of nine — in flat possession.

Who talks for exploit such as this
Of government's assured displeasure?
A country's gratitude instead
Outspeaks in large, unstinted measure.

Cashiered! that banking term suggests
A higher grade that may o'ertake him;
Another such Jacksonian deed,
And, faith, a President 't will make him.

So welcome, Commodore, your freight
Of haughty, wily, wicked traitors
Consigned to Dimmick's plain hotel,
Where Uncle Sam in quiet caters; —

A warm Thanksgiving greeting waits
For you, brave fellows of the navy;
So come and share our bounteous spread,
Our pudding sauce and turkey gravy.

THE FAMOUS BONE-SETTER.

WRITING from Conegliano, Italy, Charles Warren Stoddard says: "I have met one of the most celebrated women of Italy, Regina del Cin, whose marvellous successes in the setting of dislocations of long standing have made her famous even beyond the sea. You can read of her in the standard works on surgery. This uncultured woman, born with an instinctive knowledge of anatomy, lives in a handsome villa about twelve miles distant. She is sought by people from all parts of the world, and, though she sometimes attempts to straighten limbs that have been distorted from birth and to correct the blunders of unskilful professionals, her specialty is the setting of hip dislocations, and I believe in this line she is without a living rival. I had been recommended to visit Regina, as she is familiarly called in this neighborhood, to see if she might not be able to regulate an arm that has troubled me somewhat since an accident I met with a year ago near Rome. The marvellous stories I had heard of her skill, the flattering tributes paid to her character by people of all professions, nationalities, and creeds, encouraged me to believe that my salvation rested in her hands, and I sought her this morning with my heart in my throat and my arm in a state of suspense. I went on alone to the villa of Regina, with its broad, cream-colored walls shining brightly on the hillside. A maid held the door open as I approached the villa, and I was at once ushered into a small drawing-room tastefully furnished. A portrait of Pope Pius IX. hangs conspicuously on one wall; a life-size photograph of Regina is on the opposite side of the room; a smaller photograph of the famous lady stood on the étagère in an elaborate frame, while a third was set in the cover of a large volume which ornamented the centre-table. This book, presented by the city of Trieste to Regina when she removed to her present villa, contains four thousand autographs of the best-known citizens of that place. There was also a large album, containing the photographs of many who have been successfully treated for deformities of various kinds by that lady whom I had come to see. While I was looking at this album she entered, — a very plain woman of forty or more; short, stout, untidily dressed. The lower hooks of her waist were bursted, and there was nothing attractive in her personal appearance. Two of her front teeth were gone,

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her hair was rolled into a small wad at the top of her head, long gold eardrops dangled upon her shoulders, and about her neck she wore a massive gold chain. We proceeded at once to business. She stripped my arm to the shoulder, touched it lightly here and there with a touch that was exceedingly agreeable. Her examination of my case was so slight, the questions she asked so few, yet her comprehension of my condition so complete, that I strongly suspected the lady of being a clairvoyant. She lays no claim to any such gift; was born with the genius for bone-setting, which she is continually exercising, uses the simplest possible remedies, and in all cases performs her operations without giving any pain whatever. I had proof enough of her marvellous skill. In the hall I saw a heap of crutches, braces, and straps, iron stilts, and other horrible aids such as cripples are forced to seek. These were left at the villa by sufferers who had found complete relief under her roof, and many of them bore touching inscriptions in token of gratitude and affection and as voluntary testimonials to her skill. The place looked like the shrine of some saint with its multitude of votive offerings. There was one steel shoe with a sole at least a foot in thickness. Knowing me to be an American, she called my attention to the inscription on it. I found that a gentleman of New York city had left it, certifying that he had been "cured of a dislocation of the hip of seventeen years' standing, instantly and without pain." It is her custom to ask no fee for her services. You pay according to your means. Those who desire it, and for whom it is necessary, lodge in the house and receive her constant attention. She says at once whether she will or not attempt a cure. The good woman, after much persuasion, consented to give me her autograph. My conscience smote me for urging her, when I saw the great beads of sweat starting out on her forehead as she bowed over my pocket album and wrestled with her pen. Her signature is as unhandsome as possible, and under the circumstances I don't wonder that she has never attempted to write anything else. When it was time for me to leave her I hated to go; her atmosphere is wholesome and strengthening; her home beautiful and full of peace."

The narrative in the "Daily Advertiser" concerning Regina del Cin recalls the case of Rev. Dr. Temple, of Troy, N. Y., who is undoubtedly the New York gentleman therein referred to. His hip was dislocated by an accident in which he was thrown from a carriage. He endured excruciating agony for years, during which the best surgeons of this country and of Europe found themselves unable to restore the displaced bone to its socket. The London surgeons sent him to Paris, and the Paris surgeons declared that he could not be cured; or, if at all, only by a quack, — plainly meaning he could not be cured. Dr. Temple chanced to hear of this woman, and, despairing of aid from the regular faculty, went to see her. His account of his experience is most interesting. The woman made but little examination, and seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of what must be done. She directed him to apply a poultice over the affected part for a few days, for the purpose of softening the bone. She then, in the tenderest and easiest manner possible, put the bone back in its place; the cure was effected and the pain instantly ceased.

Dr. Temple preached in this city and vicinity several times last year. He is a man of high culture, and of most estimable and lovely character. He had just returned from Europe and was entirely well. There was no soreness or lameness left, and but a little inequality in his step owing to the long constraint put upon the muscles of his limbs. He states that a son of the woman, who was a priest, had the same power the mother has; but unfortunately he died a few years ago. For many years the woman was much troubled by vexatious opposition from the regular faculty. She now, however, has a license from the Italian government direct, having been successful in treating a member of the royal family.

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THE TRAVELLER'S HYMN FOR ALL SAINTS' DAY.

BY ARTHUR P. STANLEY, DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

WHERE is the Christian's Fatherland?
Is it the Holy Hebrew Land?
In Nazareth's vale, on Zion's steep,
Or by the Galilean deep?
Where pilgrim hosts have rushed to lave
Their stains of sin in Jordan's wave,
Or sought to win, by brand and blade,
The tomb wherein their Lord was laid?

Where is the Christian's Fatherland?
Is it the haunted Grecian strand,
Where Apostolic wanderers first
The yoke of Jewish bondage burst?
Or where, on many a mystic page,
Byzantine prelate, Coptic sage,
Fondly essayed to intertwine
Earth's shadows with the Light Divine?

Or is the Christian's Fatherland
Where, with crowned head and croziered hand,
The Ghost of Empire proudly flits,
And on the grave of Cæsar sits?
Oh, by those world-embracing walls,
Oh, in those vast and pictured halls,
Oh, underneath that soaring dome,
Shall this not be the Christian's home?

Where is the Christian's Fatherland?
He still looks on from land to land.
Is it where German conscience woke
When Luther's lips of thunder spoke?
Or where, by Zurich's shore, was heard
The calm Helvetian's earnest word?
Or where, beside the rushing Rhone,
Stern Calvin reared his unseen throne?
Or where, from Sweden's snows came forth
The stainless hero of the North?

Or is there yet a closer band,—
Our own, our native Fatherland?
Where Law and Freedom, side by side,
In Heaven's behalf have gladly vied?
Where prayer and praise for years have rung
In Shakespeare's accents, Milton's tongue,
Blessing, with cadence sweet and grave,
The fireside nook, the ocean wave,
And, o'er the broad Atlantic hurled,
Wakening to life another world.

No, Christian! no!—not even here,
By Christmas hearth or churchyard dear;
Nor yet on distant shores, brought nigh
By martyr's blood or prophet's cry;
Nor Western pontiff's lordly name;
Nor Eastern patriarch's hoary fame;
Nor e'en where shone sweet Bethlehem's star:
Thy Fatherland is wider far.

Thy native home is wheresoe'er
Christ's spirit breathes a holier air;
Where Christlike Faith is keen to seek
What Truth or Conscience freely speak;
Where Christlike Love delights to span
The rents that sever man from man;
Where round God's throne his just ones stand,
There, Christian, is thy Fatherland.

COLOGNE, Sept. 20, 1872.

OF the Prince of Wales and Dr. Lyon Playfair it is told that they were once standing near a caldron containing lead, which was boiling at white heat. "Has your Royal Highness any faith in science?" said the doctor. "Certainly," replied the prince. "Will you then place your hand in the boiling metal and ladle out a portion of it?" "Do you tell me to do this?" asked the prince. "I do," replied the doctor. The prince then ladled out some of the boiling lead with his hand, without sustaining any injury. It is a well-known scientific fact that the human hand may be placed uninjured in lead boiling at white heat, being protected from any harm by the moisture of the skin. Should the lead be at a perceptibly lower temperature, the effect need not be described. After this let no one underrate the courage of the Prince of Wales.

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DON'T KISS THE BABY.

[*From the Scientific American.*]

THE promiscuous kissing of children is a pestilent practice. We use the word advisedly, and it is mild for the occasion. Murderous would be the proper word, did the kissers know the mischief they do. Yes, madam, murderous; and we are speaking to you. Do you remember calling on your dear friend Mrs. Brown, the other day, with a strip of flannel round your neck? And when little Flora came dancing into the room, did you not pounce upon her demonstratively, call her a precious little pet, and kiss her? Then you serenely proceeded to describe the dreadful sore throat that kept you from the prayer-meeting the night before. You had no designs on the dear child's life, we know; nevertheless you killed her! Killed her as surely as if you had fed her with strychnine or arsenic. Your caresses were fatal.

Two or three days after, the little pet began to complain of sore throat too. The symptoms began to grow rapidly alarming; and when the doctor came the simple word "diphtheria" sufficed to explain them all. To-day a little mound in Greenwood is the sole monument of your visit.

Of course, the mother does not suspect, and would not dare to suspect, you of any instrumentality in her bereavement. She charges it to a mysterious Providence. The doctor says nothing to disturb the delusion; that would be impolite, if not cruel; but to an outsider he is free to say the child's death was due directly to your infernal stupidity. These are precisely his words; more forcible than elegant, it is true; but who shall say, under the circumstances, that they are not justifiable? Remember, —

> "Evil is wrought by want of thought
> As well as by want of heart."

It would be hard to tell how much of the prevalent sickness and mortality from diphtheria is due to such want of thought. As a rule, adults have the disease in so mild a form that they mistake it for a simple cold; and as a cold is not contagious they think nothing of exposing others to their breath or to the greater dangers of labial contact. Taking into consideration the well-established fact that diphtheria is usually, if not always, communicated by the direct transplanting of the malignant vegetation which causes the disease, the fact that there can be no more certain means of bringing the contagion to its favorite soil than the act of kissing children, and the further fact that the custom of kissing children on all occasions is all but universal, it is not surprising that, when the disease is once imported into a community, it is very likely to become epidemic.

It would be absurd to charge the spread of diphtheria entirely to the practice of child-kissing. There are other modes of propagation, though it is hard to conceive of any more directly suited to the spread of the infection or more general in its operation. It stands to diphtheria in about the same relation that promiscuous hand-shaking formerly did to the itch.

It were better to avoid the practice. The children will not suffer if they go unkissed; and their friends ought for their sake to forego the luxury for a season. A single kiss has been known to infect a family; and the most careful may be in condition to communicate the disease without knowing it. Beware, then, of playing Judas, and let the babies alone.

MR. ALCOTT, who is a hard rider of the vegetarian hobby, once said to Dr. Walker, of Harvard College: —

"I think that when a man lives on beef he becomes something like an ox; if he eats mutton he begins to look sheepish, and if he eats pork, may he not grow swinish?"

"That may be," said Dr. Walker; "but when a man lives on nothing but vegetables, I think he is apt to be pretty small potatoes."

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AN ENGLISH RIDDLE.

[*From the Transcript.*]

MR. EDITOR, — I send you an English riddle which has attained some notoriety, and, I think, a prize. Believing no one in Boston knows the answer to it, I ask you to enlist the ingenuity of your young readers for its solution, which in due time I will communicate.

BOSTON.

COME and commiserate
One who was blind,
Helpless and desolate,
Void of a mind.
Though unbelieving,
Free from all sin.
By mortals adored,
Still I ignored
The world I was in.
King Ptolemy, Cæsar's,
And Tiglath Pileser's
Birthdays were shown;
Wise men, astrologers,
All are acknowledgers
Mine is unknown.
I ne'er had a father,
Or mother; or, rather,
If I had either, of them was neither
Alive at my birth.
Lodged in a palace,
Hunted by malice,
I did not inherit —
By lineage or merit —
A spot on the earth.
Nursed among Pagans,
No one baptized me;
A sponsor I had who will ne'er catechise me.

She gave me a name to her
Heart that was dearest;
She gave me the place to her
Bosom was nearest;
But one look of kindness
She cast on me never;
Not a word on my blindness
I heard from her ever.
Compassed by dangers,
By foemen and strangers,
Nothing could harm me,
Naught could alarm me.
I saved, I destroyed,
Yet I never enjoyed:
Kept a crown for a prince,
But had none of my own;
Filled the place of a king,
But ne'er sat on a throne;
Reserved a warrior,
Baffled a plot,
Was what I seemed not,
Seemed what I was not;
Destined to slaughter,
A price on my head,
A king's lovely daughter
Watched by my bed;
Though gently she dressed me,
Fainting with fear,
She never caressed me,
Nor wiped off a tear;
Never moistened my lips,
Though parching and dry;
Cared not I should live,
Feared not I should die.
'T was royalty nursed me,
Wretched and poor;
'T was royalty cursed me
In secret, I 'm sure.
I live not, I die not,
But tell you I must,
That ages have passed
Since I first turned to dust.
This parody: whence this
Squalor?
This splendor?
Say, was I a thing, or a silly
Pretender?
Fathom the mystery deep
In my history.
Was I man?
An angel imperial?
A demon infernal?
Tell it who can!

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE RIDDLE. — And Michal took an image, and laid it in the bed, and put a pillow of goats' hair for his bolster, and covered it with a cloth. — 1 *Samuel*, xix. 13.

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IT 'S MIGHTY IMPROVIN'.

THE Irish peasantry have tales of a parabolic character, — stories which, by means of some striking action or circumstance, set forth a hearty moral. On hearing such, their usual phrase is, "Oh, it is mighty improvin'."

And that, too, is what Molly Malone, a worthy washer-woman, used to say, — and say almost invariably, — after hearing a sermon on Sunday. One day, however, her clergyman, who was not quite content with this generality, spoke to her respecting his discourse, and Molly suddenly became what they call in Ireland a little bothered. Nevertheless, she got out of her difficulty with one of those parabolic answers which are such favorites with her class, and which, while it completely evaded the question, satisfactorily replied to it.

Rev. Well, Molly, you liked the sermon, you say?

Molly. Oh, yes, your riverence, — it was mighty improvin'.

Rev. And what part of it did you like best?

Molly. Well, sure, sir, I liked every part.

Rev. But I suppose there was some portion of it that you were more struck with than you were with others.

Molly. In troth, please your riverence, I don't remember any part exactly, but altogether 't was mighty improvin'.

Rev. Now, Molly, how could it be improving if you don't remember any part of it?

Molly. Well, your riverence sees that linen I 've been washing and drying on the hedge, there?

Rev. Oh, certainly.

Molly. Was n't it the soap and wather made the linen clane, sir?

Rev. Of course they did.

Molly. And is n't the linen all the better for it?

Rev. Oh, no doubt of that, Molly.

Molly. But not a dhrop of the soap and water stays in it. Well, sir, it 's the same thing wid me. Not a word o' the sarmint stays in me, — I suppose it all dhries out o' me, — but I 'm the better and the claner for it, when it 's over, for all that.

A PLEA FOR JANUARY.

BY T. W. PARSONS.

[Lines addressed to a young girl who was complaining that of all the snow-storms of this stormy winter, the bitterest should have fallen upon her birthday.]

IF this white benediction of the snow
Fell not from heaven upon our frozen fields,
Thy summer festival would hardly know
What wealth June ripeneth or proud autumn yields.

If never sorrow should come near thy heart,
Nor any coldness dim the light of love,
Thou couldst not know thy nature's nobler part,
Or look for Hope's best harvest from above.

Unbroken sunshine and perpetual heat
Make deserts only. Clouds that bring no rain
Shelter no gardens; and thine eyes, my sweet,
Must know what tears are, fond eyes to remain.

THE story is told of a Western woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of others, and made a confession to the priest of what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle-top, and told her to go about in various directions and scatter the seeds one by one. Wondering at the penance, she obeyed, then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement, he bade her go back and gather the scattered seeds; and when she objected that it was impossible, he replied that it would be still more difficult to gather up and destroy all the evil reports which she had circulated about others.

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LAURA BRIDGMAN.

[*From a letter to the Christian Union.*]

LAURA BRIDGMAN, Dr. Howe's pupil, born blind, deaf, and dumb, still lives at her home near the institution for the blind at South Boston. If any one supposes that by reason of her deprivation she is queer or awkward in person or manners, he is altogether in error. There is nothing at all singular in her appearance. When I entered the parlor a member of the family with whom she lives was playing on the piano, and close beside her, on a low seat, there was a very slight, very erect, quiet, self-possessed looking girl, who seemed to be listening to the music, while her hands were busy over some crocheting or similar work. She would have been taken for a guest who was nimbly fashioning some pretty article while being entertained with music. The expression of her face was bright and interesting, and one watching her satisfied look would have been slow to believe that she did not hear. The green shade over her eyes indicated that she was one of the blind. She had on a brown dress, a blue ribbon at the neck, a gold ring and chain, and a watch or locket in her belt, — a neatly-attired, genteel, lady-like person, looking about thirty-five, though her age is really not far from forty-four, with soft, brown hair, smooth and fine, a well-shaped head, fair complexion, and handsome features. That was Laura. Dr. Howe spoke of her as "comely and refined in form and attitude, graceful in motion and positively handsome in features," and of her "expressive face," which, indeed, in sensibility and intelligence is above instead of below the average. As soon as the information was conveyed to her that she had a visitor from her native State, who knew people in the town where her nearest kindred live, she came swiftly across the room, leaving her work on the centre-table as she passed it, and grasped my hand, laughing with the eagerness of a child. Then she sat down face to face with the lady who has charge of her, and commenced an animated conversation, by the manual alphabet, easily understood by one who has practised it; but the sleight-of-hand by which the fingers of the friendly hostess, manipulating on Laura's slender wrists, communicated with that living consciousness shut in there without one perfect sense except to taste and touch, was something mysterious, inscrutable, to my duller sense. Yet that the communication was definite, quick, incisive, so to speak, was manifest enough, for Laura's face beamed, and she was all alert. Partly by the letters and partly by signs she said a great deal to me. She "ought to be at home to be company for mother," she said; and once or twice she fashioned the word "mamma" very distinctly with her lips. With regard to this vocal expression, Dr. Howe says: "she has attained such facility for talking in the manual alphabet that I regret that I did not try also to teach her to speak by vocal organs or regular speech." She asked if I knew a member of her family, now dead, and said, "That was a long year after Carl died." She seemed brimming over with things to tell me, and wanted me to know about her teaching some of the blind girls to sew, which is part of her daily employment in the school near by, and which she takes great pride in, threading the needles and making her pupils pick out their work if it is not done nicely. She is a good seamstress herself, does fancy work, and can run a sewing machine. Next, she caught hold of my hand and led me up two flights of stairs to her room to show me her things, but the first movement was to take me to the window, where she patted on the glass and signified that I should see what a pleasant prospect there was from it. And there she, who had never seen or heard, waited by my side in great content while I looked and listened. The sky was blue, with white clouds floating over it, and birds were singing. It was a perfect April day, but she could get no consciousness of it except in the softness of the air. Yet her face was radiant, and she stood there as though she

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both saw and heard. I wish I could bring before all those who are discontented with their lot, repining because God has withheld something from them or taken something away, the cheerful face of this girl who has so little, but who accepted it as if she had all; who has never seen a human countenance or heard a human voice; who in the infinite glory and beauty of this outward world has no part, shut in by herself in that silent, dark, unchanging, awful loneliness. Finally she took out a sheet of paper, pressed it down on her French writing-board, examined the point of her pencil, and wrote her autograph: "God is love and truth. L. N. Bridgman." And then from her needle-case and spool-box she produced a cambric needle and fine cotton, and showed me how she threaded a needle, which was done by holding the eye against the tip of her tongue, the exquisite nicety of touch in her tongue guiding her to pass the thread through. It was done in an instant, though it seemed impossible to do it at all, and then she presented me the threaded needle triumphantly, having secured it by slipping a knot.

THE KISS IN SCHOOL.

[The following incident in a district school, described by William Pitt Palmer, of New York, in an address before "The Literary Society," in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, his native home, will take many, whose heads are now streaked with silver hairs, a journey back to boyhood and early life.]

A DISTRICT School not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys, —
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on future mischief bent;
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book;
When suddenly behind his back
Rose sharp and clear a rousing SMACK!
As 't were a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What 's that?" the startled master cries;
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe, —
I saw him kith Thuthannah Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head for fear and shame,
And to that awful presence came, —
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threat'ner faltered, — "I 'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to boot —
What evil genius put you to 't?"
"'T was she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
"I did n't mean to be so bad;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
And dars n't kiss a baby's doll,
I could n't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know — boo-hoo — I ought to not,
But, somehow, from her looks — boo-hoo —
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

PRESIDENT KIRKLAND OF HARVARD. — President Kirkland was personally a great favorite with his students, and was a man of a good deal of dry wit. The famous old tavern on Harvard Square, now the horse-car office, was in his day a great resort of students, whose favorite beverage was "flip," a palatable drink, made more grateful by being stirred with a red-hot poker. Once Kirkland repaired to this tavern and solemnly called for a mug of the beverage, which he drank in silence. Setting down the mug, he remarked to the publican, "I understand the students come here a good deal to drink flip." "Yes, sir," was the frank reply. "Well," said Kirkland, "I should think they would," and walked away. —*Harper's Magazine.*

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CAMBRIDGE IN 1826.

COLLEGE PRAYERS AND COMMONS. — CLASS UNIFORMS. — SUNDAY EXERCISES. — OLD-TIME DISSIPATIONS.

[*Extracts from Private Letters.*]

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 14, 1826.

DEAR BROTHER,—I shall now endeavor to give some account of the College. The morning bell rings quarter before six. At six we have prayers. All students who do not attend must, after they miss a certain number of times, give an excuse. A short introductory prayer is made by one of the officers, then a chapter of the Bible is read, and after another prayer of five minutes the students are dismissed. Some then go to a recitation of the lesson they have learnt the previous evening. Some return to their rooms till the breakfast-bell, about seven or after. At eight the study bell rings. All must then go in their rooms and continue there, even if they have no lessons to learn, unless they attend a recitation which occupies an hour. At one, bell for dinner; at two, study bell; at five or after, bell for prayers, and (as the commons hall is under the chapel) take tea as we return from prayers; at eight in the evening study bell. All students out are liable to punishment unless there be a good excuse. Mr. Lunt called me to account for being out as late as nine o'clock on a visit. We have three recitations a day, occupying an hour each. At breakfast we have warm bread and coffee. The table is painted, but has no cloth. We have, of course, plates to lay our bread on. The coffee is not very good, nor the butter. At dinner there is a cloth laid clean every day, two plates, one on another, and a dish of meat. A particular dish and a particular pudding each day. On Saturday, codfish and potatoes prepared in a pan, then rice and molasses for a dessert. When we have cleared the dish of meat we can have no more; but everything else, as bread, butter, and potatoes (unpeeled), we have in abundance. Butter is on the table at all times, though in small quantities. The servant is often sent from our table for more. Eight or ten sit at each table on benches. There are ten tables in each hall, with one servant to wait on them. Each table has at its extreme two coffee or tea pots, one milk pot, and one sugar basin.

There is one advantage, — the students can help themselves to as much as they please of anything. Cider and water are placed on the table with a glass for each student. Potatoes are almost the only vegetable sauce we have, except when we have beef and cabbage. I have twice tasted squashes, the best I have ever eaten. On some days we have what is called roast pig, tasting pretty well; on some days beefsteak. We have no meat except at dinner; at tea, bread and butter. We have the same fare day after day, which makes one a little tired of it. Our puddings are very good, — bread-puddings, plum-puddings, Indian-puddings, —I mean the *Yankee* Indian-pudding of molasses. The tea, though not unpleasant, has no flavor. Sometimes at tea we have brown bread, made of Indian, and not unlike in color or taste that made of pumpkins. Thus you see anything in the shape of cake is never here. Nor do I regret it; perhaps I should hardly have thought of it were I not writing to you. It is my wish to state all simply as it is. At meals, if the tutor gets in before they commence eating, he asks a blessing: they generally anticipate him, except at tea. Even then they strive to vex him by pouring out their tea, making some noise with the teapot, or turning over as if by accident a bench, while standing, for they rise when he asks the blessing. Few of the officers live in commons. These the students torment while eating, by scolding the servant, setting up a loud laugh, and making every noise they can while eating. One can hardly be heard across the table, speaking in his ordinary tone. The one in our hall, who has a very unpleasant countenance, and is apt to report students for ill-behavior, is called "Bruin," signifying in English "a bear." The most

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unpleasant circumstance attending the living in commons is that every one first helps himself, and has no concern for another. Thus, those who come late having little left them of what is considered good must take such as they can get. They eat very fast and generally finish in five or eight minutes. I broke off a tooth by hastily biting on a crust of hot bread.

The College halls, four in number, are built of brick, four stories high, without any taste. They have large rooms, and can accommodate 300 or more students. A great many board out. University Hall, of white granite, looks pretty well. It has the commons kitchen on the basement floor. Commons Hall is on the second floor, and the chapel on the third floor, or second story. On the next floor above are recitation rooms. The chapel has an organ under the care of the students, and a gallery for the professors' families. The buildings are nearly all within a stone's throw of the chapel. The professors have beautiful residences at some distance from the College. Some of the tutors live in the College halls with the students, to preserve order and watch over their conduct. The students, though a little mischievous at times, are much more like men than those in New York. It is a maxim that a lie for the benefit of the class is correct,—that is, if it will conceal one from punishment. The students are generally unpopular among the villagers. Every student is obliged to wear a uniform dress as soon after he enters College as possible. This serves to make them known wherever they go, and stops extravagance. Mine cost only $27. The fashion of the coat is singular, and strikes the observer at once. Your class is designated by the number of sprigs stitched on the cuff and collar. The caps, too, are the ugliest you ever saw. Imagine a dark mixed-cloth cap fitted to the head, and on the top of this a shingle attached one foot square, and covered with the same kind of cloth. The coat is single-breasted, with a straight collar. We have services on Sunday twice a day. In the morning the President preaches a practical sermon. He reads his discourses, and has little animation. Dr. Ware gives a course of lectures in the afternoon on Natural Religion, &c. There is a gymnasium where the students exercise themselves, walking on a springy pole or a rope, climbing a rope, swinging, and various feats of activity, somewhat like those at the circus. This serves to amuse them at recreation hours, when, otherwise, they might be lounging in bar-rooms, pilfering orchards, or vexing the villagers. They have a uniform company and a fire engine.

Our studies are much more laborious than at New York. I am now studying Juvenal in Latin, Hedge's Logic, and Farrar's Mechanics; also French. Chemistry is studied pretty extensively. Professor Webster has just published his book, and we attend his lectures in Holden Chapel. The library is a sight. It has 30,000 volumes, arranged in alcoves. Here I pass a part of Wednesday and Saturday in looking over the huge folios. On Commencement Day a bar is placed across the alcoves to prevent promenaders from disturbing the books. The names of the donors are written in every book. The names of Hollis and Hancock are painted in gilt letters on a board over the books they have respectively given. There are several full-length portraits in the library of its benefactors; four of them are each ten feet long. There are, besides, many busts of illustrious men, as Adams, Washington, Hamilton, Wellington, &c. Here are manuscripts, ornamented with great care, and a book printed in 1480. The library building is so old that the marble steps are worn down considerably.

The village is two thirds the size of Jamaica. There is a good deal of travelling through it from Boston into the country, over Cambridge bridge. It has an Episcopal and a Congregational church, and three or four stores. A barber, tailor, seamstress, &c., are supported by the students. They have built a theological college here of brick, a very neat building. It is independent of the College. Our rooms are swept by homely

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old women called "goodies," who also do the chamber-work every morning. Many students have servants to go on errands, clean shoes, and fetch water, for the chamber-maids do not put water in the pitchers. The professors sometimes come around the rooms to see that all is well. I have a room to myself, — No. 6, Stoughton, on the second floor, neatly papered, — for which I pay $24 a year. I bought an open stove for $6, a bedstead, a maple table, a looking-glass, a yellow wash-stand, and two chairs, — cost of all $18. Some of the richer students have splendid furniture, sofas, large mirrors, secretaries, rich carpets, &c.

Your affectionate brother,

HENRY ONDERDONK, JR.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 22, 1826.

DEAR BROTHER, — On Tuesday last there was an exhibition in the College, consisting of orations, dialogues, &c., in English, Latin, and Greek. The exercises were performed in the chapel, and attended by many ladies. It is a day of general festivity among the students and officers of the College. The speakers generally keep a free table, that is, give an entertainment to their classmates. As most of the speakers were from our class, I had several invitations. In those rooms that I visited the tables groaned under the refreshments and bottles of wine, brandy, and punch. Many felt the effects of their revelry. At dinner, they did little else than roar and sing obstreperously. The dinner-hall was a scene of confusion, noise, and good humor. It is the only day when the dishes are not emptied. The wine and cake (the last of which was of the best kind) had completely taken away their appetite. The afternoon was spent in riotous conduct. There is always a tutor in each entry of the students' rooms, who lives there to preserve order; but this day they were at a dinner given by the government of the College, otherwise better behavior would have been observed. These excesses seldom happen. Not more than two students are allowed to stand together in the College yard to talk.

I have been up about an hour. I have a black fellow who makes my fire about five o'clock. I then get up and look over my lesson so as to recite it, which is done as soon as one can see to read. We attend prayers as soon as the President can see to read in a very large print Bible. It is no uncommon thing to see students fall asleep; the seats, being not unlike the pews of a church, are well calculated for it. On September 26, we had finished Hedge's Logic, and were examined in it in presence of a committee. We next took up Paley's Moral Philosophy, reciting ten pages (as near verbatim as possible) at a lesson. Our compositions we hand in to Professor Channing at his study in the rear of his residence, and he makes the merit mark on the margin.

Half past six A. M. Now the bell is ringing for prayers, and I must go. What a scampering there will be among tardy ones!

Your affectionate brother,

HENRY ONDERDONK, JR.

HOW THE PROFESSOR PROPOSED. — The difficulty of proposing to the young lady is not always the most serious one the suitor has to encounter. Popping the question to one's prospective mother-in-law or "asking papa" is frequently the more arduous undertaking of the two. When Professor Aytoun was wooing Miss Wilson, daughter of Professor Wilson, the famous "Christopher North," he obtained the lady's consent conditionally upon that of her father's being secured. This Aytoun was much too shy to ask, and he prevailed upon the young lady herself to conduct the necessary negotiations. "We must deal gently with his feelings," said glorious old Christopher. "I 'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it to the back of your frock." "Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane, as she entered the drawing-room. Turning her round the delighted Professor read these words: "With the author's compliments."

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THE BRAVE AT HOME.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

THE maid who binds her warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And Fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder —
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the plain of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God,
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

ROME, July, 1861.

FISHING.

[*From the Galaxy.*]

"HARRY, where have you been all the morning, —
Down at the pool in the meadow-brook
Fishing?" "Yes, but the trout were wary,
Could n't induce them to take a hook."
"Why, look at your coat! You must have fallen;
Your back 's all covered with leaves and moss"
How he laughs, good-natured fellow!
Bad luck fishing makes most men cross.

"Nelly, the Wrights have called; where were you?"
"Under the trees by the meadow-brook,
Reading, you know, and it was too lovely:
I never saw such a charming book."
The charming book has pleased her greatly;
There 's a happy light in her sweet blue eyes,
And she hugs the cat in most fervid fashion,
To staid old Tabby's intense surprise.

Reading? Well, yes, but not from a novel.
Fishing? Truly, but not with a rod.
The line is idle, the book neglected,
The water-grasses whisper and nod.
The sportsman bold and the earnest student
Talk softly of — what? Perhaps the weather,
Perhaps — no matter; whatever the subject,
It certainly brings them close together;

It causes their words to be softly spoken,
With many a lingering pause between,
The while the shadows chase the sunbeams
Over the mosses gray and green.
Blushes are needful to its discussion,
And soft sly glances from downcast eyes,
In whose blue depths are lying hidden
Loving gladness and sweet surprise.

Trinity Chapel is gay this evening,
Bright with beauty, and flowers, and light;
A full-dressed fisherman stands at the chancel,
With Nelly beside him all in white.
The ring is on, the vows are spoken,
And smiling friends, good fortune wishing,
Tell him his is the fairest prize
Ever brought from a morning's fishing.

AT a hotel, a short time since, a girl inquired of a gentleman at the table if his cup was out. "No," said he, "but my coffee is." The poor girl went away considerably confused, but determined to pay him back in his own coin. While at dinner, the stage drove up, and several coming in, the gentleman asked, "Does the stage dine here?" "No, sir," replied the girl in a sarcastic tone, "but the passengers do."

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DARWINISM IN THE KITCHEN.

[*From Judy.*]

I WAS takin' oft my bonnet
One arternoon, at three,
When a hinseck jumped upon it,
As proved to be a flee.

Then I takes it to the grate,
Between the bars to stick it;
But I had n't long to wait
Ere it changed into a cricket.

Says I, "Sure*lie* my senses
Is a-gettin' in a fog!"
So to drownd it I commences,
When it halters to a frog.

Here my heart began to thump,
And no wonder I felt funky;
For the frog, with one big jump,
Leaped hisself into a monkey.

Then I opened wide my eyes,
His features for to scan,
And observed, with great surprise,
That that monkey was a man.

But he vanished from my sight,
And I sunk upon the floor,
Just as missus, with a light,
Come inside the kitching door.

Then beginning to abuse me,
She says, "Sarah, you 've been drinkin'!"
I says, "No, mum, you 'll excuse me,
But I 've merely been a thinkin'.

"But as sure as I 'm a cinder,
That party, what you see
A-gettin' out o' winder,
Have developed from a flee!"

A SCHOOL GIRL has formed out of the word "Charlestown" 523 words in the English language, using one letter but once in each word.

THE DUCHESS'S WATCH.

WHEN Victoria was about thirty years younger than she is now, she was inclined to be very exact in the way of business, and, more especially, in the way of promptness to appointed times and places. Seven years a queen, four years a wife, and three years a mother, she felt probably a more weighty dignity resting upon her than she has felt since. And yet no crust of dignity or royal station could ever entirely shut out her innate goodness of heart.

Many Americans remember well the duchess of Sutherland, whose hospitable doors were always open to the worthy; and from one who enjoyed her friendship, I heard the following anecdote, told by the duchess herself.

At the time of which we speak, the duchess of Sutherland held the office of mistress of the robes to the British queen, and on public occasions her position was very near to the royal person, and deemed of great importance. A day, and an hour, had been appointed for a certain public ceremony in which the queen was to take part. The hour had arrived, and of all the court the duchess alone was absent, and her absence retarded the departure. The queen gave vent more than once to her impatience, and at length, just as she was about to enter her carriage without her first lady of honor, the duchess, in breathless haste, made her appearance, stammering some faint words of excuse.

"My dear duchess," said the queen, smiling, "I think you must have a bad watch;" and as she thus spoke she unloosed from her neck the chain of a magnificent watch which she herself wore, and passed it around the neck of Lady Sutherland.

Though given as a present, the lesson conveyed with it made a deep and lively impression. The proud duchess changed color, and a tear which she could not repress fell upon her cheek. On the next day she tendered her resignation, but it was not accepted.

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LONGFELLOW'S RESIDENCE, CAMBRIDGE.

BY CHARLES F. RICHARDSON.

FEW private houses in the United States are so well known as the residence of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, so often has it been described by affectionate antiquarians and enthusiastic pilgrims. It is not only the home of our most celebrated poet, it also surpasses in historic interest any building in New England, with the sole exception of Faneuil Hall. Its age, as compared with that of other Cambridge houses, is not great. It was built in 1759, by Colonel John Vassall, a firm loyalist, who fled to England, in 1775, his property in Cambridge and Boston having been confiscated. Its next occupant was Colonel John Glover, a bold little Marblehead soldier, who quartered some of his troops in the spacious structure. When Washington rode into Cambridge, on Sunday, June 2, 1775, he was greatly pleased with the appearance of the house, and having had it cleaned, he established himself therein during the same month. Martha Washington arrived at the house in December, and Washington remained in it till April of the following year. The southeast room on the first floor Washington took for his study, in which the councils of war were all held during the stay of the commander-in-chief in Cambridge. He slept just overhead, always retiring at nine o'clock. The spacious room behind the study, which Mr. Longfellow now uses for his library, was occupied by Washington's military family, as a rule a pretty large one. A general's "military family," in English parlance comprised his whole staff. Washington was not averse to a certain amount of official splendor, and was luckily rich enough to carry out his whim in the matter of making his assistants a part of his ordinary household. Trumbull, the artist, complained rather sarcastically that he, for one, could not keep his head up in the magnificent society of the house. "I now found myself," he averred, "in the family of one of the most distinguished men of the age, surrounded at his table by the principal officers of the army, and in constant intercourse with them. It was further my duty to receive company and do the honors of the house to many of the first people of the country." But Washington was thrifty and frugal personally; and his generous maintenance at his own cost of a sort of court was of great service to the colonial cause.

The owners of the house after the Revolution were Nathaniel Tracy (whom Washington visited for an hour in 1789), Thomas Russell, and Dr. Andrew Craigie. Talleyrand and Lafayette slept in it, and in 1833 Jared Sparks commenced to keep house within its historic rooms. Everett, and Worcester the lexicographer, also occupied it for a time, and Mr. Longfellow took up his abode in it in 1837. At first he merely rented a room, establishing himself in Washington's southeast bed-chamber. Here he wrote "Hyperion" and "Voices of the Night." In the dwelling, in one room and another, almost all his books, save the two which date from his Bowdoin professorship, have been produced. Longfellow had not long been an occupant of the house before he bought it. Its timbers are perfectly sound. The lawn in front is neatly kept; and across the street there stretches a green meadow as far as the banks of the Charles, bought by the poet to preserve his view. Mr. Longfellow himself, as he draws near seventy, is a fine picture of beautiful manhood. It has been remarked by his friends that his health has much improved since he delivered his poem, "Morituri Salutamus," at the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation. And all Cambridge, down to coal-heavers and hod-carriers, reveres him for his benignity, and reveres him, not only as a poet, but as a kind and gentle man. — *Harper's Magazine.*

WHY should n't one confide a secret to his relatives? Because blood will tell.

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RIDDLE-CHARADE.

[The authorship of the following ingenious riddle-charade, together with that of one or two other puzzles of a similar character, has been attributed to Thomas Babington Macaulay.]

COME, let us look at it closely; —
It 's a very ugly word,
And one that makes me shudder
Whenever it is heard.
It may not be always wicked:
It must be always sad;
And speaks of sin and suffering
Enough to make one mad.

They say it is a compound word,
And that is very true;
And then they decompose it,
And that they 're free to do.
If of the dozen letters
We take off the first three,
We have the nine remaining
As sad as sad can be.
For though it seems to make it less,
In fact it makes it more;
For it takes the brute creation in
That was left out before.

Instead of *three* and *nine*,
Let us make it *four* and *eight*:
You 'll say it makes no difference, —
At least none very great;
But only see the consequence, —
'Tis all that needs be done
To change this mass of sadness
To unmitigated fun.
It clears swords and pistols,
Revolvers, bowie-knives,
And all those horrid weapons
By which men lose their lives.
It wakes nation's voices;
And now most joyfully is heard
The native sound of gladness,
Compressed into one word.

Yes, — four and eight, my friends,
Let that be yours and mine;
For all the hosts of demons
Rejoice in three and nine.

A BYWAY TO HEALTH.

[*From Tinsley's Magazine.*]

"NOBODY ever repented of eating too little," was the sage remark of an old gentleman on the verge of ninety, next to whom the writer had the pleasure of sitting at dinner the other night. The host was pressing him to take more, and urging him in the usual phrase, "Why, you have eaten scarcely anything!" Now, it is to be assumed, that the old gentleman's words indicated one of the byways to good health along which he had travelled through his long life, and to which he owed his present remarkably hearty condition; so it was suggested to him interrogatively that he had always been a small feeder. "Yes," he answered, "ever since I was two or three and twenty. Up to that time I was a weakly fellow enough, and I used to make the great mistake of trying to eat and drink as much as I could, in the hope of becoming strong. All my friends and the doctors backed me in my error; but fortunately I found it out in time, and 'knocked off' — as your modern slang has it — more than half my usual amount of food and stimulants. I gave up the idea of making myself strong, and merely strove to make myself well, and so I was contented with eating just as much as I could digest, and no more. Of course it took a little time and experience to discover the precise limits. I could not adopt the golden rule of always leaving off with an appetite, because I never began with one; but by persistent erring on the right side I got hold of one of the great secrets of life, — the secret of knowing when one has enough, and after a year or two I became so much better that I used to find myself keenly ready to eat at meal-time, and by degrees actually acquired an appetite. Then, once found, I never destroyed it, but always determinately rose with a feeling that I should like to eat more. Naturally the temptation for a while grew greater as my digestion grew stronger; but I was firm; I did not behave ungratefully to my stomach.

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and immediately presume upon its increased powers by overloading it; I did not live to eat, but only ate to live: and behold me! I have no need to be very particular as to what I eat, even at my time of life; I have only to be careful not to eat too much." Here, indeed, is the secret of a great deal that is amiss with many of us. We are in the habit of eating too much, more than our digestive powers can tackle, and that which is not assimilated more or less poisons. The system becomes overcharged, and gives any latent tendency to disease within us every faculty for developing itself. The question is not so much what to eat as what quantity to eat; and nothing but a sharp lookout kept by ourselves upon ourselves can give us the answer.

A WISE BIRD. — A family in Boston is happy in the possession of a parrot of more than ordinary intelligence, and one whose talking powers are the wonder of the neighborhood. In an evil day, however, the bird was taught by some naughty boys to swear like a trooper, and with a perversity wonderfully human, and, withal, strangely savoring of original sin, the feathered biped soon seemed to find pleasure in nothing so much as a sounding oath. Mildly corrective measures proving unavailing, the offender was at last regularly soused in a pail of cold water after each burst of profanity, and then placed on the stove-hearth to dry. During a recent storm some small chickens belonging to the same family got very wet and thoroughly chilled, and several of them were placed on a little perch before the fire to be warmed into full activity again. It so happened that the parrot had just been treated to an involuntary bath himself, and he at once knowingly cocked his head on one side and surveyed the new-comers for a moment in silence. Then, as if all was plain to him, he hitched a little from his dripping companions and exclaimed in an oracular tone, "Little d——d fools been swearing!"

POLO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRANSCRIPT, — Considering the attention this game is now attracting, it may be interesting to give its origin.

The name of the game is derived from the famous Italian traveller, Marco Polo, who brought back from Chin Tartary to Venice the game that now bears his name.

Marco was not a player of the game, as he says in his travels, but was a constant attendant whenever the Calmucks, mounted on their shaggy ponies, quite like the mustangs now used in playing this game, displayed their skill. The distinguished appearance of the famous Venetian, clad in his fur pelisse, and with his long, pointed, white beard flowing down to his waist, so attracted the attention of the Tartars that whenever he appeared the cry was "Polo! Polo!" from every quarter of the ground. The great traveller upon his return to his native land introduced the game there, giving it, as we have stated, the name by which he knew it.

The imitation of this game known as hockey, or hawkey, is by some said to be a corruption of hockday, a now obsolete word meaning holiday, because the game was played usually upon a holiday. Others, however, claim the name is probably derived from the fact that being played in cold or winter weather the players, becoming heated, contracted throat troubles and catarrh, causing them to cough and hawk. The material difference between the games is that hawkey is played always on foot and polo on horseback.

(See the Hist. Lud., antiq. et nov., pp. 248–250. London, A. D. 1724. Fra. De Beuf. Very rare.)

OLD MORTALITY.

To test the soundness of a piece of timber, place the ear at one end while a person taps on the other. If the stick is sound the noise will be heard distinctly, but any decayed place will interrupt it almost entirely.

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AN INCIDENT IN CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN'S LIFE.

BY O. M. E. B.

In the old historic part of Boston, close by the chime of bells given the American colonists by King George, under the vigilant eye of the old cockerel, there stood, in 1816, a "rough-cast house." Here, amid the summer heats, was born, of stern Puritan stock, a blue-eyed girl, who afterwards, single-handed, fought her way to an eminence where she stood a queen, her royal right unchallenged. Boston proudly boasts that her day and generation had not Charlotte Cushman's equal. In 1867 the old house was torn down, and in its place was built a handsome brick schoolhouse. For five years it had no name; then, happy thought! a member of the school board proposed it should be called "Cushman School," in honor of the celebrated tragedienne. Some of the old conservatives were startled into a mild remonstrance. A public building named, forsooth, for a *woman!* What matter that it was a girls' school, and women only for teachers! Fortunately there was no mayor who must be flattered with an educational namesake; so the vote was carried, and to-day a woman's name is graven in letters of granite upon its façade. On the fifth day of January, 1872, Miss Cushman made a tour of the building, gracing each room with her presence. Then all were assembled in the hall for a dedicatory service. On the floor were seated the pupils, a thousand girls, on the platform, teachers and visitors, and in the centre Miss Cushman. Here she made her "maiden speech," as she smilingly said. Those upturned girlish faces were all the inspiration she needed, and a flush of enthusiasm gathered on her pale face.

For their encouragement she told them she walked those very streets a school girl as poor as the poorest of them. With rapid gestures of her large, shapely hands, her eyes glowing with the fire of her own peculiar genius, and her habitual intensity, she told them that whatever she had attained had been by giving *herself to her work.* A patience that tired not, an energy that faltered not, a persistence that knows no flagging, principles that swerved not, and the victory was hers, after long years of hard work. Higher than her intellectual strength, higher than her culture, or genius, or graces of character, she ranked her ability for hard work. This was the secret of her success, and the legacy she bequeathed the girls of the Cushman School was work, work, work. They knew something of her history, — that she had educated her sisters only to see them fall by her side; that she had stoutly resisted the shafts of disease; that the great men of the age delighted to do her honor; that she was an earnest, religious woman, upon whose fair name rested no shadow of suspicion. They felt the soft womanliness of her character shining out from the majesty of strength, and who can say how many impulses

"To dare, and do, and be,"

were born there?

Among the honored visitors who pressed round after the exercises were over was a slender, dark-eyed woman, principal of a well-known seminary about twenty miles from Boston, — a woman whom hundreds have risen up and called blessed! She had been thrilled by Miss Cushman's words, and with an impulsive earnestness, so characteristic, said, as she was introduced, "I wish you might live a hundred years, and see the seed you have to-day planted spring up, and ripen a hundred-fold!" The reply flashed back quick and strong, "Madame, I wish I might, that I could do more and do it better!" As the two women, each eminent and successful in her chosen sphere, clasped hands and looked in each other's faces one brief minute, they recognized a fellowship of soul, a kinship of purpose. Madame returned to her home, the centre of a loving family circle, — to the seminary where young, girlish hearts keep the fires of hero-worship always burning on her shrine. Charlotte Cushman returned to her elegant apartments, where

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no child's cheery voice welcomed her. She had sacrificed herself to her art. Though the grand conceptions and impersonations of this woman had been the inspiration of essays and poems, and had won laurels and a world-wide renown, she herself was left solitary.

"My Father, thou hast knowledge, — only thou!
How dreary 't is for women to sit still
On winter nights, by solitary fires,
And hear the nations praising them far off!"

Goethe said, "On some faces there is only a date; on others a history!" Much of conflict and victory was chiselled on Charlotte Cushman's face. None of us refuse "glory to God in the highest," few but wish "peace on earth," but she had surely learned "good-will toward men;" and these three chords of that angelic choir which nearly two thousand years ago sang "o'er the blue hills of Galilee," had toned the elements of her character into harmonious beauty.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

BY C. T. B.

[Lines suggested by her request, just before she died, to have Lowell's "Columbus" read to her.]

FOR wast not thou, too, going forth alone
To seek new land across an untried sea?
New land, — yet to thy soul not all unknown,
Nor yet far off, was that blest shore to thee.

For thou hadst felt the mighty mystery
That on man's heart and life doth ever rest,
A shadow of that glorious world to be
Where Love's pure hope is with fruition blest.

Thine was a conflict none else knew but God,
Who gave thee, to endure it, strength divine;
Alone with him, the wine-press thou hast trod,
And Death, his angel, seals the victory thine.

The narrow sea of death thou now hast passed;
The mist is lifted from the unseen land;
The voyage ends; the shining throng, at last,
Meet thee with welcome on the heavenly strand.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN. — Those who were most intimately acquainted with Miss Cushman state that she often expressed a desire to be buried as near the place of her birth as circumstances would permit. With this view she visited Mount Auburn Cemetery during the latter part of 1874, and inspected a number of lots and tombs then for sale. Several of these occupy very prominent portions of the cemetery, and are surrounded with costly monuments; but none seemed to suit the simple taste of Miss Cushman, and she pleasantly remarked to one of the attendants, "They are all grand, but have n't you a lot for sale where one can obtain an unobstructed view of Boston?" She was informed that there were a few lots for sale back of the tower, whereupon she said, "Oh, well, let us look at them." While the lady and the official were on their way to the place designated, the graves of some of her once warmest friends were passed, and at each she paused for a moment and related some pleasant memories connected with their lives. Palm Avenue, situated at the eastern side of the ground, was reached, and, standing upon a little eminence, Miss Cushman exclaimed, "This is a delightful spot; see, yonder lies dear old Boston." The lot is numbered 4236, and was at once purchased and orders given by her to have it properly cared for. Last summer she again visited the place in company with a party of other ladies, and appeared to be greatly pleased with the selection she had made. Though the lot is quite a distance from the central part of Mount Auburn, its location is strikingly beautiful, being within full view of this city, and overlooking the widest part of Charles River.

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THE CENTENNIAL TREE.

At the meeting of the Board of Aldermen last Wednesday evening, the following communication was received from Mr. John Owen, in which he expressed his intention of presenting to the city a tree raised from seed of the old Washington Elm. Mr. Owen, in his endeavors to perpetuate the memories of Washington Elm, which is endeared to the hearts of every citizen of Cambridge, deserves the thanks of all, as the tree to be planted next Monday is the only one in existence taken from the Washington Elm, except the one in the possession of Prof. Longfellow.

CAMBRIDGE, April 26, 1876.

SAMUEL L. MONTAGUE,
Chairman of the Committee on Public Property of Cambridge.

DEAR SIR, — I had already the intention of presenting to the city a young tree from seed of the Washington Elm, to be planted on the Common in Ward One, when I read a report of the consideration of the subject of a Centennial Tree, to be planted by your Committee. I can fully vouch for the parentage of my tree, having transplanted it when only a yearling from its native bed under the old historic tree to my grounds on Mount Auburn Street, twenty-two years ago. Five years since, on leaving my place, it was again removed to land of Samuel Bachelder, occupied by F. W. Story, who has vigilantly cared for it to the present time. With the aid of the city forester, Mr. White, I have had the tree raised from its recent bed, and it is now awaiting the disposal of the Committee, should they do me the honor to accept it for the object proposed. The tree is a little over fifteen feet high, with an equal spread of branches. — Yours respectfully,

JOHN OWEN.

THE planting of an offshoot of the Washington Elm upon Cambridge Common, in Ward 1, took place yesterday afternoon in the presence of a large number of spectators, among whom were about eighteen hundred children of the public schools, the members of both branches of the city government, heads of departments, the school committee, past members of the municipal government, and others. The sapling, which, as stated in the "Transcript" last week, is an offshoot of the Washington Elm, was planted a little westerly of the Soldiers' Monument, on the Garden Street side, and within a few hundred yards of the parent tree. It was taken from the foot of the old tree twenty-two years ago, and has been carefully nurtured since by Mr. John Owen. At half-past four o'clock a circle was formed about the excavation made for its reception, and the hymn "America" was sung by the children. Alderman Montague, chairman of the Committee on Public Property, after a brief address, read a letter from Mr. Owen, vouching for the authenticity of the sapling as a scion of the traditional elm, and then in behalf of the donor and the committee formally transferred it to the city. Mayor Bradford, in a few remarks, accepted the gift, closing with the statement that it would hereafter be known as the Washington Centennial Elm, after which each member of the city government, beginning with the mayor, threw into the trench a spadeful of earth, all present joining in singing, to the tune of "Old Hundred," an original hymn written by Mr. Owen. Then a large number of prominent citizens, ladies, children, and others contributed their quota of earth around the base of the newly-planted tree, which closed the exercises of the day.

NAILS IN HORSES' FEET. — A horse trod upon a nail which entered his foot. Lameness followed, the nail was extracted, but lockjaw supervened, resulting in death. An unfailing remedy in such cases is muriatic acid. If, when a nail is withdrawn from a horse's foot, the foot should be held up and some muriatic acid be poured into the wound, neither lameness nor lockjaw need be feared. — *Cor. Rod and Gun.*

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WHITTIER'S CENTENNIAL HYMN.

[*From the Philadelphia Times.*]

OUR fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and thee,
To thank thee for the era done,
And trust thee for the opening one.

Here where of old, by thy design,
The fathers spake that word of thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World, thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war-flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good will,
And, freighted with Love's golden fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought or sold!

Oh make thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, and justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

WHY is the letter S like lamb? Because it is the beginning of sheep.

NUMBER SEVEN IN THE BIBLE.

ON the seventh day God ended his work.

On the seventh month Noah's ark touched the ground.

In seven days a dove was sent.

Abraham pleaded seven times for Sodom.

Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph.

Jacob served seven years for Rachel.

And yet another seven years more.

Jacob was pursued a seven days' journey by Laban.

A plenty of seven years and a famine of seven years were foretold in Pharaoh's dream by seven fat and seven lean beasts, and seven ears of full and seven ears of blasted corn.

On the seventh day of the seventh month the children of Israel fasted seven days, and remained seven days in their tent.

Every seven years the land rested.

Every seventh year the law was read to the people.

In the destruction of Jericho, seven persons bore seven trumpets seven days; on the seventh day they surrounded the walls seven times, and at the end of the seventh round the walls fell.

Solomon was seven years building the temple, and fasted seven days at its dedication.

In the tabernacle were seven lamps.

The golden candlestick had seven branches.

Naaman washed seven times in the river Jordan.

Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bullocks and seven rams for an atonement.

Our Saviour spoke seven times from the cross, on which he hung seven hours, and after His resurrection appeared seven times.

In the Revelation we read of seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven stars, seven trumpets, seven plagues, seven thunders, seven vials, seven angels, and a seven-headed monster.

WHY do ducks put their heads under water? To liquidate their bills.

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ART AND NATURE.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

I ENTERED a ducal palace,
A palace stately and old;
Its vast saloons were glowing
With marble, and rich with gold.

On the tables, in tender mosaic,
Were marvellous fruits and flowers;
On the walls were Poussin's landscapes,
With their sunshine and shaded bowers.

And in a vase before me
Were roses, white and red;
I stooped to welcome their fragrance,
But found them waxen and dead.

Then forth from the lofty window
I stepped into living green,
Where the stone-pines stood around me,
With flowery shrubs between.

And I said, "Take the costly splendor —
Take the wonderful triumphs of art!
But give *me* living Nature
Which speaks to my soul and heart."

These works of man are noble,
In each fair Italian town;
But God's are wherever the sun goes up
Or the shades of night come down.

Let wise men on the anvils
Of study fashion out truth;
But Religion is sent to each humble soul,
With its word for age and youth.

God comes in silent blessings,
Like dew and rain from above,
In whatever place a pure heart longs
For goodness, and light and love.

WHICH letter in the alphabet is most useful to a deaf woman? The letter A, because it makes her hear.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

ONE of the most peculiar pieces of mechanism in Boston, if not in New England, is an eight-day clock, now in the possession of Dr. A. P. Pierce, 41 East Newton Street. It was manufactured by A. J. Van Bergh, of Rotterdam, about a hundred years ago, and has upon its face some eighteen different movements, all governed by the ordinary clock machinery. The month is represented by appropriate devices: January, for instance, by a man skating; May by a clown, who can change as often as the weather; the autumnal months by pictorial reference to the crops. The days of the week are shown by dial-plates bearing the time-honored legends of the planets. A man fishes in a pool at the bottom of the dial, bringing up a fish every minute or two; two old-fashioned windmills work by the striking arrangements; while a clock in a miniature church-tower keeps time corresponding to that manifested by the large dial itself. To crown all, there is a wonderfully musical chime of silver bells, which can be set in operation at any time to play any one of six French, Prussian, and Dutch tunes, one of which gives timely warning of the striking of every hour and half-hour. The clock also strikes the quarters with a distinctive knell. The clock was imported by Messrs. Doll & Richards, and set up by Mr. George H. Elson, of Beacon Street.

A PERSIAN died, leaving seventeen camels to be divided among his three sons; the eldest to have half, the second a third, and the youngest a ninth. So, in despair, the brothers submitted the case to Mohammed Ali. "Nothing easier," said the wise Ali. "I'll lend you another camel, to make eighteen, and now divide them yourselves." The consequence was each brother got from one-eighth to one-half of a camel more than he was entitled to, and Ali received his camel back again; the eldest brother getting nine camels, the second six, and the third two.

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BRIDGE CHARITABLE FUND.

OUR older readers will remember Mr. Levi Bridge, who died in Cambridge about a year ago, leaving a sum of money for charitable purposes. At a meeting of the City Council on Monday evening, Ex-Mayor Sargent appeared in the Aldermen's room, and at the invitation of Mayor Allen spoke in reference to the Fund, and concluded by introducing Samuel J. Bridge, Esq., of California, in whose remarks the career of Mr. Bridge and the state of the Fund is sufficiently explained. We would only add that the Fund now amounts to about $1,800, and by the terms of the trust, as originally given by Mr. Levi Bridge, it is to accumulate until it reaches $2,000. Then one-third of the income is to be added annually forever to the principal, and the remaining two-thirds shall be paid over annually to the Overseers of the Poor, to be expended by them for the deserving poor of this city in such manner as they shall deem best. This is a most worthy legacy, singular in its origin, liberal in its donors, and which in time will accumulate to a large sum for the aid of the deserving poor of Cambridge.

Mr. Bridge spoke substantially as follows:—

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen of the City Council, — I desire to add to the Bridge Charitable Fund, established by my relative, the late Levi Bridge, a sum equal to the amount devoted by him, viz.: $890.83. Mr. Bridge was the second son of Francis and Eunice Bridge: born at Winchendon, Feb. 15, 1784. A remarkable man was he, whose history will appear from the address of Hon. John Sargent to the City Council, and the inscription on his grave-stone. In 1822, becoming insane, his friends were obliged to send him to the Alms House for security, as there was no public hospital for such at that time. Soon after this his family was scattered, and he, in consequence, strangely overlooked by two generations. A few years ago I discovered, greatly to my surprise, that he was still living, and at once relieved the city of Cambridge of its charge, by paying his board, securing for him a separate and comfortable room, and having his food supplied from the Warden's own table.

Even at his advanced age he was in possession of all his faculties: sight, hearing, and intellect unimpaired; and it was pleasant to visit him, for his conversation was always interesting and instructive. His self-respect restored, the last days of his life were peaceful and happy, and he died independent of the world, a citizen and a voter. It was his wish, as it is mine, that beyond a proper record there may be no unnecessary publicity in the annual distribution of the Fund, nothing that would have a tendency to wound the pride of the recipient. This donation is made in the hope and expectation that the city of Cambridge will always have a fostering care of his grave-stone, as well as those of his and my ancestors, Deacon John Bridge, and his son Mathew, erected by me, July 4th, 1876, in the Old Cambridge burial ground. I hand you a deposit book for the amount ($890.83), on the Suffolk Savings Bank, Boston.

The City Council promptly adopted the following order: —

Ordered, that the sum contributed to the "Bridge Charitable Fund," by Samuel J. Bridge, Esq., be accepted, and the thanks of the City Council be tendered to him for the "liberal and philanthropic" spirit which has induced him to enlarge said Fund, and which will serve to perpetuate the honored name it bears.

RIDDLE.

MAN cannot live without my first,
By day and night 't is used;
My second is by all accursed,
By day and night abused.

My whole is seldom seen by day,
And never used by night;
'T is prized by friends when far away,
And hated when in sight.

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MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

[*From the Springfield Republican.*]

THERE is hardly a child in the broad land who has not become familiar with the verses, "Mary had a little Lamb," nor a college student but has sung them to a dozen different tunes. It has been parodied, paraphrased, and translated into the dead languages. And yet, scarce any one knows who is the author, or whether it is fictitious or founded on fact. But it is the true account of an incident that happened in 1814, not fifty miles from the Cradle of Liberty. And "Mary," a delightful old lady of threescore and ten, still lives and cherishes the memory of the event. The writer, on a recent visit, craved from her own lips the true story of the affair, and will reproduce it.

MARY TELLS HER TALE UNADORNED.

"It was when I was nine years old," she said, "and we lived upon the farm. I used to go out to the barn every morning with father to see the cows and sheep. They all knew me, and the cows, old Broad, and Shorthorn, and Brindle, would low a good morning when I came to their stables. One cold day we found that during the night twin lambs had been born. You know that sheep will often disown one of twins, and this morning one poor little lamb was pushed out of the pen into the yard. It was almost starved and almost frozen, and father told me I might have it, if I could make it live. So I took it into the house, wrapped it in a blanket, and fed it on peppermint and milk all day. When night came, I could not bear to leave it for fear it would die, so mother made me up a little bed on the settle, and I nursed the poor thing all night, feeding it with a spoon, and by morning it could stand. After this we brought it up by hand, until it grew to love me very much and would stay with me wherever I went unless it was tied. I used, before going to school in the morning, to see that the lamb was all right and securely fastened for the day. Well, one morning, when my brother Nat and I were all ready, the lamb could not be found, and, supposing that it had gone out to pasture with the cows, we started on. I used to be a great singer, and the lamb would follow the sound of my voice. This morning, after we had gone some distance, I began to sing, and the lamb hearing me, followed on, and overtook us before we got to the school-house. As it happened, we were early, so I went in very quietly, took the lamb into my seat, where it went to sleep, and I covered it up with my shawl. When the teacher came and the rest of the scholars, they did not notice anything amiss, and all was quiet until my spelling-class was called. I had hardly taken my place before the patting of little feet was heard coming down the aisle, and the lamb stood beside me ready for its word. Of course the children all laughed, and the teacher laughed, too, and the poor creature had to be turned out of doors. But it kept coming back, and at last had to be tied in the wood-shed until night. Now, that day, there was a young man in school, John Roulston, of Boston, who was on a visit to one of the boys, and came as a spectator. He was very much pleased over what he saw in our school, and a few days after gave us the first three verses of the song. How or when it got into print, I don't know."

Thus she ran on, telling of the care she bestowed on her pet until it grew to be a sheep, and she would curl its long wool over a stick; and it bore lambs until there was a flock of five all her own; and finally how it was killed by an angry cow. Then she brought out a pair of her little-girl stockings, knitted of yarn spun from the lamb's wool, the heels of which had been ravelled out, and given away piecemeal as mementos. No one can doubt that she, whose youth was rendered famous by love for an unfortunate animal, has lived a life of beneficence and charity. With a heart overflowing with love toward all God's creatures, she has indeed lived to care for the needy and destitute, and be a mother to the motherless. And now, in a green old age, she is surrounded by

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those whom her warm heart long since taught to cling to her, and follow as the lambs in her youth.

THE STORY OF MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

THIS is the last week of the spinning-bee at the Old South meeting-house, and the children will be interested in the following story, which is substantially correct, except that the lamb fed upon a more singular beverage than milk, namely, catnip tea. Mary has, at some inconvenience, promised to come every day this week, if possible, so as not to disappoint the children. Friday will be her seventy-second birthday.

Who would have believed that the little pet lamb which followed Mary everywhere would now be helping to save the Old South Church? All the children know the old song: —

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go."

And many of them know that there is in Boston an old church on Washington Street, at the corner of Milk. The land upon which it stands is worth a great sum of money, and as the property was offered for sale, there was much danger that the house would be torn down to make room for a block of stores. The old church has been so famous in the history of Massachusetts that there was a strong feeling against tearing it down, and to save it a number of women of wealth bought it, pledging over $409,000. For months they have been hard at work in a great many ways to secure money enough to pay for it. For several weeks past "Aunt Tabitha" has held a spinning-bee in the church. Three or four old ladies, who were famous spinners in their young days, — when it was the custom to wear homespun garments, — have had their hatchels and reels and wheels, and have spun for the people. A great many have watched them at their work each afternoon. To add to the attractions of the exhibition, the old ladies have been dressed in the styles which were common when they were young, and have worked in an old-time kitchen with its open fire-place and glowing logs.

Among the visitors one day was the real Mary, who, when a little girl, had the pet lamb for her own. She was very willing to tell the story; suppose we listen with the rest. Little Mary's name was Mary Sawyer, and she lived in Sterling, Mass. She is now Mrs. Tyler, of Somerville, a vigorous lady over seventy years old. One morning she went out to the barn and found two little lambs, which had been born in the night. One was so weak and small, that her father said it was of no use to try to raise it. Mary's tender heart pitied the tiny creature, and she begged her father to let her try to save it. He gave it to her care, promising that if it lived it should be her lamb. Mary took it into the house, wrapped it up, laid it in a warm place, and fed it carefully with milk. All day she watched it, and all night, too. In the morning, how glad she was to hear her father say that the lamb would live.

It was no wonder that the pet lamb loved its small mistress, and wanted to go everywhere with her. The day that it went to school, and was turned out, it happened that a young man was there who saw the whole, and wrote out the story in the verses which the children know so well. The lamb lived and thrived, and had lambs of its own; it ran in the fields with the cattle, till one day a cow, with sharp horns, while playing, tossed it into the air, and it fell bleeding at the feet of Mary, who happened to be in the field. With deep grief she watched its life go out. From the lamb's wool a quantity of yarn had been spun, and Mrs. Tyler brought some of it to "Aunt Tabitha's" bee, and sold it at twenty-five cents for each piece; so that up to last week, Mary's little lamb had earned *sixty dollars* toward paying for the Old South Church in Boston. This is the true story of Mary's little lamb.

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UNDER THE SNOW.

BY GENERAL F. W. LANDER.

THE spring had tripped and lost her flowers,
The summer sauntered through the glades,
The wounded feet of autumn hours
Left ruddy footprints on the blades.

And all the glories of the woods
Had flung their shadowy silence down, —
When, wilder than the storm it broods,
She fled before the winter's frown.

For *her* sweet spring had lost its flowers,
She fell, and passion's tongues of flame
Ran reddening through the blushing bowers,
Now haggard as her naked shame.

One secret thought her soul had screened,
When prying matrons sought her wrong,
And Blame stalked on, a mouthing fiend,
And mocked her as she fled along.

And now she bore its weight aloof,
To hide it where one ghastly birch
Held up the rafters of the roof,
And grim old pine-trees formed a church.

'T was there her spring-time vows were sworn,
And there upon its frozen sod,
While wintry midnight reigned forlorn,
She knelt, and held her hands to God.

The cautious creatures of the air
Looked out from many a secret place,
To see the embers of despair
Flush the gray ashes of her face.

And where the last week's snow had caught
The gray beard of a cypress limb,
She heard the music of a thought
More sweet than her own childhood's hymn.

For rising in that cadence low,
With "Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Her mother rocked her to and fro,
And prayed the Lord her soul to keep.

And still her prayer was humbly raised,
Held up in two cold hands to God,
That, white as some old pine-tree blazed,
Gleamed far o'er that dark frozen sod.

The storm stole out beyond the wood,
She grew the vision of a cloud,
Her dark hair was a misty hood,
Her stark face shone as from a shroud.

Still sped the wild storm's rustling feet
To martial music of the pines,
And to her cold heart's muffled beat
Wheeled grandly into solemn lines.

And still, as if her secret's woe
No mortal words had ever found,
This dying sinner draped in snow
Held up her prayer without a sound.

But when the holy angel bands
Saw this lone vigil, lowly kept,
They gathered from her frozen hands
The prayer thus folded, and they wept.

Some snow-flakes — wiser than the rest —
Soon faltered o'er a thing of clay,
First read this secret of her breast,
Then gently robed her where she lay.

The dead dark hair, made white with snow,
A still stark face, two folded palms,
And (mothers, breathe her secret low!)
An unborn infant — asking alms.

God kept her counsel; cold and mute
His steadfast mourners closed her eyes,
Her head-stone was an old tree's root,
Be mine to utter, — "Here she lies."

OUR life is but a winter's day:
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers through the day;
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

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VICE-PRESIDENT WILSON'S SKETCH OF HIS EARLY LIFE. — I was born in 1812, and at the age of ten years was put out as an apprentice to a farmer. From the day of my birth to the day I was twenty-one years old I never had a dollar in money to spend for anything. During the whole of my apprenticeship my master never but once gave me a penny. On that occasion he allowed me a holiday with permission to attend a muster seven miles from home, and gave me three cents to spend. I walked to and from the muster, and of course spent no more than that sum. On the day I was twenty-one years old, — I remember it very well, one Saturday, the 16th of February, — in the afternoon, my master gave me a yoke of oxen and six sheep. The latter I sold the same afternoon for $9, but not being able to dispose of the oxen that day, I requested my master to keep them for me until Monday morning, which he did, but charged me fifty cents for it. I paid him this, and took the oxen away. I sold them to a man for $75, and took his note for the amount. So when I became of age I had for eleven years' work (I was sent to school only four weeks each year) $84. I had saved fifty-seven cents, which I had in some way obtained, but I had paid fifty of this to my master for keeping my oxen two nights. I then hired myself to a farmer, agreeing to work for $6 a month and board. I used to get up long before daylight, feed the stock, get my breakfast, and just as the east was beginning to be streaked with red, start off for the woods with my team. I used to place my dinner-pail on the sunny side of a tree, and continue drawing saw-logs to the mill until after dark at night. Then I went home, fed the stock, ate my supper, and went to bed. My father tended the saw-mill most of the time for many years for fifty cents a day. In the spring of the same year I took my pack upon my back and started afoot for the town where I now live, Natick, Mass., 100 miles away, and that journey cost me just $1.25. I worked there at shoemaking, averaging fifteen hours a day, and the last week's work I did at the bench was at bottoming shoes for $5 a week. Out of this I paid fifty cents for pegs, and $2 for board, so that I had left just $2.50. I have bottomed fifty-four pairs of men's shoes without sleeping, and that for a little more than fifty cents. But, even at this rate, I got some money ahead, and made up my mind to work my way through college. I lent my money to a man in Boston, and went to the academy at Concord, N. H. I had been there only six months when the man to whom I had intrusted my fortune failed, and I lost it all. I was so reduced that, although I owed for two or three weeks' board, I was absolutely unable to pay it, or even to take a letter from the post-office without borrowing money to pay the postage. But a friend invited me to remain and board with him, and pay him when I was able. So I stayed through the term, and in the winter earned money enough to pay him by teaching school. Now the men who are working at shoemaking ten hours a day, and earning from $3 to $5 a day, complain.

NOT far from Rochester there resides a certain gentleman who has a son named Johnny, about thirteen or fourteen years of age. Johnny is a very peculiar boy, and by some people is considered quite simple; but be that as it may, he is, nevertheless, a faithful attendant at the Sunday school. On returning home, a few Sundays ago, Johnny was observed standing in the light of the window, plucking single hairs out of his head, and carefully scrutinizing each one. Soon the boy asked his father for a magnifying glass, which was given him, and again he proceeded to his work of inspection. Finally his father asked him what he was doing, and Johnny answered, "Well, pa, the teacher told us to-day that even the hairs of our head were numbered, but mine are not." "Why not, my child?" asked the father. "Because," said Johnny, "I 've looked on a good many hairs from my head, and I could n't find a number on a single one."

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LANDER.

BY L. D. B.

A WARRIOR to his boyhood's home
Is coming back to-day —
Ring out the merry joy-bells wide,
Bring flowers to grace his way!
Let the cannon's throat and the martial note
Send forth a glad acclaim,
And the loyal Chieftain's welcome home
Be worthy of his fame!

Hang out the dear old banner where
'T will meet his flashing eye —
Whose very breast hath sheltered it
When rang the battle-cry;
Whose valiant sword and stout right arm,
With many a timely blow,
Have wrought new glory for its stars,
And crushed the haughty foe!

Alas! alas! the Warrior comes,
But not on prancing steed —
He nevermore the cannon's roar,
Nor bugle blast will heed;
No glow lights up his marble cheek,
No smile his soulless eye,
That stout right arm is nerveless now,
His good sword sheathed must lie!

No shouts of welcome rend the air,
No sound the breezes swell,
But the minute-gun and the muffled drum,
And the mournful tolling bell.
The Warrior to his boyhood home
Comes back in state to-day —
But they who gloried in his name
Can only weep and pray.

Nor rose nor laurel wreath bring now,
But pale flowers for his bed,
The hero hath been vanquished once!
The lion-heart lies dead!
The soldier's warfare all is done —
Life's wandering marches o'er,
God give him rest, among the blest,
In Heaven forevermore!

High on the world's heroic list
Shall Lander's name be seen,
And Time, among "the cherished dead,"
Shall keep his memory green!
The patriot's heart shall warmer glow
When standing by his grave,
And dearer still shall be the flag
That LANDER died to save.

PROVIDENCE, March 8, 1862.

POEM BY DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

TO R. B. H.

How to address him? awkward, it is true;
Call him "Great Father," as the Red Men do?
Borrow some title? this is not the place
That christens men Your Highness and Your Grace;
We tried such names as these, awhile, you know,
But left them off a century ago;

His Majesty?—We 've had enough of that;
Besides, that needs a crown; he wears a hat.
What if to make the nicer ears content
We say His Honesty, the President?

Sir, we believed you honest, truthful, brave,
When to your hands their precious trust we gave.
Braver, and not less honest, not less true!
And we have found you better than we knew,
So every heart has opened, every hand
Tingles with welcome, and through all the land
All voices greet you in one broad acclaim,
Healer of strife! Has earth a nobler name?

What phrases mean you do not need to learn;
We must be civil, and they serve our turn;
"Your most obedient, humble" means, —
means what?
Something the well-bred signer just is not.

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Yet there are tokens, sir, you must believe ;
There is one language never can deceive ;
The lover knew it when the maiden smiled ;
The mother knows it when she clasps her child ;
Voices may falter, trembling lips turn pale,
Words grope and stumble ; this will tell their tale
Shorn of all rhetoric, bare of all pretence,
But radiant, warm, with nature's eloquence.
Look in our eyes ! Your welcome waits you there —
North, South, East, West, from all and everywhere !

JUNE 26, 1877.

MISS SARAH MIDDLETON PEALE, an artist, and one of a family of artists, is about to return to Philadelphia after a residence in St. Louis of thirty years. She tells some anecdotes of Washington, that are preserved in the family. In 1795, when Charles Wilson Peale, his two sons, Raphael and Rembrandt, and brother James, all desired to take the portrait of Washington, the latter, on account of pressure of business and to save valuable time, suggested that they all take a sitting together. Accordingly, the whole family got positions around the general, so as each to get a view of the face, when Washington, after surveying the group, said, "Well, I am Pealed all round." On another occasion Washington was sitting to James Peale for a miniature, and had to be at the State House at a particular time. He knew just how many minutes it would take him to go from the place of sitting to the State House, and said he would give the artist just three minutes and a half, if that would do, as he could make up that time by walking faster than his usual gait. Mrs. Washington was as punctual. "My father," says Miss Peale, "had an engagement to paint a miniature of Mrs. Washington, in Philadelphia, the general being then out of town. He was obliged to go to her house, and the appointment for a first sitting was arranged for seven o'clock in the morning. My father arrived at the house, and taking out his watch he found he was exactly on time. The thought then struck him that possibly it might be early to disturb a lady, and he decided to give ten minutes' grace before knocking at the door. He accordingly walked the pavement, and at the end of ten minutes pulled out his watch and rang the bell. He was ushered into the parlor, and Mrs. Washington accosting him drew out her watch, and said she had given her orders for the day, had heard her daughter take her lesson on the harpsichord, and read all the morning papers, and after all this had been waiting for him ten minutes."

THE late Chief-Justice Chase is said to have quite unconsciously conquered an Ohio county by a dinner of bread and milk. While he was a candidate for governor he went to a little rural town to make a speech. Among his auditors was an honest farmer, who had come from ten miles away to satisfy himself in regard to his candidate. His mind was not set at rest until he had dined with Chase, and, as he said, "seen what he would eat." Mr. Chase, who had not been well for a day or two, happened to order only bread and milk for his dinner, and the farmer was delighted. "Chase is the man for governor," he said to his friends. "He only eats bread and milk. He is no stuck-up feller. He is like us. He is the farmer's candidate by all means." And the good old farmer told the story enthusiastically throughout the country side, and when the votes were counted it was found that the bread and milk had won a larger Whig victory than that county had ever known before.

AUNT ESTHER was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sunset, using as an argument that the little chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," said Eddy, "but the old hen always goes with them."

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CAN YOU?

BY MARY E. FOLSOM.

CAN you make a rose or a lily, — just one?
Or catch a beam of the golden sun?
Can you count the raindrops as they fall?
Or the leaves that flutter from tree-tops tall?
Can you run like the brook, and never tire?
Can you climb like the vine beyond the spire?
Can you fly like a bird, or weave a nest?
Or make but one feather on robin's breast?

Can you build a cell, like the bee, or spin
Like the spider a web so fine and thin?
Can you lift a shadow from off the ground?
Can you see the wind, or measure a sound?
Can you blow a bubble that will not burst?
Can you talk with echo, and not speak first?

Oh, my dear little boy! you are clever and strong,
And you are so busy the whole day long,
Trying as hard as a little boy can
To do big things, like a "grown-up" man!
Look at me, darling! I tell you true,
There are some things you never can do.

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S HORSE "WINCHESTER."

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S famous charger, which carried his master "twenty miles away" in one of the bloodiest battles of the Rebellion, is dead, as has already been briefly noticed. "Winchester," the cognomen by which the horse has been known since the war, was jet black in color, with a small, white star almost in the centre of the forehead, — a sort of "lucky star." He stood sixteen and a half hands high, and was trim-built, and active, and proud-spirited. When Sheridan took command of the Second Michigan Regiment, in 1862, Captain Campbell presented him with the animal, which was then spoken of as a three-year-old colt. His owner dubbed him Rienzi, after the Mississippi town of that name. He carried his master through the battles of Stone River, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, and a score of other engagements in the Tennessee campaign. He pranced around among the mules and ordinary steeds at the battles of Opaquin, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, Petersburg, Trevillian Station, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Gordonsville, Waynesborough, Five Forks, Jettersville, Sailors' Creek, Appomattox Court House, and a score or more of other combats. In fact, Winchester faced the guns in ninety engagements, and, with a single exception, never flinched or turned tail to the enemy. In the battle of Stone River a solid shot passed under him, grazing the skin of his belly. He became fractious and unmanageable, the general being obliged to dismount. The appearance of the animal on the field without a rider, was the foundation for a report that his owner had been killed. The horse was wounded by pieces of shell in the battles of Opaquin and Trevillian, but not severely in either instance.

History describes the ride from Winchester as a furious and headlong race. General Sheridan said last week that he had ridden the horse at a full gallop, at times breaking into a run. Two staff officers, Generals Forsyth and O'Keefe, and the escort of twenty cavalry men, rode with him, but the horse "Winchester" showed more spirit and "bottom" than any of the other animals. The general said the actual distance ridden was sixteen miles, the poet, Read, having used about four miles of "poetical license." He spoke feelingly of his old black steed, saying he had been unexcelled in speed, courage, docility, and nobleness of nature. The general said he had not been upon "Winchester's" back since the war closed. He has required his hostler to give him the tenderest attention. The horse suffered more or less from rheumatism for several years past. A boy was allowed to take him out for exercise the other day, and, as he was trotted at a pretty lively gait, he became overheated, and this, combined with an enfeebled constitution, caused death.

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THE CHANCE HOSPITAL.

[*From The Ledger.*]

I BELIEVE there is no hospital in England better arranged, more liberally endowed, or better fitted for the purposes it is to serve, than is Grey's of Southwick; and yet, if we may believe the sober evidence of those who ought to know, humanity owes to the merest accident of a woman's caprice that grand hospice. Thus runs the story: —

Thomas Grey, at the age of threescore-and-ten, tired of business strife, in possession of as much of this world's wealth as he could comfortably manage, and desirous of spending the late evenings of his days in the peaceful calm of domestic quietude, concluded that he would take to himself a wife. Among his servants was a bright-faced pretty girl, of two or three and twenty, who had proved herself energetic, faithful, and capable, and this was the damsel Mr. Grey had selected for a wife. He asked her plainly if she would marry with him, and we can easily guess her answer. Not only was her lover one of the wealthiest men in the country, but he was still a man of life and energy. Of course she would marry with him, and the prospect was to her a very bright one.

One day, after Mr. Grey had received his favorable answer from the domestic maid, he set paviers at work to mend the pavement in front of his house; and he gave them the limits of their task, beyond which they were not to go. Toward evening, as the workmen were putting up their tools preparatory to their departure, the damsel whom the host had engaged to marry came to the front door, and observing a section of broken pavement toward the stable entrance, she asked the foreman why he had not mended it. He replied to her that he had done all that the master had instructed him to do, and he was authorized to do no more.

"Well," said the maid, in a consequential tone, "I will assume the authority to have that further pavement mended, and if Mr. Grey asks you why you did it tell him that *I* ordered it, being willing myself to bear the blame, if any there be."

Thus authorized, the paviers went to work and patched up the extra section, and they were just setting the last blocks of stone when the master came up. In surprise, not unmixed with anger, Mr. Grey asked the meaning of this unauthorized piece of work, — a job involving, perhaps, the outlay of four shillings. The foreman told him the circumstances. The owner paid the bill, and then went thoughtfully into his house, and he thought to himself, "If the girl puts on such airs in anticipation of being my wife, what will she do when she is really mistress?"

And he concluded that he would save himself in time. He called the damsel to him, paid her the wages due her, and sent her away, refusing to listen to any explanation or entreaty. And instead of marrying, and settling his property upon a young wife, as he had fully resolved to do, he built the hospital bearing his name, at an expense of a hundred thousand dollars; and at his death, at the age of seventy-six, he left about eleven hundred thousand dollars more to the hospital as an endowment fund. And this did not absorb all his wealth, Far from it. Besides liberal annuities to known relatives, he left full half a million of dollars to be divided among those who could thereafter, to the satisfaction of his executors prove themselves in any way related to him by blood or marriage.

And thus we may safely conclude that the assumption of undue authority by a servant girl secured to England one of her finest hospitals, besides turning other large sums into channels of blessed benevolence.

A PRIZE was once offered to the person who could find a rhyme to the word "window." The prize was awarded for the following effort: —

"A cruel man a beetle caught,
And to the wall him pinned oh!
Then said the beetle to the crowd,
'Though I 'm stuck up, I am not proud;'
And his soul went out of the window."

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THE FIRST PARTY.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Miss Annabel McCarty
Was invited to a party,
"Your company from four to ten," the invitation said;
And the maiden was delighted
To think she was invited
To sit up till the hour when the big folks went to bed.

The crazy little midget
Ran and told the news to Bridget,
Who clapped her hands, and danced a jig, to Annabel's delight,
And said, with accents hearty,
"'T will be the swatest party
If ye 're there, yerself, me darlint! I wish it was to-night!"

The great display of frilling
Was positively killing!
And, oh, the little booties! and the lovely sash so wide!
And the gloves so very cunning!
She was altogether "stunning,"
And the whole McCarty family regarded her with pride.

They gave minute directions,
With copious interjections
Of, "Sit up straight!" "Don't do this or that, — 't would be absurd."
But, what with their caressing,
And the agony of dressing,
Miss Annabel McCarty did n't hear a single word.

There was music, there was dancing,
And the sight was most entrancing,
As if fairy-land and floral band were holding jubilee;
There was laughing, there was pouting,
There was singing, there was shouting;
And old and young together made a carnival of glee.

Miss Annabel McCarty
Was the youngest at the party,
And every one remarked that she was beautifully drest;
Like a doll she sat demurely
On a sofa, thinking surely
It would never do for her to run and frolic with the rest.

The noise kept growing louder;
The naughty boys would crowd her;
"I think you 're very rude, indeed!" the little lady said;
And then, without a warning,
Her home instructions scorning,
She screamed, "*I want my supper! — and I want to go to bed!*"

Now, big folks, who are older,
Need not laugh at her, nor scold her,
For doubtless, if the truth were known, we 've often felt inclined
To leave the ball, or party,
As did Annabel McCarty,
But we had n't half her courage, and we could n't speak our mind.

Rev. Dr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, though a very clever man, has met with his match. When examining a student as to the classes he had attended, he said, "And you attended the class for mathematics?" "Yes." "How many sides has a circle?" "Two," said the student. "What are they?" What a laugh in the class the student's answer produced when he said, "An inside and an outside." But this was nothing compared with what followed. The doctor having said to this student, "And you attended the moral philosophy class, also?" "Yes." "Well, you would hear lectures on various subjects. Did you ever hear one on cause and effect?" "Yes." "Does any effect ever go before a cause?" "Yes." "Give me an instance." "A man wheeling a barrow." The doctor then sat down, and proposed no more questions.

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ORIGIN OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

THE postage stamp was born in London on the 10th of January, 1840, and England employed it alone for ten years. It was a curious incident that gave rise to the idea of postage stamps. A traveller was crossing, about forty years ago, a district in the north of England. He arrived at the door of an inn where a postman had stopped to deliver a letter. A young girl came out to receive it; she turned it over and over in her hand, and asked the price of postage. This was a large sum, and evidently the girl was poor, for the postman demanded a shilling. She sighed sadly, and said the letter was from her brother, but that she had no money, and so she returned it to the postman. The traveller was a man who rambled about the earth for instruction and observation. Having a good heart, he offered to pay the postage of the letter, and in spite of the resistance of the young girl he paid the shilling. This resistance made him reflect. Scarcely had the postman turned his back, when the young innkeeper's daughter confessed that it was a trick between her and her brother. Some signs marked on the envelope had told her all she wanted to know, but the letter contained no writing.

"We are both so poor," she added, "that we invented this mode of corresponding without paying for our letters." The traveller, continuing his road, asked himself if a system giving place to such frauds was not a vicious one.

The sun had not set before Mr. Rowland Hill (that was the name of the traveller) had planned to organize the postal service upon a new basis. He said that in England, where family ties are strong, and where the members often live far apart, — where, too, the spirit of commerce knows no limits, the correspondence was only limited by the cost of the post; and that by lowering this barrier, a great service would be rendered to society, without hurting the resources of the treasury. These views were agreed to by the English Government, and on the tenth of January, 1840, not more than a penny was paid for letters which circulated over the whole extent of the British Isles. This bold scheme soon surpassed the hopes of the legislators. Ten years later, in 1850, the number of letters increased from 1,500,000 to 7,239,962. Mr. Rowland Hill occupied in England the post of secretary to the postmaster-general.

THE German emperor, while visiting a village, was welcomed by the school-children of the place. After making a speech for them, he took an orange from a plate, and asked: "To what kingdom does this belong?" "The vegetable kingdom, sire," replied the girl. The emperor took a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it up, asked, "And to what kingdom does this belong?" "To the mineral kingdom, sire," replied the little girl. "And to what kingdom do I belong, then?" asked the emperor. The little girl colored up deeply, for she did not like to say, "the animal kingdom," as she thought she would, lest his majesty might be offended, when a bright thought came, and she said, with radiant eyes, "To God's kingdom, sire." The emperor was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head and said, most devoutly, "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

MR. BLAINE, dining with Evarts, Schurz, and others in Washington, the other day, was asked how he liked the policy of President Hayes. Blaine answered by telling a little story. A party of gentlemen went on a fishing trip in Maine. A rule was made that the first man who complained of the cooking should turn to and cook until somebody else complained. At the very first breakfast the man who proposed this rule took a biscuit and bit it. "Thunder! how salt this is!" he exclaimed, "but I like it, — I like it!" — *Herald.*

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TO TALKERS.

GIVE us action — speech no longer;
Cheer no fellows to the fray;
Words are well, but deeds are stronger, —
Out yourselves and lead the way.

Should each man but urge his neighbor,
"Go ye forth and reap the plain,"
Holding back himself from labor,
Where would be the ripened grain?

When goes up the roar of battle
Stoutest voices are but weak:
Not of cause and duty prattle —
Let your silent service speak.

Have you wives? — do soft eyes, pleading,
Hold you with their gentle spell?
Other hearts are torn and bleeding,
Other men have homes as well.

Urge them not the smoking altar
With such gifts as these to strew,
If you feel your bosom falter
When the gods appeal to you.

Point not out the path to others
Which your feet refuse to tread;
Follow with your earnest brothers,
Though it lead among the dead.

Even now the forest arches
With the tramp of men are rife;
Join your brothers on their marches,
Join them in the surging strife.

Whether drummer-boy or colonel
Matters not, be duty done;
Battling for a truth eternal,
All are equal — ranks are one.

Should you win a brave dismission
From your country's holy wars,
Yours shall be a high commission,
Bearing date among the stars!

But bring deeds, not mouthings merely,
Urging others to the fray;
You that see the path so clearly,
Yours the feet should lead the way.

HOW TO PLACE THE BED. — Baron Reichenbach, who has devoted many years of deep study to the art of bedmaking, maintains that you must not always lie on your bed as it is made, under penalty of abridging your life by a great number of years. If, says the Baron, a mere magnet exercises an influence on sensitive persons, the earth's magnetism must certainly make itself felt on the nervous life of man. Hence he dwells on the salutary effects of the inhabitants of the northern hemisphere lying with their heads to the north, and those of the southern with their heads to the south. For travellers with short memories we may put the rule in general terms; in whatever hemisphere you may be, always sleep with your feet to the equator, and let your body lie "true as a needle to the pole." In giving this rule the baron has simply told us how to live a hundred years; for the polar direction of the body is, it appears, of the utmost importance for the proper circulation of the blood, and we have Baron Reichenbach's authority for stating that many disturbances in the human organism have been cured by simply placing the bolster at a different point of the compass from that it had occupied before. Let such as have hitherto been in the habit of sleeping with their heads where their feet ought to be, take to heart the example of the late Dr. Fischwelter, of Magdeburg, who died recently, at the age of one hundred and nine years, and always attributed his long life to his faithful observance of the pole to pole position of sleeping. The most unhealthy position, we are told, is when the body lies due east and west. Some observers assure us that to sleep in such a posture is tantamount to committing slow suicide, and that diseases are often aggravated by deviations from the polar posture.

REV. DR. CHAPIN had a daughter who was petite and a brunette, and he told her she was like a Boston publishing house, — Little & Brown.

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A NEW ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

A CLEVELAND correspondent of the "Chicago Tribune" sends that paper the following extract from a letter by the late Francis Lieber: —

An incident of more than usual interest occurred to-day, just after the class in constitutional law was dismissed at the university. I had been lecturing upon the advantages of the bi-cameral system, had dismissed the class, and was about to leave the room, when a young man, who I knew had taken instructions under Laboulaye, in Paris, approached me and said that what I had urged in regard to the bi-cameral system reminded him of a story which he had heard Laboulaye relate. I was interested, of course, and, as the class gathered around, he proceeded with the following: —

Laboulaye said, in one of his lectures, that Jefferson, who had become so completely imbued with French ideas as even to admire the uni-cameral system of legislation, one day visited Washington at Mt. Vernon, and, in the course of the conversation that ensued, the comparative excellence of the two systems came up for consideration. After considerable had been said on both sides, finally, at the tea-table, Washington, turning sharply to Jefferson, said: —

"You, sir, have just demonstrated the superior excellence of the bi-cameral system by your own hand."

"I! How is that?" said Jefferson, not a little surprised.

"You have poured your tea from your cup out into the saucer to cool. We want the bi-cameral system to cool things. A measure originates in one house, and in heat is passed. The other house will serve as a wonderful cooler; and, by the time it is debated and modified by various amendments there, it is much more likely to become an equitable law. No, we can't get along without the saucer in our system."

Jefferson, of course, saw that a point had been made against his argument; but whether he was frank enough to say so, the story-teller did not relate.

OLD BOSTON STREETS.

[*Boston Letter to the Worcester Spy.*]

ONE of the things to see here is the house of Mr. Frank Hill Smith, the artist. He has transformed an old wooden building at the corner of Mt. Vernon and River Streets into the most attractive and picturesque place in the city. It is not finished yet, and I don't know what is to be done to the rough outside plastering of the lower story; but the upper story and roof are tiled, the windows are abundant and pretty; on the front of the large gable in the roof is a huge sunflower in high relief; below it, on the upper story, is a winged lion in relief; over the front door is a course of grotesque, open carving; the whole is painted yellow, and is so attractive that people who love light and sunshine hover about it like moths round a candle. There is nothing in New England in the least like it; and Mr. Fields did it no more than justice when he brought it into his lecture on Cheerfulness, a day or two ago, with a hearty compliment to its originality, and its cheering influence. Boston is rich in corners that might be made even more charming. On the narrow old streets that cross Beacon Hill, between Mt. Vernon and Cambridge Streets, there are many "sightly" places with wide outlooks over river and country. It seems strange that all that part of the hill should have been left to a poor population and ordinary houses, but if Mr. Smith, who is a house-decorator as well as an artist, could inspire people to buy and beautify these waiting corners, Beacon Hill would be the most charming place, and the high lands might well win back the population that has wandered away to the flats. Of course, nobody would want another house just like Mr. Smith's; it would lose much of its charm if it were duplicated, but dozens of others might be built as cosy, as original, as cheerful, as fanciful, and how they would brighten our dull old streets!

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THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.

[*From the New York Evening Post.*]

WE are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore;
We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before —
We are coming, Father Abraham — three hundred thousand more!

If you look across the hill-tops that meet the northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour —
We are coming, Father Abraham — three hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys, where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line;
And children from their mothers' knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow, against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door —
We are coming, Father Abraham — three hundred thousand more!

You have called us and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide
To lay us down for freedom's sake, our brothers' bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before —
We are coming, Father Abraham — three hundred thousand more!

SHEPARD MEMORIAL CHURCH FREED FROM DEBT.

GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE WAY IT WAS ACCOMPLISHED.

THE following graphic account of the way the Shepard Memorial Church was freed from debt, on Sunday last, appeared in the "Boston Herald" the following morning. It contains all of the various facts of the wonderful event, and being written by a son of one of the most prominent members, who is a journalist of known reputation, we believe it deserves republication entire: —

Eight months ago, Mr. Edward Kimball, the travelling agent for a Chicago firm, became thoroughly interested in the subject of church debts, and determined to make an effort for the relief of one or two poor churches in San Francisco, where he then was. A thorough business man, he attacked the problem in a business manner, and formed a plan at once so novel and practical, that his efforts were crowned with complete success. Before leaving the Pacific coast, he had emancipated thirteen churches from debt. He has continued this work in every city that he has since visited, including New York city, where, one week ago, Sunday, he completed the task of raising a debt of $110,000 from the Presbyterian Memorial Church, on Madison Avenue and Fifty-third Street. Yesterday he made his first effort of the kind in New England; and, after working in the Shepard Memorial (Congregational) Church in Old Cambridge, for nearly eight hours, left it virtually free from the debt of $85,000, by which it had been brought to the verge of ruin, thereby completing his twenty-sixth

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task of the kind. It was the hardest struggle and the most signal triumph that he has yet encountered, and by it the prophecy of certain New Yorkers, that he would only meet with failure among the hard-fisted New Englanders, has been completely refuted. Mr. Kimball had, however, perfect faith that he would succeed, for he was a Boston boy himself, and knew upon whom he could rely. More than twenty years ago he was a Sunday-school teacher in Dr. Kirk's church, and in his class, and through his instrumentality Dwight L. Moody, the Evangelist, became a Christian.

The Shepard Church, in which he worked last Sunday, is one of the oldest in the country, being now in its two hundred and forty-third year of existence. Six years ago its members left the old-fashioned, square towered, wooden building on Holyoke Street, in which they had worshipped for so many years, and moved into the beautiful stone edifice on Garden Street, close by the Washington Elm. To erect this building they incurred a heavy debt, which has been their curse ever since. The panic was severely felt by them. Many of their moneyed men became bankrupt, and, instead of being reduced, the debt steadily increased. Last week Mr. Kimball's business brought him to Boston. He heard of the distressed condition of the Shepard Church, and at once determined upon an effort for its relief. On Friday he visited the pastor, the Rev. Alexander McKenzie, and, only making his intentions known to him and to two or three of the officers of the church, decided, with their consent, to make an effort the following Sunday morning.

Sunday was bright and clear, and, at half-past ten o'clock, Shepard Church was well filled. Mr. McKenzie occupied the pulpit, and Mr. Kimball sat in a front pew. Not more than half a dozen persons in the whole congregation knew that anything out of the ordinary course was to occur. As the pastor made the opening prayer, he was very pale, and his voice trembled. He prayed for success in what they were about to undertake, gave out the usual notices, and then, instead of the usual sermon, made a short address to his people. He told them that certain men were always raised up for special work, as the occasion demanded. He told the story of Mr. Moody's conversion, through the instrumentality of his Sunday-school teacher, and that that same Sunday-school teacher was now with them, having a plan to propose to them, so wonderful that he felt compelled to allow him to make it known himself, and would therefore introduce, and resign the conduct of the morning's service to Mr. Edward Kimball, of Chicago.

Mr Kimball stepped to the little reading-desk beside the pulpit, read a chapter from the book of Exodus descriptive of the giving of the children of Israel of their worldly goods to the Tabernacle, and proceeded to unfold his plan. He told them the amount of their debt, $85,000; that it was sapping the life of their church and their pastor. He reminded them that they had already paid more than $40,000 interest on it, and asked them if they were not willing to make one strenuous effort to remove the incubus. He then asked Mr. Gilman to act as secretary of the meeting, and Messrs. Munroe, Flint, Hall, and Saunders, to act as canvassers among the people, called for ten subscriptions of $3,000 each, to be made upon conditions that the whole amount of the debt be pledged within a week, and paid within a year, and offered to make the first subscription himself, provided the other nine were pledged that morning. The people looked at one another in amazement, until Mr. Whitman offered to take the second $3,000, and they saw that an earnest effort was in reality to be made. Then they began to pledge themselves for the required amount, and within an hour $30,000 was promised, Mr. Kimball taking the last as well as the first $3,000 upon himself. Ten pledges for $2,000 each were then called for, and began to come in slowly. Another hour saw eight of these taken, but the next hour passed without any progress being made. Again Mr. Kimball offered to take one of the remaining $2,000, if any one would take the

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other. This offer being accepted, he began on smaller sums, $1000, $500, $250, and then called upon all who were willing to pay ten, twenty-five, fifty cents, or one dollar per week for the ensuing year, to hand their names to the canvassers. Sixteen hundred dollars were raised in this way, and people became enthusiastic as they saw that the money for the payment of the entire debt was really being pledged, and that the plan by which it was being done was so simple, and yet so comprehensive, that the humblest might contribute to its success. In their excitement, they instinctively clapped and applauded each large gift, and many of the smaller ones, when they came, as many did, from those known to be of limited means, or from outsiders. Charles Theodore Russell made a stirring address, reminding them that for the honor of New England they must carry this thing through, and illustrated his theory by a generous contribution. Men and women left their seats, and canvassed the matter with their neighbors. Some left the church, but most of them returned ready for increased efforts. The choir sang inspiring hymns, and sent down its contributions of money. The pastor doffed his robes, and left the pulpit to work among his parishioners. The Harvard students in the church talked among themselves, and sent in a generous sum. Teachers pledged for their Sunday-school classes, former subscriptions were doubled, and the work went bravely on.

But they had undertaken a heavy task, and hours passed before its completion. Sunday-school time came, and, as the teachers could not be spared, the scholars were added to the congregation, where they first stared in wonderment at the scene transpiring around them, and then began to contribute their mites. Daylight faded, and the gas was lighted. Members of the congregation, who lived near the church, threw open their houses, and spread their tables at which the workers would take hasty lunches, and return to the church. Members of other churches, on their way home from afternoon service, finding the morning congregation of the Shepard Church not yet dismissed, stopped to see what was going on, and gathered in curious throngs about the entrances.

At half-past five o'clock $70,000 had been pledged, and Mr. Kimball asked if he should stop, and let them finish the work some other time. He was answered by cries of "No! no! go on. We can stay, if you can."

At six o'clock $76,000 had been raised. The pastor said he hoped the balance would be taken. Several gentlemen were reported out of town who could and would give the rest when they knew what was being done, and so the work was declared finished. Mr. Kimball said that he wanted one more pledge from them before they left. He wanted all those to rise, who would solemnly pledge that, from this time forth, they would discountenance and use every effort in their power to prevent this or any other church, with which they might hereafter become connected, from incurring any debt, however trivial. He was answered by the uprising of the entire congregation. The first notes of the Doxology were sounded from the organ, and, with a power never before equalled in Shepard Church, the great words of thanksgiving, —

> Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
> Praise him all creatures here below,
> Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
> Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

rolled out in a mighty volume on the still night air. After the benediction there was a general congratulation, and, as they left the church, each one said to his neighbor, "Is n't it incredible? Our church is out of debt."

The meeting lasted nearly eight hours, and the majority of the people present did not leave the edifice during that time. It was the longest meeting of the kind that Mr. Kimball had ever held; but he says that no people ever stayed and worked so untiringly, and with such perfect faith in the ultimate result, as they did; and he never felt more gratified than by what they accomplished. He left this city for New York, Monday.

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"OLD ABE."

THE veteran eagle of the West, whose pet name is "Old Abe," is now on exhibition in the Old South, and as many inquiries are afloat in the community in regard to him, it may be interesting to some of your readers to know something of his antecedents, or, more properly speaking, of his war record.

This patriotic and historic bird is widely known throughout the West, and is the especial pride of the State of Wisconsin, whose pensioner he is, having served his country for over three years as one of the heroes of thirty battles. He is now the honored guest of the old Bay State, sent on by the Governor of Wisconsin to Governor Rice, to be exhibited in the Old South for the benefit of the preservation fund. He is of the white-headed family, and is seventeen years old, having been found in his nest when four months old by a Chippewa Indian, and by him sold to a farmer for a bushel of corn. He was soon found so wonderfully intelligent that a gentleman purchased him of the farmer, and presented him to the eighth Wisconsin regiment, which received him with acclamation, and to him was given, as was his royal due, the place ranking next to the flag of the regiment. This majestic bird is always moved and most demonstrative at the sound of martial music. He shared all the battles of the regiment, but no drop of his blood was ever sacrificed. Vainly did rebel sharpshooters aim at his dark figure, conspicuously "painted on the crimson sky;" he seemed to bear a charmed life; and his loyal comrades almost looked up to him as their leader, and with pride believed in him as a bird of good omen. He was named "Old Abe," sworn into the service, and proved to be every inch a soldier, listening to and obeying orders, noting time most accurately, always after the first year giving heed to "attention," insisting upon being in the thickest of the fight, and when his comrades, exposed to great danger from the terrible fire of the enemy, were ordered to lie down, he would flatten himself upon the ground with them, rising when they did, and with outspread pinions soar aloft over the carnage and smoke of the battle. When the cannons were pouring forth destruction and death, above the roar and thunder of the artillery rose his wild, shrill battle-cry of freedom. He was always restless before the march to the encounter, but after the smoke of the battlefield had cleared away he would doff his soldier-like bearing, and with wild screams of delight would manifest his joy at the victory; but if defeat was the result, his discomfiture and deep sorrow were manifest by every movement of his stately figure but drooping head. He is attended right royally, — having servants to obey his imperial will, — dwelling in "marble halls" in the fine capitol of Wisconsin, the State which is so justly proud of the never-to-be-forgotten record of her brave sons and daughters who, through the long struggle for the eternal right, were so conspicuously before the whole country. Is it not fitting, then, that the dear Old South should have, as its honored guest, a bird whose record is so noble? Let us not fail to do him honor, by being each and all ushered into his majestic presence. May he live a hundred years, and many times be entertained by Massachusetts!

DEATH OF "OLD ABE." — "Old Abe," Wisconsin's famous war eagle, died at the State capitol, Saturday night, March 26, 1881. The bird was sold to the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry in 1861, was with the regiment through the long four years of the late Rebellion, and at the close of the war was presented to the State. This feathered hero has been all over the nation since, and in 1865, at the great fair at Chicago, his exhibition netted $16,000, while at a Milwaukee fair the same year, $6,000 was realized. "Old Abe" was four months at the Centennial at Philadelphia, and was also on exhibition at the Old South, in this city. All the State officials, headed by the Governor, visited and viewed the remains of this historical bird.

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IF.

BY LEIGH.

If skies were bluer,
And fogs were fewer,
And fewer the storms on land and sea;
Were shiny summers
Perpetual comers, —
What a Utopia this would be!

If Life were longer,
And Faith were stronger,
If Pleasure would bide, — if Care would flee;
If each were brother
To all the other, —
What an Arcadia this would be!

Were Greed abolished,
And Gain demolished,
Were Slavery chained, and Freedom free;
If all earth's troubles
Collapsed like bubbles, —
What an Elysium this would be!

THE GLASTONBURY SISTERS.

THE death of Miss Abigail H. Smith, one of the famous "Smith sisters" of Glastonbury, Conn., has directed attention once more to this interesting family. There were originally five of the sisters, and their peculiar names, — Abigail, Hadassah, Nancy Zephina, Cyrinthia Lucretia, Laurilla Alerova, and Julia Evelina, — are indicative of the eccentricity of their parents. The father, a Yale graduate, was a Congregational preacher, but he experienced a change of religious opinion, and studied law, which he practised the remainder of his life. The mother was a woman of much cultivation of a peculiar kind, for she knew astronomy well, and spoke several European languages. None of the five sisters ever married, and the three who died before Miss Abby passed away at intervals of seven years, the first dying twenty-one years ago. The only remaining sister, Miss Julia Evelina, is in her eighty-sixth year, and her health is very delicate. It is she who translated the Bible into English from the Hebrew and Greek. Miss Smith's edition of the Bible, — sometimes called the "Alderney edition," in allusion to the cows which were yearly hypothecated into tax receipts, — is of little value except as a literary curiosity; but the pluck of undertaking such a work is characteristic of her people. Miss Abby was the business manager of the Glastonbury home, and her elder and more literary sister was in many ways dependent upon her.

Speaking of these sisters, the "Hartford Courant" says: It is several years since the sisters adopted the circuitous method of paying their taxes by procuring the bidding in of the cow or cows put up at auction by the collector, and the protest has for a long time been the bravest and most hopeful sign in the annual convention of protesting women. Before the Smith sisters entered public life they pursued the even tenor of their studious way, cheery, bright, talkative, and entertaining, having in full the New England country flavor in their speech, manner, and good humor. The conflict with the world and the struggle for their rights brought out at times a little self-assertion and asperity foreign to their former philosophic life; and the example gives to the student of society an instance of the effect of notoriety and glaring publicity upon the retiring sex. But however this may be, and whatever were the kindly eccentricities of this remarkable family, no one has doubted their sincerity or the unaffected heroism with which they contended for the rights of their sex. And no one, we are sure, has any but kindly feelings toward the one who has just ceased from her labors. She and her surviving sister were certainly remarkable women, having great intellectual vigor, kindness of heart, charity toward all men, and a sincere desire to better the world.

The "Hartford Post" says: The cause of Miss Smith's death is given as old age. She has been sick since June 1. An account of her

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life and character must necessarily be inadequate to convey to those who did not know her a just conception of her. For in spite of the widespread notice she has received, but few had any acquaintance with her real life. Julia is an accomplished linguist, and scholarly in her tastes. Abby was not a linguist, nor particularly scholarly, but she was very intelligent, and thoroughly interested in all the world's affairs. Her particular passion is said to have been her garden and her flowers, and she was always eager to learn all she could about a plant new to her, and the best methods of its cultivation. She was self-reliant and energetic, and much depended on by her sister Julia. In this connection it is stated that when the two sisters were in Washington, last winter, to further the cause of woman suffrage, and while the ladies were gathered around Julia, congratulating her upon the bravery she had shown, Mrs. Hooker remarked in a low voice to Julia, "You will never pay another tax, will you?" She replied, "If Abby should die, I am afraid my courage would all be gone." Since the death of the other sisters, Abby and Julia have lived alone, at the old homestead, doing their own work, tenderly cared for by the family of Mr. Kellogg, their tenant and friend. In the death of Miss Smith the cause of woman suffrage has met with a severe loss, as her firm resistance to what she believed to be the unjust treatment of women greatly encouraged her companions in the contest, her sister has lost her chief support, and the community in which she lived a faithful friend, and a worthy exponent of the virtues of truthfulness, firmness, and support of the right as she understood it.

"The town of Glastonbury could well afford to remit all taxes on this family," said an old resident, "for the distress they have relieved, and the poverty removed for years past. I have always called upon them first with cases of charity, and never met a refusal. There was only one peculiarity. The sisters, sometimes three or four, would always step into a corner of the room to consult, so that each might contribute an equal share; and once, in midwinter, I told them of a woman starving, on my way to get help, and they harnessed up, and drove with a wagon-load, — and the house on a hill so icy that they actually had to crawl on their hands and knees, but they did it." "Yes," said a lady, "and they watched all over the town, night after night, taking turns. There 's no end to the kindnesses." "But, oh," said Miss Julia, coming in, just then, "how can I live without Abby. There never were two sisters so united before, I do believe. It 's years since I 've done anything without saying, 'Would you?' to Abby; and now I 'm all alone." . . . A conversation with Julia Smith brought out the following: "But then, Abby was so fond of the Bible. You cannot know how she enjoyed reading it over and over again. She would often read a passage to herself, and then exclaim, 'Oh, how beautiful this is! I know it must be inspired; no men could have written it of themselves. And how plain the meaning of it! Now, this passage means so and so.' But I would say to her, 'I can 't see just that meaning.' 'That 's because you don 't look hard enough, and give your whole heart and soul to it, — I *know* it means so.'" Nevertheless the old quarto Bible was so interlined with Miss Julia's fresh translations as to be one of the curiosities of literature, — not a page without helpful illuminations to the text, — in the small, clear, fair hand — and that Julia's Bible was printed at last was the great delight of Abby's life. "I would rather give everything I have in the world than not to have that book printed," she frequently said.

The services at the funeral of Miss Abby Smith, on Thursday, which were marked by extreme simplicity, are thus described: A gentleman, an old friend of the family, read a part of the sixth chapter of the Gospel of St. John, and the latter part of 1 Cor. xv., — these chapters having been read at all the funerals in the family. No prayer was made, Julia's religious views being similar to those of her father and mother, which were that ministers are of no use, and that the system that maintains them is entirely

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wrong. To pay for having the gospel preached — to have men fit themselves for the pulpit, for the purpose of earning their bread and butter by it, which in the majority of cases is the truth, and which is simply making merchandise of the gospel, — these things they maintained were disastrous to all true religion. Julia's father gave up his pulpit after having preached five years, his conscience not allowing him to continue in it any longer. He said the whole theological system was upheld by money, — take that away, and it would fall flat. And so, in accordance with these original and sensible ideas, the family have worshipped in their own peculiar way, and kept their religion a private, sacred affair between themselves and God, claiming that no hireling preacher should come between them and him, and their own individual interpretation of the gospel. And so none of the common ceremonies were used yesterday, and no prayers were said save the silent prayers of the lone mourner and those who sympathized with her. After the chapter was read, Mrs. Hooker made some very appropriate remarks, and the quiet sleeper was borne to her long home.

MISS JULIA E. SMITH, of Glastonbury, who at the mature age of eighty-six has just married, is most widely known for her vigorous refusal to pay taxes because she was not a voter. The laws establishing the relations property-wise between man and wife in this State have for some years been undergoing successive changes, of the merits of which individuals may judge for themselves. It is safe to say there is wide diversity of opinion regarding them. But the present status is certainly the opportunity for Miss Smith, who, as it happens, not only secures a husband, but at last fulfils in peace the ambition that has so often sacrificed her Alderneys in the past. As we understand the last change in the married-woman law, the wife owns her own property absolutely, has the use and control of it, and cannot transfer its management directly to her husband, even if she wishes, but still, by virtue of his being her husband, he is required to pay the taxes on it as if it were his. Assuming that this is correct, the lady is now removed from the burden of tax-paying, but remains as ever mistress of the cows and farm. Perhaps the law was not framed to meet this especial case, but at least it solves it very happily. — *Hartford Courant.*

THE JULIA SMITH WEDDING.

[*From a Letter to the Hartford Times.*]

I FOUND Julia and the old gentleman on Friday noon taking their little lunch, together, as cosey as if they had wintered and summered together for the past sixty years. They had taken their little lunch-table into the north room, for the dining-room was occupied by two long rows of tables for the evening refreshments. I found Mr. Parker quite chatty and entertaining. He is a good-sized, broad-shouldered man, and has the ruddy glow of health on his cheeks, owing to his temperate and simple way of living. He never used tobacco in any form, nor any kind of alcoholic drink, and takes no tea nor coffee. In the conversations I had with him, I learned that his first wife was the daughter of the President of the University of Vermont, where he (Mr. Parker) graduated. His second wife was the daughter of General McClary, for many years Marshal of the State of New Hampshire. She has been dead but three years. Her father was many years judge of the courts in New Hampshire, and was also United States Senator from that State. In 1824 Mr. Parker, — the present one, — was aid to the Governor of New Hampshire. Lafayette was then in this country, and Mr. Parker was sent to Boston officially to invite him to Concord, the State capital. Lafayette could not go at that time, but said he would go the next year, immediately after the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill. He did so, Mr. Parker going

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for him with several barouches, returning in the carriage with Lafayette. During Lafayette's visit in Concord, Mr. Parker, who was then living there, introduced his wife and child to him. Lafayette took the child, and with tears in his eyes kissed it, saying, "I am reminded of the loved and lost." He had lost his wife and child. Mr. Parker was at that time a great deal with Lafayette, and learned much from him that has never been published. Two years ago, at the request of the Historical Society of New Hampshire, he delivered at Concord a lecture on Lafayette, and afterward Governor Prescott asked him to write it out and have it printed, at the same time telling him that he (Mr. Parker) knew more about Lafayette than any man living. Mr. Parker has done so, adding to his own facts information from many sources. He has for this purpose corresponded with Charles Francis Adams and others who were well acquainted with Lafayette. He has also been searching all the books he could find on him. At the time of Lafayette's visit to Concord, Mr. Parker was editor of a newspaper there. In 1835 he published a book about a trip he had taken to Texas. He set up the type for a part of the book himself. He was born in Fitzwilliam, N. H., where he has lived of late years, till he came to Glastonbury.

Soon after seven o'clock the guests began to arrive, and before eight the rooms were packed. It seemed as if all Glastonbury had turned out. I believe the number present, by somebody's count, was about one hundred and twenty-five. The first part of the evening was enlivened with music by a choir of young singers with fine voices. They had an accompaniment on the old piano, which has been in the Smith mansion over half a century, and was made in London nearly a century ago. It is so old that the music from its chords sounds more like that of a violin than a piano. It was the second piano ever brought to Glastonbury. As everything was on the antique order, from the bride and groom down, nothing could have been more appropriate by way of accompaniment than this old piano. After the music, one of the ladies who had matters in charge requested the company to make an opening in the centre of the rooms; so all fell back, leaving a space, with the bride and groom sitting in the centre under the wedding-bell, where they had been introduced to and shaken hands with all the guests as they came in. Then, from out the depths behind the curtains of one of the bow windows, two gentlemen bore a huge pyramid of cake, the bridal loaf. There had been much mystery about that bow window all day. The bride had been particularly requested not to look behind those curtains, and the groom also, and they did not; therefore when the pyramid on its pedestal was deposited in front of the bride and groom, it was a complete surprise to them. The peak of the pyramid was artistically finished with a bouquet ingeniously formed of frosting, the very top of the cluster having two faces made of frosting to represent the bride and groom. On one side of the pyramid, in gilt lettering, appeared the inscription, "A. A. Parker and Julia E. Smith, married April 9, 1879." On the other side was the inscription, —

"Good wishes and joy to the new-married pair,
Miss Julia the brave, and A. Parker, Esq."

Around this inscription ran a circle of eighty-six stars, representing the ages of the bride and groom. After quiet was obtained, Mrs. S. H. Tracy, one of the committee of arrangements, made a speech of presentation to the pair.

Mr. Parker then said: "I have no words to express myself as I would like, for I was not prepared for anything of this kind. When John Quincy Adams was called upon some years ago to address a large assembly of women, he excused himself by saying that he had addressed large assemblies of men, he had hoped, with some degree of success, but had found it very difficult to address even *one* woman. But perhaps I am more fortunate than he, for I don't know that I have had any great difficulty in addressing Miss Julia. I think I have met with a considerable

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degree of success. These people have come together here on a somewhat unusual occasion; they will probably never have a similar one, for people of our age do not often marry. I feel very much obliged to you all for this reception. My acquaintance with this lady began quietly at first. I lived away up north. Last summer, when I read that her sister had departed, I wanted to express my sympathy in some way, but knew not how to do it exactly, but finally sent her a volume of my poems, having written on the margin, 'With deep sympathy of the author.' Thereupon she sent me a pamphlet entitled 'Abby Smith and her Cows.' On the cover of that pamphlet I saw an advertisement saying that Miss Julia Smith, unaided, had translated the entire Bible, and that it was for sale at Hartford. I immediately sent for it, and found that it was, unlike the usual version, or King James's Bible, as it is called. I then began reviewing the Bible, and the first thing that I noticed was the tenses, — how different they were from those in the common version. I then wrote to the translator, and she replied. Then I wrote again, and got another reply; and finally I wrote to her that such a large book as the Bible could not be gone over by correspondence, and said I would like to visit her. She then cordially and frankly invited me to come. I came, and we chatted together. I think on the first visit we chatted three hours at one sitting. I did not expect to call again. And at last, when I got ready with my satchel in my hand to walk down to take the stage, I found a carriage at the door. I asked her who was to drive. She said, 'I must, as you would not know where to go.' From that time I found her acquaintance so pleasant that I asked leave to call again. She thought it not advisable to marry at all; that she had better wend her way through the remainder of her life alone. But at last I convinced her that I was a man of honor and somewhat of a scholar, and not a tramp; and so she finally said, 'Upon the whole, if we can live happier together, I don't know why we should not. The house is large enough for both of us.' And so she put the case into my hands, and, by the help of Dr. Scudder, she is my wife. I will wind up these few remarks by quoting from Shakespeare's 'Tempest': —

"'O wonder!
How many good creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
That has such people in 't!'"

At nine o'clock the guests were invited out to supper. After supper there was music and dancing. Quite a number urged the bride to dance a figure with the groom, who was quite willing to dance, but said he would n't unless his wife did. She said it would get into the papers, and she did n't wish folks to say that she had gone to pieces completely. They finally made a compromise by taking hands and walking up and down one of the sets. Mrs. Tracy apologized for not having called the services of the gentlemen into requisition any more than they had in getting up the celebration. She said: "Women have always ruled here, and they propose to hold the fort. Our friend the bride has placed her foot on the good old ship of state, and she will never, never yield." The bride was so delighted with these remarks, that she went up and embraced the speaker, — and perhaps in token of her indorsement of the remark that she would never take her foot from the good old ship of state, or rather in indorsement of the *spirit* of the remark, and to signify that she would not give up her efforts to place her foot there, for the state has not yet allowed her to put it there.

THE following epitaph was written on Mr. Anderson, a Provost of Dundee, Scotland, in the olden times. It was the joint composition of four of his surviving colleagues, each of whom contributed a line: —

Here lies Anderson, Provost of Dundee,
Here lies Him, here lies He;
Hallelujah! Hallelujee!
A B C D E F G.

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GREY FRIARS' BOBBY.

More than eight years ago, a poor man, named Gray, died, and was buried in the old Grey Friars' Churchyard, Edinburgh. His grave is now levelled by time, and nothing marks it. But the spot has not been forgotten by his faithful dog. James Brown, the old curator, remembers the funeral well, and that Bobby was one of the most conspicuous of mourners. James found the dog lying on the grave the next morning, and as dogs are not admitted, he turned him out. The second morning the same; the third morning, though cold and wet, there he was, shivering. The old man took pity on him and fed him. This convinced the dog that he had a right there. Sergeant Scott, R. E., allowed him his board for a length of time, but for more than six years he has been regularly fed by Mr. Trail, who keeps a restaurant close by. Bobby is regular in his calls, being guided by the midday gun. On the occasion of the new dog-tax being raised, Mr. Trail was called upon to pay for Bobby. He would have done so had the dog acknowledged him as his master, but he will attach himself to no one. On hearing the facts of the case, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh exempted him, and to mark his admiration of fidelity, presented him with a handsome collar, with brass nails, and an inscription: "Grey Friars' Bobby, presented to him by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, 1867."

MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.

A memorial fountain has been erected near the entrance of old Grey Friars' Churchyard. It is of Peterhead granite, stands seven feet high, and is surmounted by a figure of Bobby in bronze. The pedestal bears the following inscription: "A tribute to the affectionate fidelity of Grey Friars' Bobby. In 1856 this faithful dog followed the remains of his master to Grey Friars' Churchyard, and lingered near the spot till his death in 1872." The fountain has been erected at the expense of Lady Burdett-Coutts, and with the permission of the city authorities.

ANOTHER ANCIENT WATCH.

To the Editor of the Transcript, — We have in our store a watch which is quite as old as, if not older than, the one mentioned in your paper last evening as being the oldest in the country, and which has been in the possession of the Bond family as far back as its history can be traced, and was in daily use by a member of the family in England as late as 1815. It is a calendar watch, and must have been a remarkable piece of workmanship for that time, as we have seen nothing approaching it in perfection in the descriptions of the loan exhibitions of ancient watches in London.

The watch is 2⅜ inches in diameter, 1¼ inches thick, and weighs 7½ ounces. The dial is of silver and gold, engraved with the arms of the city of Paris, and shows the hours (having no minute hand), the day of month, the month, the signs of the zodiac, and the moon's age and phases, and the hour is struck on a bell, as in a French clock. It had no balance spring originally, although one has been added in modern times, as well as a fusee chain, in place of the original catgut cord.

It was made in Paris, probably soon after 1582, when France adopted the change from old to new style, for on the dial the day of the month is shown through two openings, one giving the date by old style, and the other by the new.

The case is of silver, — a beautiful specimen of mediæval art work. It is divided into fourteen segments from the centre to the edge, each segment being filled with an elaborately chased pattern of flowers, leaves, &c., no two alike, the pattern being entirely perforated round the edge of the case, to render the sound of the bell more clear. The glass is formed of a real crystal, ground to shape, the outer and inner surface being of different curvature, so that it forms a lens, which magnifies the dial and makes it more distinct.

We shall be happy to show the watch to any person interested in such matters.

William Bond & Son.

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RELIEVING GUARD.—March 4, 1864.

On the Death of Thomas Starr King.

BY BRET HARTE.

Came the relief. "What, sentry, ho!
How passed the night through thy long waiting?"
"Cold, cheerless, dark, as may befit
The hours before the dawn is breaking."

"No sight, no sound?" "No, nothing, save
The plover from the marshes calling;
And in yon western sky, about
An hour ago, a Star was falling."

"A star? There 's nothing strange in that."
"No, nothing; but above the thicket,
Somehow it seemed to me that God
Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

THE IRISH PICKET.

BY "BARNEY."

I 'm shtanding in the mud, Biddy,
With not a spalpeen near,
And silence, spaichless as the grave,
Is all the sound I hear.
Me goon is at a showlder-arms,
I 'm wetted to the bone,
And whin I 'm afther spakin' out,
I find myself alone.

This Southern climate 's quare, Biddy,
A quare and bastely thing,
Wid winter absint all the year,
And summer in the spring.
Ye mind the hot place, down below?
And may ye never fear
I 'd dthraw comparisons, — but then
It 's awful warrum here.

The only moon I see, Biddy,
Is one small star, asthore,
And that 's fornint the very cloud
It was behind, before;
The watch-fires glame along the hill
That 's swellin' to the south,
And whin the sintry passes them
I see his ougly mouth.

It 's dead for shlape, I am, Biddy,
And dramein' shwate, I 'd be,
If them ould rebels over there
Would only lave me free;
But when I lane against a shtump,
And sthrive to get repose,
A musket-ball be 's comin' shtraight
To hit me spacious nose.

It 's ye I 'd like to see, Biddy,
A spharkin' here, wid me,
And then, avourneen, hear you say,
"Acushla, — Pat, — machree!"
"Och, Biddy, darlint," then says I;
Says you, "Get out of that;"
Says I, "Me arrum mates your waist;"
Says you, "Be daycent, Pat."

And how 's the pigs and ducks, Biddy? —
It 's them I think of, shure,
That looked so innocent and shwate
Upon the parlor-flure.
I 'm shure ye 're aisy with the pig,
That 's fat as he can be,
And fade him with the best, because
I 'm towld he looks like me.

Whin I come home again, Biddy,
A sargent tried and thrue,
It 's joost a daycent house I 'll build,
And rint it chape to you.
We 'll have a parlor, bedroom, hall,
A duck-pond nately done,
With kitchen, pig-pen, praty-patch,
And garret, — all in one.

But murther! There 's a baste, Biddy,
That 's creepin' round a tree;
And well I know the crature 's there,
To have a shot at me.
"Now, Misther Rebel, say yere prayers
And howld yer dirty paw;
Here goes! — Be jabers, Biddy, dear,
I 've broke his ougly jaw!"

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HEALTH IN LAUGHTER.

[*From the Philadelphia Ledger.*]

WHEN a prominent English statesman, some years ago, completely disabled by the cares and fatigues of his great office, consulted Sir Henry Holland, the court physician, as to what course he should adopt to regain his health and vigor, Sir Henry, with profound wisdom, told the Chancellor to go down to Brighton for a month, and take only *one* book with him. "Shall it be Homer?" asked the scholar and statesman of the physician. "By no means," said the Doctor; "the volume I recommend is Edward Lear's 'Book of Nonsense,' one of the healthiest works ever written in the kingdom." "And who is Edward Lear?" inquired the man of state affairs. "Sir," said the physician, "I am amazed at your question. Edward Lear, sir, is the biographer of 'That Globular Person of Hurst,' of 'That Uneasy Old Man of the West,' of 'That Courageous Young Lady of Norway,' of 'That Morbid Old Man of Vesuvius,' and others of like distinction." The statesman retired with his one book to the sea-coast, and came back to Downing Street at the end of his vacation a wiser and a healthier man, it is said. Edward Lear is a great broad-shouldered, healthy Englishman, who spends a large portion of his valuable time in making children happy. He is the classmate and much-loved friend of Alfred Tennyson (whose beautiful poem to "E. L." means Edward Lear), and if you chanced, a few years back, to go to Farringford about Christmas time, you would have been likely to find a tall, elderly man, in enormous goggles, down on all-fours on the carpet, and reciting, in the character of a lively and classical hippopotamus, new nonsense verses to a dozen children, amid roars of laughter, — a very undignified position, certainly, for one of the best Greek scholars in Europe, for a landscape painter unrivalled anywhere, and the author of half a dozen learned quartos of travels in Albania, Illyria, Calabria, and other interesting countries. But what a delight he is personally to the juniority of England wherever he is known! A few years ago he was obliged to build a cottage in Ravenna, in Italy, and live there a portion of the year, in order to get time for painting and study; for when he is in London the little people, whom he passionately loves and cannot live without, run after him, as they did after the Pied Piper of Hamelin, to that extent he has no leisure for his profession. When it is known that the delightful old fellow is on his way back to England for the holidays, many of the castles and other great residences are on the alert with invitations to secure him for as much time as he can give them. Generations of children have clustered about him in different Christmas seasons. He dedicates his first book, "Book of Nonsense," "To the great-grandchildren, grand-nephews, and grand-nieces of the Earl of Derby, the greater part of the book having been originally composed for their parents." Prime favorite as he is among the Argylls and the Devonshires, he has an immense *clientèle* among the poor and overworked peasants of various countries. Having been a traveller so many years, and being so conversant with the languages of the Continent, he is just as much at home with his fun and wide goggles in the mountain passes of Switzerland and Spain as he is in the great houses of England. He promised not long ago he would come to America, before he got too old, to see our country. One of his sayings at least deserves immortality. "The world will never grow old so long as it has little children and flowers in it."

A LITTLE school-girl asked her teacher what was meant by "Mrs. Grundy." The teacher replied that it meant "the world." Some days afterward, the teacher asked the geography class to which this little "bud of promise" belonged, "What is a zone?" After some hesitation this little girl brightened up and replied, "I know; it 's a belt around Mrs. Grundy's waist."

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ANECDOTE OF FRIEND HOPPER.

[*From Our Dumb Animals.*]

FRIEND ISAAC T. HOPPER, though very sturdy and persistent in his resistance to all wrong, had a natural vein of humor, which often caused his rebukes to excite a smile. When he lived in Third Street, New York, a passing teamster one day stopped in front of his house and began to beat his overloaded horse. Friend Hopper stepped out and said, "Friend, didst thou ever hear that some folks believe that when we die, if we have n't behaved ourselves in this world, we shall have to come back here again, in the shape of dogs and horses?"

The man stared, as if a little doubtful of the speaker's sanity, and then slowly answered, "No, I never heard anybody preach such a doctrine."

"But I assure thee," replied Friend Hopper, "there are a great many people in the world who do believe it; and I am thinking if thou shouldst have to come back in the form of a horse, thou wouldst be glad to have a kinder master than thou art."

The man smiled, took the hint good-naturedly, and walked away, gently leading his tired horse by the bridle. Perhaps, in after times, if tempted to beat his horse, he remembered the pleasant old Quaker, and imagined how he should feel if *he* were a horse.

L. MARIA CHILD.

A POET'S BIRTHDAY.

TO-DAY is the seventy-second birthday of Professor Henry W. Longfellow, and it has been made the occasion of the presentation of a testimonial of regard from the children of Cambridge and their friends, which will assuredly please and gratify the venerable poet very much.

The widening of Brattle Street, Cambridge, a few years ago, brought the old horse-chestnut tree, — celebrated in the "Village Blacksmith," — that shades the smithy, opposite what is now School Court, and not far from the corner of Appian Way, outside of the sidewalk, and the city government deemed it necessary to remove the tree. The wood of the tree was preserved by the city, and a part of it has recently been given to be wrought into an elaborately carved chair, to be presented by the children of Cambridge to Mr. Longfellow this morning.

The design of the chair is very pleasing, and seems to be in perfect keeping. The heavier parts are all made large, which is partly owing to the nature of the wood, so that the chair has the appearance of solidity, and at the same time is not denied whatever contributes to an appearance of comfort and utility. The color is a dead black, — an effect produced by ebonizing the wood. The upholstering of the arms and the cushion is in green leather. The castors are glass balls set in sockets. In the back of the chair is a circular piece of exquisite carving, consisting of horse-chestnut leaves and blossoms. Horse-chestnut leaves and burrs are presented in varied combinations at other points. Around the seat, in raised German text, are the following lines from the poem, —

> "And children coming home from school
> Look in at the open door,
> And catch the burning sparks that fly
> Like chaff from a threshing-floor."

Underneath the cushion is a brass plate on which is the following inscription, —

TO

THE AUTHOR

OF

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH,

This chair, made from the wood of the spreading Chestnut-tree,

Is presented as an expression of grateful regard and veneration by

THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE,

Who with their friends join in best wishes and congratulations on this anniversary,

FEBRUARY 27, 1879.

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FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE

Who presented to me, on my seventy-second birthday, February 27, 1879, this chair, made from the wood of the Village Blacksmith's chestnut-tree.

Am I a king, that I should call my own
This splendid ebon throne?
Or by what reason or what right divine
Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
It may to me belong;
Only because the spreading chestnut-tree
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,
When in the summer-time
The affluent foliage of its branches made
A cavern of cool shade.

There by the blacksmith's forge beside the street,
Its blossoms, white and sweet,
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn with a shout
Tossed its great arms about,
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,
Shaped as a stately chair,
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,
And whisper of the Past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride
Repel the ocean tide;
But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme
Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,
The blossoms and the bees,
And hear the children's voices shout and call,
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy, with its fires aglow,
I hear the bellows blow,
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat
The iron white with heat.

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me
This day a jubilee,
And to my more than threescore years and ten
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes into which are wrought
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could
Give life to this dead wood,
And make these branches, leafless now so long,
Blossom again in song.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

FEBRUARY 27, 1879.

THE fortitude, patience, and cheerful resignation of Pio Nono in his last illness were above most human comprehension. He even indulged in an occasional jest, of which the following is a fair sample: A lady suffering from a white swelling in the leg, was condemned by her physician to its amputation. She insisted upon a delay, which allowed her to write to a friend living in Rome, and ask her to solicit from the pope a stocking which had been worn and not washed. In due time she received the precious stocking, put it on, said her prayers, had faith, and was cured. In the gratitude of her heart she made a pilgrimage to Rome, and, obtaining an audience of the pope, recounted her miraculous cure, and thanked him on her knees. His holiness gave her his blessing, and added, laughingly, "*Le bon Dieu* is more generous to you than to me, my child. One stocking has cured you, whereas with two I am in a miserable plight."

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THE DEARER DEAD.

[*From Harper's Bazaar.*]

You mourn for your dead; you go,
Clad in your robes of woe,
To the spot where they sleep;
And you weep
Such bitter tears, and there
You strew flowers fresh and fair.
You place a white stone at the head,
Where, carven with sculptor's art,
We read your sorrow of heart,
And the dear name of your dead.

But there are dearer dead. You know
Not the bitterest woe
Till you close the eager eyes
Of sweet young Hope, till, mournfulwise,
You cross the hands of Love,
And, sorrowing, bend above
The ashes and dust
Of Honor and Truth and Trust;
For these are the dearest dead.

Oh, these other dead! Who dare
Robes of mourning for dead hopes wear?
Who bids a stone arise
To tell where dead Love lies?
When did ever a mourner say,
Help me bury *these* dead away?

These funeral trains men do not see;
They move silently
Down to the heart where the grave is made,
Where the dead is laid.
No flowers are strewn there,
Hear we no moan there,
No ritual is said
Over their bed.
Hidden from human sight,
The grave lies low.
But the solemn, silent night,
That doth know;
And *it* alone seeth the white
Face of our woe.

You are happy who mourn for your dead
By the side of graves kept green
By the tears you shed;
Who can lean
Lovingly where they sleep.
Pray for those who in secret weep
The dearer dead.

THE ROAD TO SLUMBER-LAND.

WHAT is the road to Slumber-land? and when does the baby go?
The road lies straight through mother's arms, when the sun is sinking low.

He goes by the drowsy "land of nod" to the music of "lullaby,"
When all wee lambs are safe in the fold, under the evening sky.

A soft little nightgown, clean and white; a face washed sweet and fair;
A mother brushing the tangles out of the silken, golden hair;

Two little tired, satiny feet, from the shoe and the stocking free;
Two little palms together clasped at the mother's patient knee;

Some baby-words that are drowsily lisped to the tender Shepherd's ear;
And a kiss that only a mother can place on the brow of her baby dear;

A little round head which nestles at last close to the mother's breast,
And then the lullaby soft and low, singing the song of rest;

And close and closer the blue-veined lids are hiding the baby eyes,
As over the road to Slumber-land the dear little traveller hies.

For this is the way, through mother's arms, all little babies go
To the beautiful city of Slumber-land, when the sun is sinking low.

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THE DEACON AND THE IRISHMAN.

As Deacon Ingalls, of Swampscott, was travelling through the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in this country, and was in quest of a brother who had come before him, and had settled in some of the diggings in this vicinity.

Pat was a strong, athletic man, a true Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church.

It was a pleasant Sunday morning that Brother Ingalls met Pat, who inquired the road to the nearest church.

Ingalls was a good and pious man. He told Pat he was going to church himself, and invited his new-made acquaintance to keep him company thither (his destination being a small Methodist meeting-house near by). There was a grand revival there at the time, and one of the deacons (who, by the way, was very small in stature) invited Brother Ingalls to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation, and walked in, followed by Pat, who looked in vain to find the altar. After he was seated, he turned to Brother Ingalls, and in a whisper which could be heard all round, inquired, —

"Sure, an' is n't this heritick?"

"Hush," said Ingalls; "if you speak a loud word, they will put you out."

"Divil a word will I spake at all, at all," replied Pat.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the pastor. Pat was eying him very closely, when an old gentleman who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted, —

"Glory!"

"Hist, ye clear divil!" rejoined Pat, with his loud whisper, which was plainly heard by the minister; "be dasent, and don't make a blackguard of yourself."

The parson grew more and more fervent in his devotion. Presently the deacon uttered an audible groan.

"Hist-s-s-t, ye blackguard! have ye no dacency at all, at all?" said Pat, at the same moment giving the deacon a punch in the ribs which caused him nearly to lose his equilibrium. The minister stopped, extended his hands, and in a supplicating manner said, —

"Brethren, we cannot be disturbed in this way; will somebody put that man out?"

"Yes, your riverence," shouted Pat, "I will;" and, suiting the action to the word, he collared the little deacon, and, to the utter horror and astonishment of the pastor, Brother Ingalls, and the whole congregation, he dragged him through the aisle, and with a tremendous kick landed him in the vestibule of the church.

FROZEN BITS. AN APPEAL TO HOSTLERS AND TEAMSTERS. — Let any one who has the care of a horse these cold frosty mornings, deliberately grasp in his hand a piece of iron, — indeed, let him touch with it the tip of his tongue, and then let him thrust the bit into the mouth of his horse if he has the heart to do it. The horse is an animal of nervous organization. His mouth is formed of delicate glands and tissues. The temperature of the blood is the same as in a human being, and, as in man, the mouth is the warmest part of the body. Imagine, we repeat, the irritation that would be caused the human, and consider that, if not to the same degree, still the suffering to the animal is very great; and it is not a momentary pain. Food is eaten with difficulty, and the irritation, repeated day after day, causes loss of appetite and loss of strength. Many a horse has become worthless from no other cause than this. Before India-rubber bits were to be had, I myself used a bit covered with leather, and on no account would have dispensed with it in freezing weather. But when these are not to be had, holding the iron in the hand a moment or two costs but little trouble, while it saves the horse much pain, and proves a great gain in the end. — *Boston Herald.*

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BAYARD TAYLOR.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

DEAD he lay among his books!
The peace of God was in his looks.

As the statues[1] in the gloom
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,

So those volumes from their shelves
Watched him, silent as themselves.

Ah! his hand will never more
Turn their storied pages o'er;

Never more his lips repeat
Songs of theirs, however sweet.

Let the lifeless body rest!
He is gone who was its guest, —

Gone as travellers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.

Traveller! in what realms afar,
In what planet, in what star,

In what vast aërial space,
Shines the light upon thy face?

In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet to-night?

Poet! thou whose latest verse
Was a garland on thy hearse,

Thou hast sung with organ-tone
In Deukalion's life thine own.

On the ruins of the Past
Blooms the perfect flower at last.

Friend! but yesterday the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells;

And to-day they toll for thee,
Lying dead beyond the sea, —

Lying dead among thy books,
The peace of God in all thy looks.

[1] In the Hofkirche at Innsbruck.

À PROPOS OF A PEN.

IT was announced not long ago that the poet Longfellow was to be the recipient of a unique pen made of a bit of iron from the chain of the Prisoner of Chillon, the pen stock from a fragment of the frigate "Constitution." This splinter of "Old Ironsides," as if proud of its destination, took a polish that rivalled ebony. In a heavy band of gold encircling it were set three rare stones, red, yellow, and white, a tourmaline, a zircon, and a phenacite. On May 22 this pen was presented to Professor Longfellow by Miss Helen Hamlin, of Bangor, Me. As she is a member of Miss Johnson's school, the poet gave a reception to her teachers and schoolmates on the same occasion. He met his young guests on the threshold of his home with a cordial welcome, and conducted them into the study. Here, among other things, his guests were interested in seeing the manuscript of "Hiawatha," written with a pencil in a clear and legible hand. Here, also, were portraits of his chosen friends, — Hawthorne, Felton, Charles Sumner, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, — not the faces that we have known later, but with the tender grace of youth looking wistfully into the unknown years. He called attention, with evident gratification, to the carved arm-chair, the gift of the children of Cambridge. Next came the room where Lady Washington received her guests in days of yore, and a large parlor where officers, civil and military, used to wait upon General Washington. But it is not easy to think back to Washington in a house so full of poetic inspiration. Everything in it is eloquent of its living owner, loved and revered. Each bust and picture, exquisite *souvenir* or rare object of *virtu*, had something to tell of *his* tastes and preferences. Then the genial host led his visitors into the grounds, where refreshments were served under the thick shade of trees, with a vista of gay flower-beds brightening through the grass. The walk ended at the old willow, with its eighteen trunks, a tribal tree, a vegetable Fourierite. The moment came

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too soon when the guests must take leave of him whom many of them had never seen before, but who had been to them all a friend and benefactor.

THE IRON PEN.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[Made from a fetter of Bonnivard, the Prisoner of Chillon; the handle of wood from the frigate "Constitution," and bound with a circlet of gold, inset with three precious stones from Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine.]

I THOUGHT this Pen would arise
From the casket where it lies, —
  Of itself would arise and write
My thanks and my surprise.

When you gave it me under the pines,
I dreamed these gems from the mines
  Of Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine
Would glimmer as thoughts in the lines;

That this iron link from the chain
Of Bonnivard might retain
  Some verse of the Poet who sang
Of the prisoner and his pain;

That this wood from the frigate's mast
Might write me a rhyme at last,
  As it used to write on the sky
The song of the sea and the blast.

But motionless as I wait,
Like a bishop lying in state,
  Lies the Pen with its mitre of gold,
And its jewels inviolate.

Then must I speak, and say
That the light of that summer day
  In the garden under the pines
Shall not fade and pass away.

I shall see you standing there,
Caressed by the fragrant air,
  With the shadow on your face,
And the sunshine on your hair.

I shall hear the sweet low tone
Of a voice before unknown,
  Saying, "This is from me to you, —
From me, and to you alone."

And in words not idle and vain
I shall answer, and thank you again
  For the gift, and the grace of the gift,
O beautiful Helen of Maine!

And forever this gift will be
As a blessing from you to me,
  As a drop of the dew of your youth
On the leaves of an aged tree.

AN incident is related by Mr. Murdoch, the tragedian, of Abraham Lincoln. Few who lived through the war have yet forgotten the poem of the "Sleeping Sentinel," which was written by Janvier in commemoration of an act of clemency by Lincoln in pardoning a young Vermont volunteer at the very moment when he had been led out to be shot for sleeping at his post. The first public reading of this poem by Mr. Murdoch took place at the White House, the President, the poet, and a large assembly being present. Before reading the verses aloud, Murdoch privately pointed out to Mr. Janvier a slight poetic license, where he had described the arrival of the President with the pardon as being accompanied by the sound of rolling wheels, whereas Lincoln had ridden on horseback to the place of execution. Janvier thought it a matter of very trifling consequence, and the reading proceeded. At its close the President and many of the party were in tears. Lincoln, wiping the tell-tale drops from his cheeks, then said hastily, in a smothered voice, "Very touching, Mr. Janvier, but I did not go in a coach." "Oh well, Mr. Lincoln," said Senator Foote of Vermont, "we all know you would have gone on foot, if it had been necessary." "Yes, but the fact is, — and let us stick to the fact, — I went on horseback," insisted Mr. Lincoln.

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LITTLE DUTCH GRETCHEN.

BY FANNY HOBART.

LITTLE Dutch Gretchen came over the sea
With an aunt in place of her mother, —
"As like," so little Dutch Gretchen told me,
"As like as one pea to another."

Little Dutch Gretchen fell sick on the way,
A-sailing upon the dark water;
The captain came down to the cabin each day,
And called her his patient Dutch daughter.

Little Dutch Gretchen took pritzels and beer,
Hoping she soon would be better;
And at last, when the end of the journey was near,
Dutch Gretchen sent homeward a letter.

"I 'm better," Dutch Gretchen wrote first on the page,
"And my aunt is as kind as my mother;
But never a prison-bird, shut in a cage,
Longed more to give one for the other.

"There 's a look and a tone and a tenderer way,
A bosom more gentle to lie on,
And, mother, a love that will never grow gray,
And a heart that is blessed to die on.

"So, mother, I 've said to the captain to-night,
'To Bremen I 'll sail back, most gladly,'
To tell you, if changing one's mother is right,
It 's a trade that will cheat a child sadly."

And little Dutch Gretchen went home o'er the sea,
And gave back her aunt for her mother;
"For they 're not all the same," said Gretchen to me,
"Though like as one pea to another."

WHY is a dog biting his tail like a good economist? He makes both ends meet.

R. KEMBLE relates the following good story in his London letter: A rich country rector, living, however, not a hundred miles from Pall Mall, had a fast curate, — faster even than the rector liked, though he was a wealthy parson of the old school, and not very particular. At the curate's hunting he winked good-naturedly; but when it came to his ears that the curate had been seen driving tandem, he pricked them with no little annoyance. The young divine was sent for to the rectory, and suitably admonished. Instead of submitting to reproof, however, this "curate of the period" began to argue. "My dear sir," he reasoned, "what harm is there in driving tandem? You drive a pair of bays yourself, — capital good ones they are too, — side by side; what can it matter if I choose to put *my* bays — a very inferior pair — one behind the other?" "Young man," answered his spiritual (and temporal) superior, "there may be no harm in it, as you say, but it gives offence. These things are all matters, you may urge, of taste, and are of no real consequence. Yet consider: when I conclude the service in church, how do I hold my hands? I fold them thus, palm to palm. Suppose I put them one before the other, thus," — and he took what little vulgar boys call "a sight" — "what would people say? So you see there *is* an objection to tandem."

A FRENCH HORN. — A Frenchman whose English was still rather imperfect, was one evening in company where two parties were playing the same game. A gentleman of one party happened to observe with respect to the score, "We are two to two."

"Tu-tu-tu," muttered the Frenchman; "what dat mean?"

"Two to two, are you?" replied one of the other party; "why, we are two to two, too."

"Tu-tu-tu-tu!" exclaimed the Frenchman; "what a language! It sounds like the horn of my native land."

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THE MODERN DIANA.

[*From Forney's Progress.*]

EMPRESS ELIZABETH has perfect health, the spirits of a child, and the bloom of youth, and it has come from her constant exercise in the open air and on horseback. Let our weak-nerved women, who shun exercise and God's pure air as an evil spirit, take note. Since the Queen has resided at Gödölö, races and fairs have been established in the neighborhood, and she is one of their most frequent visitors and patrons. General Grant is not a better judge of a horse's fine points than she is, and Rosa Bonheur does not take more pleasure in fine groupings of blooded beasts than does the Queen of the Magyars.

Elizabeth is an early riser; five o'clock sees her at breakfast, and an hour afterwards, no matter where she happens to be stopping, she is in the saddle or walking in the open air. Her habits of life are perfectly simple and perfectly regular. Not a woman lives less ostentatiously than she when away from the ceremonious court. She believes that her open-air exercises have kept her beautiful. To the poor she is a silent and constant friend, and many are the noble acts that might be related of her majesty in every quarter where she has been.

Yearly, however, her magnificent steeds, a stud of them some forty in number, are hurried into the cars, and she is off for the foxes in Ireland. The fox-hunt over, she is back to the quiet of Gödölö. In the affairs of state she concerns herself not at all. That is her husband's business and his ministers', and the whole Hungarian people say amen; for they would rather see their Queen following the hounds than see her mixed up with the politics of the state.

The portraits one sees of the Empress, striking as they are, do not do her justice. The best of them are not half so beautiful as she. In appearance, Elizabeth is everybody's ideal of a queen. She is tall and slender, and in every movement is grace and majesty itself. She has dark-brown hair, and more of it than any woman in her empire, — and Austria is famous, too, for the beautiful hair of its women. It is cut square, or "banged," across a square forehead, and fringed above a pair of splendid eyes as dark as itself. When flowing, this wealth of brown hair reaches nearly to her feet. Her complexion is fair, her face slightly oval, and her figure is perfect in its curves and outlines.

She knows how to dress and how to wear jewels, and how to look even handsomer than she is. But when she will look very, very handsome, she mounts her fine chestnut mare, lets her hair to the winds, gives her steed the rein, and then everybody thinks if there is a Diana anywhere any more, it is this Empress, — this grandmother, — dashing down the Prater.

THE "New Haven Register's" North Haven correspondent says: That mysterious relation which is said to exist between an amputated limb and its parent body receives a fresh illustration in the case of young Palmer, who recently suffered the loss of a leg, and of which mention was made by your correspondent. After the operation, the removed member was deposited in a box and buried by direction of the family. The patient complained severely of pain and a sense of cramping in the lost foot, and suffered so acutely that at the suggestion of some one the package was taken up and examined. It was found on opening that the box was too short for the limb, and that the foot and toes had been twisted into a strained and unnatural position; a larger case was prepared, and the member placed in it in an easy position and re-buried; since which time the patient has rested quietly, and no complaint has been made.

WHY is a button-hole like a cloudy day? — It is overcast.

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WASHINGTON'S FIRST MEMORIAL.

In last Sunday's "Herald" mention was made of a monument in memory of Washington in Christ Church, Salem Street. Through the courtesy of Mr. Edward Macdonald, sexton of the church, we are enabled to give our readers some interesting details concerning this monument and the person who presented it to the society, Shubael Bell.

Mr. Bell was senior warden of the church, and it appears by the records that he presented to the society the altar-piece and decalogue, and a bust of Washington, which was executed by an Italian artist. It is said to have been carried in procession at the obsequies in Boston upon the death of the father of his country. It is thought to have been the first bust or monument ever erected to the memory of Washington.

Captain Shubael Bell was a carpenter by trade, but was for several years deputy-sheriff and jailer for Suffolk County. Before his incumbency the prisoners were fed like pigs, the soup, which was the chief part of their fare, being turned into troughs that were seldom cleaned, and which Captain Bell found to be sour and full of maggots. He is spoken of as the first sheriff who treated prisoners as human beings. He had a good kitchen built, burned the troughs, provided towels and spoons, and dispensed clean and nutritious soups and good meats, doing all this in the face of strong opposition, and even went so far as to entreat the Bostonians to give them turkey at Thanksgiving. As to his success in this endeavor, we are not informed. These prisoners were mostly confined for debt, and when any of them left the jail, the sheriff always gave them money from his own pocket, that they might not be in danger of immediate return. It was his frequent custom to read and pray with the prisoners after the duties of the day were performed. It is not surprising that the prisoners all loved him, and that many came to him to return thanks for his kindness during their incarceration. His money being always devoted to good deeds, we are not astonished at the commentary, "he died poor."

Shubael Bell was baptized on the 24th of August, 1756. He was married to Miss Johanna Mastes, July 26, 1789, and was united with his second wife, Ann Hews, at Christ Church, Oct. 16, 1808. Neither marriage was blessed with children. He died in this city, June, 1819.

In June, 1815, he assisted Rev. Dr. Eaton and Warden Thomas Clarke to establish the first Sunday-school in New England. It went at that time under the name of the Salem-street Sunday-school. He was also one of the founders of St. Matthew's Chapel, South Boston. He was a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company in 1791; a leading and influential member of St. John's Lodge of Freemasons, being its master for one or more years; one of the first members of the encampment of Knights Templars in New England, and chosen a member of St. Andrew's Chapter on January 28, 1801, serving as its secretary from 1805 to 1808.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Manning, now residing at No. 10, Linden Street, Cambridge, is a niece of Captain Bell, and lives in a building known as the bishop's palace. She is in her ninety-fifth year, and has dwelt in the house on Linden Street, which is one hundred and nineteen years old, for seventy-seven years. Mrs. Manning has in her possession the coat of arms belonging to Shubael's father, John Bell, who was a descendant of Admiral Bell, of England.

A FINISHED LIFE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bell Manning, one of the oldest, if not the oldest, of the inhabitants of Cambridge, born June 15, 1785, died March 4, 1880, aged ninety-four years and eight months. Her earlier life was clouded with successive bereavements. In 1813 she was married to Rev. John Lovejoy Abbott, minister of the First Church in Boston, and

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successor to Rev. William Emerson, a young man of great excellence and promise, whose lamented death a year after their marriage left her a widow. She returned to her father's house, where she lived till she was again married, in 1822, to Dr. Samuel Manning, Jr., a physician of growing eminence in his profession, who died a few months after of pneumonia, leaving her with the care of his children by a former marriage. These severe losses, and others that followed in the course of years in her sister's [1] family, with which she was identified, were met by her with the fortitude and sweetness that marked her whole life. They gave a deeper tone to her religious feeling, and a warmer sympathy with the unfortunate and the bereaved. The difficulties and increased responsibilities of her second widowhood, with limited means, served to develop and to bring into fuller light the reserved strength of her character and her high sense of duty. She devoted herself to the care and education of her younger stepchildren, and was honored and beloved by them, as by all. In her later years her nieces, the only surviving children of her deceased sister, the wives of the Rev. Joshua Young, the Rev. H. G. Spaulding, and Professor W. H. Niles, have looked up to her as to a second mother. Living with her for many years under the same roof, or in frequent visits to the old home, the well-known historic mansion on Harvard Street, — of which Jonathan Mayhew speaks when he expresses the common suspicion of his time, that "a certain superb edifice near Harvard College was even from the foundation designed for the palace of one of the humble successors of the Apostles," — opposite the College Library, built in 1761 for and by the Rev. East Apthorp, the first rector of Christ Church, in Cambridge, they have had the long-continued privilege of receiving and reciprocating her warm, unfailing interest and kindness. And in all the relations of life she manifested the same fine qualities of mind and heart which won the affection and esteem of the nearest and dearest. She entered with zeal tempered by charity into the theological inquiries and discusssions of the day, and the questions that divided the religious community in Cambridge, and was from the first a decided and steadfast Unitarian. As a member of the First Parish and Church, she took a deep interest and an active part in the concerns of the society, and especially of the Sunday-school. Its teachers' meetings were held for many years at her house, and owed much to her wise counsels and well-improved experience. She was for a time a co-superintendent of the school. And the minister for so many years, who survives her, will ever remember with gratitude her kind words and kind offices in all his pastoral work. One marked trait in her character was her interest in young people, her sympathy with them in their occupations and enjoyments, her pleasure in their society. Her house was the home, during their college and professional studies, of many young men, and especially of divinity students, whose attachment to their kind, motherly hostess and friend continued warm through life. At the celebration of her birthday, in her later years, among her neighbors and friends who came to offer their congratulations, the Rev. Dr. Hill, of Portland, as one whom we may mention of those whose friendship with her began in his college life, was accustomed, during his presidency and afterward, to greet her either in person or by note, or an off-hand occasional poem. In Mrs. Manning there was an attractive union of dignity with sweetness, of strength with delicacy and tenderness, of a quick perception of the faults and weaknesses of others with an indulgent charity. She held her religious opinions without bigotry and without bitterness, and to say all in a few words, her whole character and life bore the rich fruit of a Christian spirit. Her old age was a lovely and a happy one. Both her bodily and mental faculties were wonderfully preserved. Until within a year she had no severe sickness, and no disabling infirmities, such as often becloud the close of life,

[1] Wife of Dr. Sylvanus Plympton, an esteemed physician of Cambridge.

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making it a long weariness worse than death. Amidst all the cares and occupations of a busy life she had cultivated her literary and poetic tastes, and these remained bright and fresh. Her interest in life and in her family and friends was as strong as ever, and her kind, loving nature still found its happiness in doing good by word or deed to those around her. To the very last there was the same unselfish spirit, the same thoughtfulness for others, the same habitual desire to add to their comfort and welfare, while she forgot herself in her care for them. Both in the full term of its service and in the full and faithful rendering of that service, hers was one of the finished lives whose rarity gives them a more conspicuous brightness. Her rounded goodness was in harmony with her rounded life. She was one of the truly excellent of the earth, more worthy of canonization than half the saints in the Romish calendar, with a larger circle of duties than theirs, as strictly and religiously performed, not in the recesses of a cloister, but in the daily pieties of domestic life and the ministries of Christian friendship, charity, and good-will to all who came within the sphere of her influence in town or church. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

ADDRESS BEFORE GOING TO COMMUNION, JULY 4, 1880.

DELIVERED BY THE REV. DR. NEWELL AT THE FIRST PARISH CHURCH.

[*From the Cambridge Tribune.*]

WILL you allow me, dear friends, before taking my place at the communion-table, before joining with you in the communion service, to speak briefly of some personal reminiscences that make this day a day of special interest to your old minister. It is just fifty years ago to-day, and at this hour, that I administered for the first time the communion service in the old meeting-house that stood a little below this, on the other side of the street, on land then belonging to the parish, but now within the College enclosure. It was a plain, homely building, of the New England architecture of the last century, but well adapted in the interior for show on public occasions, and memories of the olden time and of the scenes at Commencement made it interesting and venerable. In my own mind it is associated with pleasant and sacred recollections. It was within a few feet of it, under its very shadow, that I spent the first happy year of my college life, in the room under what was then the study of the wise and witty and kind-hearted Kirkland, the revered and beloved President of the University. It was at the close of my college career that I stood within its walls to receive from him my bachelor's degree in the presence of the "nation's guest," as he had been the nation's heroic champion, a youthful volunteer in the revolutionary struggle, — the illustrious Lafayette, noble in heart as he was noble in birth, whose unexpected attendance gave me an opportunity of paying him a brief, fitting tribute in the part assigned me for the day. And it was in that church, the year before my settlement, that, in the midst of an overflowing assembly of the *élite* of Boston and the vicinity, at the inauguration of President Quincy, I delivered, as the representative of the graduates chosen for the occasion, the address of welcome to the new President. And it was there, too, that, on May 19, 1830, I was ordained as pastor of the First Parish and Church in Cambridge, and entered on the duties, the pleasures, and the trials of the Christian ministry. It was one of the most beautiful days of the beautiful season. Never was a more brilliant sky above, a fresher green below; all nature was in harmony with the glad and tender thoughts and the bright hopes which such an occasion inspires. My elder brethren in the ministry, a goodly company, met me with cordial welcome, and bade me God-speed on my way. Friendly and expectant faces of parishioners, old and young,

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of whom I was about to assume the pastoral charge, looked up at the new minister with sympathizing interest. The whole day, exhausting as it was to the strained nerves and spirits of a young man entering on an untried field, and suggesting doubts and anxieties as well as hopes, was full of gladness and promise. I confess that I did not then fully understand, did not fully realize the difficulties before me. The ordination was arranged and carried out with elaborate preparation and due solemnity in the fashion of the times. A large number of churches were invited to the council, — thirty-two; among them five of my own classmates in college and the Divinity School, recently settled. The delegates to the council, ministers and laymen, who were present, among them my own father, numbered fifty-six. Of these, none, I think, of the laymen, and but four of the ministers are now living, — one in Boston, two in Old Cambridge, and one in Natick; none of them in active ministerial service. And of my parishioners who were present in their young days on that occasion, not more than ten, perhaps, if so many, are now living in Cambridge. The generation of that day has passed or is passing away, and I am lingering only a little while behind them. If there were time and this were the *fit* time, I should naturally be led to speak of the immense changes that have taken place in Cambridge, as elsewhere, during the past half century, — changes of every kind. But to do this with any fitness would be impossible as well as unsuitable on this special occasion. And the thought that comes up most forcibly to my own mind and to yours in such a retrospect, is that of the constant, inevitable change that is going on in all human beings and human affairs; and with it, to Christian believers, the thought of the unchanging Being and the unchanging law of wisdom and goodness that is over all, leading all to an unseen goal and a benevolent issue. The wisest and truest human philosophy as well as Christian faith tells us that beneath the changing scenes and the perishing forms of earth there is a supreme, intelligent Power that moves and moulds and governs them all. On that Rock of Ages will we anchor our souls, knowing that while the fashion of this world passeth away, where generations after generations flit like clouds over the sky, while life, health, fortune, friends are precarious and transitory, the God of the heavens and the earth, the God of nature, the God of the immortal soul, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, is with us and all through the ages of eternity. Changes succeed upon changes, and over those of the months and years to come hangs the divinely-woven veil. But through all God and His love, the soul and its affections, goodness and its rewards, heaven and its happiness, abide forever.

THE Belgians have formed a society for the mental and moral improvement of cats. Their first effort has been to train the cat to do the work of the carrier-pigeon. The most astute scientific person would have his ideas of locality totally confused by being tied up in a meal-bag and carried twenty miles from home, and let out in a strange neighborhood in the middle of the night. The experiment has, however, been tried upon cats of only average abilities, and the invariable result has heen that the departed animal has reappeared at his native kitchen door the next morning. This wonderful skill in travelling through unfamiliar regions without a guide-book or a compass has suggested the possibility of cats being used as special messengers. Recently, thirty-seven cats, residing in the city of Liege, were taken a long distance in bags into the country. The animals were liberated at two o'clock in the afternoon. At 6.48, the same afternoon, one of them reached his home. His companions arrived at Liege somewhat later, but it is understood that within twenty-four hours every one had reached his home. It is proposed to establish at an early day a regular system of cat communication between Liege and the neighboring villages.

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THE LATE DR. BIGELOW.

ADDRESS BY REV. GEORGE E. ELLIS AT THE FUNERAL OF DR. JACOB BIGELOW.

BRIEF and unstudied in utterance and observance must be the tribute of our respect and affection in these burial rites to an eminent, honored, and venerated man. The simplicity and modest dignity of his nature and habit of life must dictate to us a reserve in the expression even of our eulogium. A silent, thoughtful recall of him, as to our living fellowship, for what he was before the last few years, shadowed and retired, of his protracted space, would seem the most fitting use of this hour and scene. We may fill and help rather than break that hush of thought.

It would have been his wish, as it was the intent of those nearest to him, that these two caskets, the one the deserted body, the other its repository, should from the strictest privacy of the household have been committed to the kindly bosom of the earth in the garden cemetery at Mount Auburn. Nearly half a century ago his far-seeing wisdom provided that cemetery for this community; his taste and skill disposed it while it was still wild woodland; and he presided over its management till his strength was spent. But they were so many who felt themselves in love and grateful reverence members of his family, held to him by fond ties, that this privilege is yielded to them.

Those who have lived the longest in this city well knew by sight and name and high repute the good and wise physician whose busy offices of help and sympathy led him daily through our streets for threescore years. He alone could have known to how many of the changing groups on the highways he had brought counsel and high service. And we may be sure of that larger number who, as they cast a passing glance upon him, felt a comfort in the thought that there was one like him so near to what might be their needs. And according to the part and interest which each one who knew him had himself in the serious, expanding, and beneficent objects, which mount in an ascending scale till they rise to the highest ranges of human concern, did he also know the place which he filled in this community, — the versatility and scope of his genius, the pure and elevated method of his life, the breadth and measure of his attainments, the charm and grace of his attractive and most fascinating character and mien. That urbanity and courteous grace, that gentle, mild, and courteous speech, that restraint, — no, we should rather say that entire lack in the elemental make of his nature of all that is harsh and repelling, won all who knew him to confidence and esteem, and made him, in his turn, the head and pride of his professional brotherhood.

In these energetic days of enterprise and progress, all who have had a full span of years may say that they leave the world wiser and better and happier than they found it. And of many, — though perhaps not yet of a majority, — may we say that they have contributed in ways and measure to that betterment. Of a few, select of our race, in gifts and virtues, in aims and efforts, we may gratefully affirm that we owe to them the gladdening assurance of that optimistic view of human life. We know how rich and full a share in the appreciable and certified addition to the whole vast sum of what is wise and true and good for us all, our venerated student and practitioner, philosopher and friend, was privileged to secure to us, and that in variety and amount it was well proportioned to the extraordinary length of his career. Easy and most attractive will be the office of his professional biographer to trace that honored and high career through all its course of curious and intense devotion to original and unaided inquiries and investigations, as he followed the shifting horizon of advancing knowledge in flowers and herbs; in the materials and forces and workings of all physical elements; in the prerogatives of nature as it accepts or refuses the intervention of art, and in the unfoldings of the true, the fitting, and the

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beautiful to all intelligent endeavor. Happy is it also for his biographer, as it was for him, that there were no thorns or brambles in his serene way through a long life, that no challenges or controversies attach to his parting with what was old, his welcome of what was new. For though he outlearned some of the cherished traditions and accepted methods of his profession, his position was not that of assault or schism or remonstrance or appeal, save to the fit tribunal of his brethren. Scant and slender was the patronage or help which he received in his pupilage from such instructors and appliances as he and his deceased associates have since provided. His power to teach came from the assiduity with which he acquired his knowledge and skill. His share was large in the allotment of talents; they doubled in his use of them. Nature, science, and art in their beauties and marvels, and in their varied ministrations to our service and welfare, equally engaged his versatile faculties; and a sound scholarship, the roots of which were planted in early youth, bore the richest fruitage all through his age. He was the first to bring into use, before it was found in the dictionaries, the word Technology, as defining the province of one of his professorships at the college. And rightfully has the word now a place in the dictionary, with his name as its sufficient authority. His inauguration of that comprehensive education among us, as well as of the noble institute devoted to it, anticipated his monumental and memorial honors.

It was not till he had passed his fourscore years that his vigor was abated, or his range and intercourse limited. For at that age he crossed the continent to the Pacific with congenial companions, contributing his full share of vivacity and intellectual stimulus on the way. Though the film was just beginning to dim his vision, he renewed on the route the botanical searches of his early years. "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to the eyes to behold the sun." The wise man wrote no fuller truth than that. How hard, then, was it for our venerated friend, who had so long walked in the light, with all its joy and wisdom, to part with it, and yet live! A pathos beyond its own mystery of symbolism will always attach to the monumental sphinx at Mount Auburn for those who associate with it the visit of its generous donor after it had been lifted on its base. With watchful oversight and counsel, he had secretly directed the moulding and finishing of the model. But the delay of putting it into granite was so great that with closed vision he could only judge of it by slowly passing his hands over its features and outlines. Yet his darkened and secluded years had no tinge of melancholy, no tone of repining, no laying of burden or weariness on the beloved ones who ministered to him. He had rich resources of memory, the play of humor, the retrospect of a long way, with its procession of renewed and young friendships, and his idle time was not idly spent. How characteristic it was of his scholarly acquisitions, and the genial serenity of his spirit, that he should fill and beguile some of those hours by turning into Greek and Latin verse, for a gift to friends, in print, the favorite ditties and melodies of the nursery.

As he lay on his painless couch, while five years were added to his long reckoning, he said: "We always close our eyes when we lie down before we fall asleep. I have closed mine, though I am still awake." Still awake! So let us believe it is with him.

I HEARD an anecdote at Oxford of a proctor encountering on his rounds two undergraduates who were without their gowns, or out of bounds, or out of hours. He challenged one: "Your name and college?" They were given. Turning to the other: "And pray, sir, what might your name be?" "Julius Cæsar," was the reply. "What, sir, do you mean to say your name is Julius Cæsar?" "Sir, you did not ask me what it is, but what it might be."—W. H. HARRISON, *Reminiscences.*

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THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Is it so far from thee,
Thou canst no longer see,
In the Chamber over the Gate,
That old man desolate,
Weeping and wailing sore
For his son who is no more?
O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago,
That cry of human woe
From the walled city came,
Calling on his dear name,
That it has died away
In the distance of to-day?
O Absalom, my son!

There is no far nor near,
There is neither there nor here,
There is neither soon nor late,
In that Chamber over the Gate,
Nor any long ago
To that cry of human woe,
O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past
The voice comes like a blast,
Over seas that wreck and drown,
Over tumult of traffic and town;
And from ages yet to be
Come the echoes back to me,
O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour
The watchman on the tower
Looks forth, and sees the fleet
Approach of the hurrying feet
Of messengers that bear
The tidings of despair.
O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door
Who shall return no more;
With him our joy departs,
The light goes out in our hearts,
In the Chamber over the Gate
We sit disconsolate.
O Absalom, my son!

That 't is a common grief
Bringeth but slight relief;
Ours is the bitterest loss,
Ours is the heaviest cross;
And forever the cry will be,
"Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son!"

THE GERMAN CORNFLOWER.—Cornflowers figured largely among the decorations that graced the recent golden wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Germany, and these flowers are great favorites with the royal family. The cornflower of the Germans is nothing but our American bachelor's button, which, every one knows, is not a distinguished member of the floral family. It is not, therefore, for its stately bearing or intrinsic beauty that the humble flower has found favor in royal eyes. Years ago, when Prussia lay crushed under the Napoleonic rule, the beloved Queen Louisa and her family lived in exile in a village near Königsberg. The young princes often gathered the flowers growing among the corn. These they carried to their mother, who wore her children's offerings as ornaments, in place of the jewels she had been accustomed to wear as Queen of Prussia. The children never forgot these happy days, and the cornflowers associated with them. The beloved mother and queen has become a memory of the past, but her son William has always cherished the cornflower as his chief favorite during his long career as Prince William, King of Prussia, and Emperor of Germany. The flower has held the most prominent place in the floral ornamentations during the celebration of three great events in Kaiser Wilhelm's history, all occurring within less than a year,—in the thanksgiving festivities which commemorated his escape from assassination last fall; in the jubilee over his eighty-second birthday on the twenty-second of March; and in the recent celebration of his golden wedding on the eleventh of June.—*Providence Journal.*

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CAREER OF A BOSTON INVENTOR.

In the extensive fire on Saturday evening, a part of the large Government ropewalk was destroyed, and with it several machines used in the manufacture of cordage. These machines were invented by Daniel Treadwell, and built under his direction. He was born in Ipswich, Mass., and began his career in Boston as a silversmith. In 1826, after inventing a printing-press worked by a treadle, much like those now in use for card-printing and other light work, he invented and patented a power-press driven by steam or water-power; upon this the first sheet was printed by other than hand-power on this continent. Upon it the Boston "Advertiser" was subsequently printed for many years. It was as completely automatic as those now in use, with the exception of taking off the paper. About 1830 he invented the machinery for spinning hemp for rope-making, and for preparing and spinning the hemp and tarring the yarn. These processes, which had before been performed by hand, — no yarn having been spun for this purpose by machinery in any part of the world, — were by Mr. Treadwell's invention transferred to automatic machines, with a vast saving in the cost of production and a great improvement in quality. He established his machinery on the Mill Dam in Boston, and there manufactured into cordage a thousand tons of hemp annually; for, in consequence of these improvements, cordage had now, for the first time, become an article of export. In 1838 he contracted with the United States Government for eighty machines for the Navy Yard at Charlestown, which have continued in use to this time, a part of which have now been burned. These machines effected a saving annually to the Government at this yard alone of ten to twenty thousand dollars. Similar machines were afterward erected for the Government at Memphis. They are now used in most parts of the world. The English Government many years ago introduced them in the manufacture of cordage for their navy. Not the least interesting of the changes brought about by these inventions is the transferring to women by these machines of the whole operation of drawing and arranging the hemp fibres and spinning them into yarn, — a work formerly performed by men alone. Nearly all the bagging at the West is made from yarn spun in this way. Few persons realize how much these machines have done for our mercantile marine, or even know that they exist; and fewer still know the name of the inventor. Mr. Treadwell became a professor in Harvard College, and taught the application of science to the useful arts. While thus engaged he invented and perfected the process of making heavy ordnance of wrought iron. Several of his guns were made for the United States army and navy. They are now made after the same methods for the British Government, under the name of Armstrong guns.

AN OLD RELIC. — In looking over the improvements being made by Mr. Nesmith, the proprietor of the Cattle Fair Hotel, Brighton District, there was noticed in the large public room an open coal-grate with two fire-faces. This old piece of furniture has an interesting history and a thousand associations, which Bostonians of the last generation will recall. When old Zach. Porter kept the Cattle Fair Hotel, some forty years ago, he had this grate placed in the bar-room, and, it is believed, invented it. It was made to set in an iron plate placed in the middle of the floor. with a direct draught from beneath, and an ash-receiver in the cellar. When Zach. left the Cattle Fair, he carried it with him to Cambridge, and upon the abandonment of the cattle-market at Cambridge and the sale of the hotel, it was purchased and brought back to its original place at the Cattle Fair. It is estimated that during its existence hundreds of thousands have warmed themselves and drunk their flip around it. The grate was the great favorite with sleighing parties. It is still in good repair, and gives out heat like a foundry furnace. — *Traveller.*

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CHRISTMAS, 1878.

FESTIVE, merry Christmas Day,
Crowned with wreath and holly spray,
Now is here!
And its presence well may fill
Every heart with joyous thrill,
Once a year.

Hailed in sunshine or in storm,
Always is its welcome warm,
In all homes.
In the cottage, in the hall,
Joy and mirth it brings to all,
When it comes.

'T is the time when passions cease,
'T is the reign on earth of peace
And good-will;
And the angelic voice of old,
Which of joy the tidings told,
Echoes still.

'Tis no time for gloomy thought;
Selfish care should be forgot
For a while.
Every heart should now be light,
Every countenance be bright
With a smile.

Raise aloft the Christmas-tree,
Sacred to the family;
For 't will bear
Fruits of happiness and joy
For each little girl and boy,
Many a year.

Let its branches, spreading wide,
Many a precious present hide.
Do not spare!
For such fruit will ne'er decay,
But, when gathered, will repay
All your care.

Let the stockings still be hung
Round the mantel by the young,
To allure
Santa Claus, whose generous hand
Fills each infantile demand,
Certain, — sure.

Amply fill the festive board!
Christmas Day may well afford
Goodly cheer.
But remember well the poor;
In your basket and your store
Let them share.

Thus may merry Christmas bring
Purest joy without a sting
Unto all;
And each memory be bright
With the glimpses of delight
Which befall.

AN ANECDOTE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON. — The house which Newton occupied, on the south side of Leicester Square, in London, is still standing, and his observatory is still shown to visitors. When he took up his residence there, his next-door neighbor was a widow lady who was much puzzled by the little she had observed of the philosopher. One of the Fellows of the Royal Society of London called upon her one day, when, among other domestic news, she mentioned that some one had come to reside in the adjoining house, who, she felt certain, was a poor crazy gentleman, "because," she continued, "he diverts himself in the oddest ways imaginable. Every morning, when the sun shines so brightly that we are obliged to draw the window-blinds, he takes his seat in front of a tub of soap-suds and occupies himself for hours in blowing soap-bubbles through a common clay pipe, and intently watches them till they burst. He is doubtless now at his favorite amusement," she added; "do come and look at him." The gentleman smiled, and then went up stairs, when, after looking through the window into the adjoining yard, he turned round and said, "My dear madam, the person whom you suppose to be a lunatic is no other than the great Sir Isaac Newton, studying the refraction of light upon thin plates, — a phenomenon which is beautifully exhibited upon the surface of the common soap-bubble."

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MRS. STONE'S MUNIFICENCE.

MENTION has been made at various times during the past two years of the generous public gifts of Mrs. Valeria G. Stone, of Malden. These have reached their limit, and present a total of nearly $1,800,000. This limit is defined by the fact that the estate of the donor's late husband, Daniel P. Stone, which amounted to upwards of $2,000,000, has now been fully distributed, excepting such comparatively small reservation as Mrs. Stone has made for her own support.

Mr. Stone was a retired Boston merchant, who died at the age of eighty years, at Malden, Aug. 14, 1878. He was born in Topsham, Me., and in early life was engaged in the retail dry-goods business in Brunswick in the same State. About the year 1825 he removed to Boston and established a dry-goods jobbing trade, his store being on Kilby Street. The firm at first was Bartlett and Stone, and later D. P. Stone and Co. and Stone and Page. Mr. Stone retired from business about the year 1850 with a handsome property, which by shrewd and cautious investment gradually swelled to the sum already indicated, $2,000,000 and upward. The maiden name of Mrs. Stone was Goodenow, and she is a sister of the late Judge Goodenow of Alfred, Me. Some time prior to his decease the matter of the distribution of this large estate was agreed upon by the two in this way, that it should be distributed "to educational, charitable, or benevolent institutions, causes, or objects." In case he should survive he would so dispose of it, and in case he should not it would, by the terms of his will, come into her full possession, and she in like manner was to see to its distribution. They had no children. The will provided for some bequests to relatives, but so far as the residue and great bulk of the property is concerned, did not impose any restrictions upon her, so that the gifts are practically hers, she having legally the full disposition of this residue. To this end, the minor bequests having been met, the property was placed in the hands of three trustees, — Rev. W. H. Willcox, D.D., Philip S. Page, and Isaac M. Cutler. The following is a statement of the several donations made: —

To Andover Seminary, Professorship of the relations of Christianity to the Secular Sciences	$53,000
Amherst College, Stone Professorship of Biology	50,000
American Missionary Association, for Institutions at Nashville, Atlanta, Talladega, Tougaloo, and New Orleans	150,000
Bowdoin College, Professorship of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, and to finish Memorial Hall	75,000
Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.	10,000
Chicago Seminary, Professorship of Pastoral Theology and Special Studies	53,000
Dartmouth College, Stone Professorship of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy	35,000
Drury College, Springfield, Mo.	55,750
Fryeburg Academy, Maine	10,000
Hallowell Classical School, Maine	10,000
Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., Professorship in Natural History	30,000
Iowa College	22,500
Oberlin College	50,000
Andover Theological Seminary (additional)	100,000
Wellesley College, Stone Hall	110,000
Woman's Board for Armenia College, Turkey	25,000
Young Men's Christian Association, Boston, toward a new Building	25,000
To Relations and Friends, about	600,000
To aid struggling Churches and Students, and to save Mortgaged Homes, about	150,000
Hampton Institute, Fortress Monroe, Va.	20,000
Olivet College, Olivet, Mich.	20,000
Ripon College, Ripon, Wis.	20,000
Illinois College, Jacksonville, Ill.	20,000
Marietta College, Marietta, O.	10,000
Beloit College, Beloit, Wis.	20,000
Robert College, Constantinople	20,000
Howard University, Washington, D. C.	25,000
Berea College, Berea, Ky.	10,000
New West Education Commission	12,500
Evangelical Work in France	15,000
Drury College (additional)	20,000
Doane College, Crete, Neb.	5,000
Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Col.	5,000
Washburne College, Topeka, Kan.	5,000
Massachusetts Homœopathic Hospital (for permanent free bed)	5,000
Boston City Missionary Society	2,500
Boston North End Mission	2,500
Boston Penitent Females' Refuge	1,000
New England Female Moral Reform Society	1,000
Am. Miss. Asso. (final balance)	1 292

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THE ROSE AND THE RING.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

A very pretty specimen of Mr. Locker's poems is the one on Mr. Thackeray's story of "The Rose and the Ring." It seems that in the winter of 1854 Mr. Thackeray wrote this story in Rome, and brought it chapter by chapter to read to the daughter of Mr. William W. Story (the sculptor), who was then recovering from a severe illness. When it was published, Mr. Thackeray sent the child a copy of the book, with one of his own caricatures of himself in the act of presenting her with the work. On this Mr. Locker has written as follows: —

SHE smiles, but her heart is sable,
And sad as her Christmas is chill;
She reads, and her book is the fable
He penned for her while she was ill.
It is nine years ago since he wrought it,
Where reedy old Tiber is king,
And chapter by chapter he brought it,
And read her the Rose and the Ring.

And when it was printed, and gaining
Renown with all lovers of glee,
He sent her this copy, containing
His comical little *croquis*, —
A sketch of a rather droll couple:
She 's pretty: he 's quite t' other thing!
He begs (with a spine vastly supple)
She will study the Rose and the Ring.

It pleased the kind Wizard to send her
The last and best of his toys, —
His heart had a sentiment tender
For innocent women and boys.
And though he was great as a scorner,
The guileless were safe from his sting.
How sad is past mirth to the mourner! —
A tear on the Rose and the Ring!

She reads, — I may vainly endeavor
Her mirth-checkered grief to pursue;
For she hears she has lost — and forever —
A heart that was known by so few.
But I wish on the shrine of his glory
One fair little blossom to fling;
And you see there 's a nice little story
Attached to the Rose and the Ring!

JOHN MACKAY'S GRASSHOPPER BET.

[*From the Carson (Nevada) Appeal.*]

SOME weeks ago John Mackay was sitting in the Gould and Currie office, reading about the "Jumping Frog of Calaveras," when an idea struck him that some sort of trick like that would be a splendid thing to ring in on Maurice Hoeflich, the mining expert. Hoeflich is around the office a good deal, and whenever he takes a lunch with Mackay he is sure to get in some sort of dispute and offer a bet. Mackay does n't like betting, and frowns it down, unless he thinks people are trying to bluff him. At last he determined to cure Hoeflich of his habit, and find where the weak spot in his armor lay.

One day he saw Hoeflich on the stoop playing with an enormous grasshopper, which he was teaching to jump. Hoeflich's grasshopper could jump twenty-three feet, and it was not long before he remarked to Mackay:

"I 'll bet you two dollars dot you can't find a hinsect to peet him!"

Mackay bet ten dollars that he could beat it, and Hoeflich raised it to twenty at once. The bet was closed at these figures, and Mackay said he would have the hopper there in a day or so. He then sent a trusted emissary down to Carson Valley to secure a contestant for the winged steed of Hoeflich.

The man spent nearly a week roaming in Carson Valley catching hoppers. He finally sent an official report to Mackay, stating that he had caught over three thousand grasshoppers and put them through their paces. The best gait any of them had was seventeen and three-quarters feet. He doubted if a bigger jumper could be secured. On receipt of the letter the bonanza prince telegraphed to the man to bring him up anyway.

The next day he arrived with about a dozen hoppers from Farmer Treadway's, and Mr. Mackay gave them quarters in his room as Vanderbilt would stable his stud. Each hopper had a cigar-box to himself, and every morning they were taken out and put through

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their paces. It was impossible, however, to get one to jump over eighteen feet, although all sorts of invigorating food was given them.

Mr. Mackay was in despair; but one morning a hopper sniffed at a bottle of ammonia on the table, and immediately jumped thirty feet. After making a few experiments, it was found that one whiff of ammonia so enlivened the hoppers that they could make jumps that were almost incredible. Next day Mackay announced to Hoeflich that he was ready for the match. The expert was ready at nine o'clock, an hour before the time, with his pet hopper. Not finding Mr. Mackay in, he sat down in his study, and there noticed the bottle of ammonia. While he was examining it, Bridget, the old and faithful domestic of the Gould and Currie firm, came in with, —

"Don't be techin' that numonia, Mr. Hoeflich. It 's to make Mr. Mackay's hoppers sprightly. Bedad, I belave, by the robes of St. Patrick, he 's out of his senses since the pump broke at the north ind."

Hoeflich pumped the domestic, and soon knew all about Mackay's game.

A light broke upon Hoeflich; grabbing the bottle, he rushed up the street to Perkin's drug-store, threw away the ammonia, and ordered it to be filled with chloroform. In ten minutes he was back, and leaving the bottle where he found it, got out of the place as fast as he could.

Mackay soon arrived with half-a-dozen mining superintendents whom he had invited up to see him have some fun with Hoeflich.

They were hardly seated, when Hoeflich came in with the hopper in a cigar-box under his arm.

"I vas a leetle late, Mr. Mackay, but I 'm here mid der hopper and der coin."

He laid down the money, which was covered promptly.

"Any one else to ped?"

John Stewart laid down a hundred dollars.

John Kelly put up fifty dollars.

Warren Sheridan stepped in for two hundred dollars.

Hank Smith wanted a like amount.

Sam Jones had only fifty dollars, but he put it up.

Then a few got into the corner of the room and concluded it was a shame to rope Hoeflich in in that way, and finally agreed to give the money back after they had won it. Mackay then bantered Hoeflich to raise the pot one hundred shares of Union consolidated. Hoeflich wrote an order on his broker, and remarked, —

"Dar 's no limits to de bets, gentlemen, de coin spheaks."

Nearly every man doubled his bet, and then Mackay got behind Sam Jones and let his hopper sniff of the ammonia bottle which held Hoeflich's chloroform.

Time being called, the hoppers were placed side by side on the piazza, and at the word "go" each insect was touched on the back with a straw. Hoeflich's grasshopper described a semicircle in the air, and scored twenty-four feet. Mackay's gave a lazy lurch of some four inches, and, folding its legs across its stomach, fell fast asleep. Jones swore that he could hear it snore.

Hoeflich walked back into the room, swept the coin into a canvas sack, and Mackay wrote out an order for stock; and Hoeflich went up the street with his hopper under his arm, leaving the others too astonished to speak. Presently Sheridan put the ammonia bottle to his nose, and called Mackay's attention to the smell.

"Chloroform, by gracious!"

Then the Milesian woman who was the cause of all the mischief appearing with a broom, announced that it was "swapin' time," and the crowd dispersed, each going in different directions.

As Mackay started for the Union shaft he remarked, —

"That fellow Hoeflich does play in —— queer luck."

And to this all hands inwardly agreed.

WHAT is majesty without its externals? — A jest.

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A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

A GERMAN of Cincinnati has made a clock which, though much smaller than the celebrated one of Strasburg, is, from its description, much more complicated. It is now on exhibition in one of the windows of a jewelry store, and attracts much attention. The inventor calls it "Die Lebensuhr," — clock of life. The elaborateness of its mechanism may be imagined from the following description of the wonder: —

We see in a glass case a three-storied, steeple-shaped clock, four feet wide at the first story, and nine feet high. The movements are placed on four delicate columns in the first story, which is in the significant form of a beehive. Behind the pendulum there is a picture representing mature Manhood, — a countryman behind his plough. The four corners are carved, and represent the four periods of life, — Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age. The space to the right and left of the clock is ornamented with two oil-paintings representing the Spring-time of life (children playing in the garden), and the Autumn or the end of life (grave-diggers in a cemetery).

The second story consists of two tower-like pieces, on the doors of which there are two pictures that represent Booyhood and early Manhood. In the one, a boy is just pushing his little bark away from the shore. He stands upright in the boat, and points to the distance; he is about to begin life, — "to paddle his own canoe." In the other, a young man who has already made some progress in the journey of life enters a room in which there is an hour-glass that reminds him of the fleetness of time. On this story there are three guardian angels.

A majestic tower crowns, as third story, the ingenious structure. A cock, as a symbol of watchfulness, stands on the top, directly over the portal which opens the tower in front. On this portal there is a painting which represents the perishableness of earthly things. The entire structure is in appearance very like an old Gothic castle.

Now let us see if we can describe the mechanical action of the clock. When it marks the first quarter, the door of the left piece of the second story opens, and we see a child issue from the background, come forward to a little bell, give it one blow, and then disappear. At the second quarter a youth appears, strikes the bell twice, and then disappears; at the third, there comes a man in his prime; and at the fourth we have a tottering old man, leaning on a staff, who strikes the bell four times. Each time the door closes itself. When the hours are full, the door of the right piece of the second story opens, and Death, as a skeleton, scythe in hand, appears and marks the hour by striking a bell. But it is at the twelfth hour that we have the grand spectacle in the representation of the Day of Judgment. Then, when Death has struck three blows on the little bell, the cock on top of the tower suddenly flaps his wings, and crows in a shrill tone; and, after Death has marked the twelfth hour with his hammer, he crows again twice. Immediately three angels, who stand as guardians in a central position, raise their trumpets with their right hands (in the left they hold swords), and blow a blast toward each of the four quarters of the earth. At the last blast the door of the tower opens, and the resurrected children of Earth appear, while the destroying angel sinks out of sight.

The multitude stand for a moment full of awe and wonder, when suddenly Christ in all his majesty descends, surrounded by angels. On his left there is an angel who holds the scales of Justice; on his right another carries the Book of Life, which opens to show the Alpha and Omega, — the beginning and the end. Christ waves his hand, and instantly the good among the resurrected are separated from the wicked, the former going to the right, the latter to the left. The Archangel Michael salutes the good, while on the other side stands the Devil, radiant with fiendish delight; he can hardly wait for the final sentence of those who fall to him, but, in obedience to the command of the central figure, he withdraws. The figure of

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Christ raises its hand again with a threatening mien, and the accursed sink down to the realms of his satanic majesty. Then Christ blesses the chosen few, who draw near to him. Finally, we hear a cheerful chime of bells, during which Christ rises, surrounded by his angels, until he disappears, and the portal closes.

We look with amazement on this exhibition of the mechanic's ingenuity: a complete drama is here represented without the aid of human hand. And what excites our admiration still more, is the perfection of all the movements; they are steady, calm, and noiseless, with the exception of the threatening gestures of the figure of Christ, and the movements of Lucifer, who darts across the scene with lightning rapidity. Of course the peculiar action of these two figures is intentional on the part of the artist, and adds greatly to the effect.

THE longest speech on record is believed to have been made by a member of the Legislature of British Columbia, named De Cosmos. It was in the interest of settlers who were to be defrauded of their lands. De Cosmos was in the hopeless minority. The job had been held back till the eve of the close of the session. Unless legislation was taken before noon of a certain day, the act of confiscation would fail. The day before the expiration of the limitation, De Cosmos got the floor about 10 o'clock A. M., and began a speech against the bill. Its friends cared little, for they supposed that by 1 or 2 P. M. he would be through, and the bill could be put on its passage. One o'clock came and went, and De Cosmos was still speaking, — had n't more than entered upon his subject. Two o'clock, — he was saying "in the second place." Three o'clock, — he produced a fearful bundle of evidence, and insisted on reading it. The majority began to have a suspicion of the truth, — he was going to speak till next noon and kill the bill. For a while they made merry over it, but as it came on to dusk they began to get alarmed. They tried interruptions, but soon abandoned them, because each one afforded him a chance to digress and gain time. They tried to shout him down, but that gave him a breathing space; and they finally settled down to watch the combat between the strength of will and weakness of body. They gave him no mercy. No adjournment for dinner; no chance to do more than wet his lips with water; no wandering from the subject; no sitting down. Twilight darkened, the gas was lit; members slipped out to supper in relays, and returned to sleep in squads, but De Cosmos went on. The Speaker, to whom he was addressing himself, was alternately dozing, snoring, and trying to look awake. Day dawned, and a majority of the members slipped out to breakfast, and the speaker still held on. It can't be said it was a very logical, eloquent, or sustained speech. There were digressions in it, — repetitions also; but the speaker kept on. And at last noon came to a baffled majority, livid with rage and impotence, and a single man who was triumphant, though his voice had sunk to a whisper, his eyes were sunken and bleared and blood-shot, and his legs tottered under him, and his baked lips were cracked and smeared with blood. De Cosmos had spoken for twenty-six hours, and had saved the settlers their lands.

MR. WILLIAM W. STORY has made the following felicitous translation from the German of Heine, which he entitles

LUCK AND ILL-LUCK.

Luck 's the giddiest of all creatures,
Nor likes in one place long to stay;
She smoothes the hair back from your features,
Kisses you quick, — and runs away!

Dame Ill-Luck 's in no such flurry,
Nor quick her close embrace she quits;
She says she 's in no kind of hurry,
And sits upon your bed, — and knits!

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J. W. R.

Born April 30, 1777.

BY GEORGE S. HILLARD.

NINETY years ago began
The life-web of the strong old man;
Ninety years, in sun and shade,
He his part on earth has played.

Ninety years have left him still
The reason clear, the vigorous will,
Kept the heart unchanged and warm,
Lightly touched the reverend form;

Spared the eye's translucent sphere,
Spared the portals of the ear,
Nor rolled against the brain a stone,
And left it silent, dark, and lone.

From a dauntless stock and true
The vigorous sap of life he drew;
Who has not read with patriot pride
The story of his father's ride?

Around the cradle of the child
The storm of strife was raging wild;
And when the lengthening shades had come,
He heard again the battle-drum.

He heard it with a face aglow
With all the fire of long ago;
And bade the darlings of his eye,
His noble boys, go forth and die.

And surely God doth rightly prize
The father's costly sacrifice, —
Has kept a record of his fears,
His sighs suppressed, his silent tears.

And sure, when Heaven's gate oped wide
For these twain spirits, glorified,
The elder Paul was there to greet
His name-child with a blessing meet.

His sons have passed away from earth,
His elders in the heavenly birth;
And 'twixt the gates of life and death
The old man draws untroubled breath.

Ye golden lights of evening, shed
Your benediction on his head;
Breathe gales of evening soft and low,
And gently lift those locks of snow.

Bring flowers, the whitest flowers that blow,
To wreathe around those locks of snow;
And twine with them the poet's lay:
'T will last perhaps as long as they.

WOMEN CROSSING THE STREET. — How women cross the street has been made a subject of observation and study by Dr. E. M. Hale, of Chicago, and his remarks thereon are just as applicable to Boston as elsewhere. He says: "A lady starts to cross the street. When she gets one-third or halfway over she sees a team approaching. The driver, in nearly every instance, watches her movements, and seeks to drive in behind her. If she keeps on her way, all is well. If she only stands still she is perfectly safe. But here comes in the strange and fatal idiosyncrasy of her sex. Just as the driver thinks he can safely drive behind her, she stops, 'starts back a few steps,' and, unless the driver is prompt and draws his horse back on his haunches, the woman is under his feet or knocked down. Then comes the hue and cry that the driver is to blame. How can he help it? All teams cannot be driven on a walk, and do the business of a great city. I have asked many of the policemen who guard the crossings at the intersections of Randolph and Clarke, State and Madison, and other places, and they all testify to this universal habit in ladies. 'They all do it,' said one of them to me, 'and I have all I can do to keep them from backing under the horses' feet.' If your reporter will question a thousand men who drive actively through our streets, they will all confirm my assertions. I write this in all kindness and sympathy, and would seriously call the attention of the women of Chicago to the great risks they run by a blind and thoughtless adherence to this instinctive habit."

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THE "AUTOCRAT'S" HOUSE.

THE REV. JULIUS H. WARD, of Boston, in a contribution to the Philadelphia "Press," says, —

The outlook from Oliver Wendell Holmes's library window, in his house at No. 291, Beacon Street, Boston, upon the Charles, made classic by the Harvard boys, and bringing a sniff of the sea twice a day to his very doors, especially if you are there in an afternoon when the sun struggles with partial success to escape through the clouds, is one of much picturesque beauty. Across the water, Cambridge fills the scene, while the Charles stretches away to the north and west. "Ik Marvel" says that no man's home is perfect unless he can catch a sight of the sea. In this sense Dr. Holmes has truly a poet's dwelling; the view by day or night is always an inspiration to him, and there is hardly a more charming house, or finer view of water that is never at rest and never the same, in Boston. James T. Fields has a similar outlook from a study which is rich with such spoils of literature as only a publisher, author, and poet can accumulate; and Henry W. Longfellow purchased a meadow in Cambridge, that stretches down to the river, in order that the immortal Charles might be seen out of his own study window, and vein his poetry with the life of the sea; and farther up the stream Elmwood, the now vacant home of Lowell, is just within the reach of what all poets love. More poets are inspired by the sight of the Charles than by the sight of any other stream in the world, and its praises have been sung by nearly all the New England poets of this generation. Dr. Holmes's writing-table stands in the centre of this large apartment, which is his literary work-room.

He keeps his poetical library down stairs in the room where strangers are received, and has around him chiefly the books he needs for work, including all the leading cyclopædias, the heavy old fathers, some theology, the best medical works of the day, those which were valuable a generation ago, those which are the rare antiquities of the profession, and the books he used when he received the degree of M. D. in 1836. There is a case of rich and rare engravings standing against the wall opposite the large window, and above it hangs the portrait of his relative who suggested the poem of "Dorothy Q." On the other side of the door hangs Copley's portrait of Rev. Samuel Cooper, a celebrated divine of the Revolution and a friend of Benjamin Franklin. In an alcove on one side, one shelf is entirely filled with single copies of each one of his own volumes, in prose and verse, — a long array. Strange to say, the Doctor inherits his father's theological tastes, though a more liberal man than his father ever was; and is fond of reading commentaries and annotating them. Scott attracts him by his queer explanations, and such orthodox books as the "Comprehensive" and "Speaker's" commentaries find more than standing-room in his library. A large easy-chair, with writing-desk attached, is near the window, and a table, with several microscopes ready for use, is near the open fireplace, which always imparts its cheer to the room in the winter season. The library bears little trace of the poet, shows no marks of the disorder which is habitual among brothers of the quill, and bears hardly more traces of the man of science; and yet this is the Doctor's "den," and on his table lies the famous gold pen which has done duty in the writing of books which have, like Puck, though not with his speed, put a circle of new ideas around the globe. Dr. Holmes built his own house, and it is in every sense the home of a literary man. Not thoroughly modern, filled more or less with the heirlooms of the family, with several libraries, literary, theological, and mixed, in as many rooms, the atmosphere of the house is that of delightful studies. And away in the attic (who would have thought it?) this venerable man of letters has his bench and tools, so that in case literature and the professorship of anatomy at Harvard should fail him, he could fall back upon one of the simplest of mechanical arts.

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COLONEL HIGGINSON'S ADDRESS AT CAMBRIDGE CEMETERY,

MEMORIAL DAY, MAY 30, 1879.

COMRADES OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, — We come together for a task that has for us a peculiar sacredness. To others it is simply a poetic service, little in common with their accustomed ways; but to us who served in the war, however humbly, it is as if we again grasped our departed comrades by the hand. To us they are yet as they were when they answered their last roll-call, — still young, still ardent. Our hair grows gray, but theirs does not. This rite is to us a memorial that they and we belong to one fraternity, — the fraternity of veterans of the Great Civil War. When we all have died, the immediate record of that war will have died with us; and the next generation will know it only as we know the American Revolution, — remotely, as of something written in books. Let us ask ourselves anew to-day, What was it all for? What did the war accomplish? For what did our brothers die?

First. They died to give the nation *peace.* Do you remember the time when in any town in the land you might, at any moment, see some list of names brought out and posted at the door of some newspaper office? Then you might see a crowd silently gather around that door, collecting from all quarters as if the birds of the air had spread the news. Suddenly you might see some man stagger blindly out of that group, holding his hand to his head, as if the bullet had reached his brain instead of his younger brother's; or you might see a woman suddenly fall fainting, as if it were herself, not her husband, who was struck down. That such groups have vanished these dozen years, that no one now stops in the streets to read worse news than the rise and fall of stocks, you may thank these graves.

And you remember that it was not in the city alone that the war left its mark. I recall how a friend of mine, a woman who had worked for the soldiers till her nerves were weary, sought for rest in the country during the war. The train upon the rural railway stopped at a little station surrounded with hills, so lonely that not a house was in sight. When it stopped, the one passenger who was assisted out was a wounded soldier on crutches, and as the cars whirled away, my friend saw one lonely woman walking down from an unseen farmhouse to receive him. Safe from the thought of war? The little far-off valley, like the city, was filled with that one thought. That it passed away, you owe to those whom you laid in these graves.

Second. The soldiers won for us *union.* That this is still a nation, that it is anything but an accidental alliance of a few jealous and warring States, we owe to them. The picture which rises so grandly before the American eye in foreign countries, of a continent which is a home for liberty, and receives the poor and the humble from all nations of the earth, giving to them shelter and employment, and to their children education, — that belongs to the work achieved by these graves.

I once was encamped near a New York regiment, called popularly "The Lost Children," because it was said to hold representatives from almost every European nation. Such a babel of dialects as you heard in passing that camp-ground! But there were words which they all understood, and when the order, "Column! Forward!" came, they all fell into their places and obeyed. That solemn command, carrying in English words a summons that all nationalities can obey, is the watchword of American civilization; and it is the soldiers who preserved for us its meaning. But for them, each of us might still have a State, but not one of us would have a nation; every American born would be a man without a country.

Third. The soldiers won for this nation *liberty.* I remember once hearing, at an anti-slavery meeting, Wendell Phillips say of Garrison, "May he not die till he has heard the shouts of the liberated millions he has helped to free." It sounded eloquent, but incredible; it was as if a man invited you to visit him a hundred years from to-day.

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Garrison has just died, full of years and of honors, and his last words were a plea, not for slaves, but for free men; not for the negro as a chained slave in Mississippi, but as a free emigrant into Kansas. That every American, black or white, may now go where he pleases and work as he pleases, you owe to the soldiers whom you laid in these graves.

Fourth. The soldiers gave to the nation *prosperity.* We mourn our long business depression, but it is because it has taken all these years to recall us from the period of inflation in which the war left us. Business may be good or bad, the returned soldier may have been successful or unsuccessful; but the most successful business man in the country owes it to the soldiers that there is any such thing as business at all. What could there have been, had the nation been cut up into a series of little States, each with its own custom-house, perhaps, or its own separate system of patent laws? or had it even been divided into two half republics, with a guerilla war forever raging along Mason and Dixon's line? That this calamity was averted, we owe to these graves.

Let the time never come, comrades of the war and citizens of Cambridge, when we shall cease to laurel these humble monuments. Let it not come, at least, till all of us who camped side by side with these our brethren in life shall camp beside them in death. That will not take so very long. It is the glory of other associations, as of the society of the Freemasons or the association of Harvard alumni, that they are permanent and self-renewing bodies, which the children's children of the present members may prolong. But it is the glory of every association of war-veterans that it is a self-limited body. It can take in no new members; every member who dies, lessens it by one; half a century will leave but a few survivors; and soon after that there will flutter past some window the last empty sleeve. Leave to us this one little day in the year; it is not too much, when business and ambition claim all the rest.

When we look back to-morrow along the winding Charles and see this hillside white with stones, let us see in fancy the encampment of our dead soldiers still watching over the rural city they loved. Our great Cambridge poet, as he looks across the river and the meadows he has sung, must sometimes recall that fine early poem of his, — perhaps first suggested by the mists over these marshes, — of the phantom army that once beleaguered the walls of Prague. Thus, without a drum or a bugle-call, this army of ours still holds its post upon this hillside. Should danger again threaten the nation, we can fancy them rising again for its protection. Man by man they stand; they take the old touch of the elbow; they take the position *Front* without the word. To our timidity, our distrust of popular government, their bodiless camp replies. "Be true," it says, "to your nation in life, as we have been true to it in death."

—•—

How Lincoln settled it. — Mr. Halstead, now in Washington, tells an anecdote of Lincoln which contains a hint for office-hunters: During Lincoln's time there was a great row over the post-office in Dayton, Ohio. Two Hotspurs were in the field. Petition after petition in favor of one or the other poured in upon the President, and delegation after delegation hastened to Washington to argue the case. Mr. Lincoln was a long-suffering man, but his patience gave out at last. He could not determine that one applicant was in the slightest degree more competent or more patriotic or better supported than the other. Finally, after being bored by a fresh delegation, he said to his secretary, "This matter has got to end somewhere. Bring a pair of scales." The scales were brought. "Now, put in all the petitions and letters in favor of one man, and see how much they weigh, and then weigh the other fellow's pile." It was found that one bundle was three-quarters of a pound heavier than the other. "Make out an appointment at once for the man who has the heaviest papers," said Mr. Lincoln, and it was done.

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A FUNERAL SERMON IN GEORGIA.

I PUT this funeral sermon on paper in no spirit of ridicule, for though I have enjoyed many a laugh in its recollection, there was so pathetic a side to the scene, that I listened to the discourse, absurd as it was, without a smile. I felt more like weeping with those who wept.

The church was in the forests of Central Georgia. The congregation was very large, and the minister was very learned for those parts. He could read a little. He had in some mysterious way picked up a few Latin phrases, and also some quotations from Shakespeare, which he used as his memory served him. I entered the church during the singing, and was somewhat surprised to receive from the pulpit an invitation to take a seat near the remains. This I declined to do, and sat instead upon the stairs leading to a sort of loft in the building. Through the tall pines the winds played, making an Æolian music, — now the faintest pianissimo, swelling into a sound like the roaring of an angry surf, and dying away into the lowest moan. Similarly the emotion swept over that congregation, as the minister went on, producing now a low cry, prolonged sometimes into a wail, which often rose to a very shriek. The turbaned heads of the negresses bobbed up and down and about, and the old darky men swayed their bodies to and fro in their seats. At times the "mourners," who occupied the space about the altar, lay prone upon their faces. I must confess in all modesty that the little children regarded me rather than the service. White ladies, and especially Yankee ladies, were rarely seen in their house of worship.

I can give but an extract from the sermon, and will skip the firstly and secondly, —

My bredren, dis yer good brudder, whose mortal remains is a-lyin' in our midst, and whose soul is safe wid de angels, is a mighty loss to Pineville; for he war a powerful example ob de power and de light ob religion. He's dun gone off mighty sudden too. Done you 'member how he walked down dis yer aisle only last week, so full ob de glory dat he walked over de very benches? Oh, I see him now! Done yer all see him wid yer mind's eyes? Yer see, de departed were not only a believer, but he did a heap ob good in dis yer town, and in dis yer meetin' house.

Now dere's some'll tell you dat good works is nuff to take yer to heaven; and dere's oders, dey say all yer want is faith. Now, I tell yer, yer wants bofe. Dey's like de cart and de mule, one is necessary to bofe. And dat ar point I'll 'splain and 'lustrate, so's you'll nebber forget it.

Let dis yer leg, firm and straight, rep'sent good works, and let dis pore, feeble member, all doubled up and weakly, stan' for faith, or radder de want ob it. And now, observe how I trabble. And dat's de way a man walks who 'pends on good works, and no faith to carry him along to hebben. And wiser worser, it am all de same. But let dat ar leg represent good works, and a heap ob em too, and dis yere one faith, bofe powerful as de legs ob Sam's son (ob whose fader Sam we know nothin'), and dat ar's de way to walk to glory. Maybe yer's noticed dat when a nigger goes roun' after dark among de hen roosts, whar de chickens ain't quainted wid him, he goes 'long all kinder shakey, and weak in de knees like; and dat's de way a man walks who ain't got no faith, an' done do no good works. My bredren, de dear departed walked on de legs ob faith and good works bofe, and done yer forget his blessed 'zample.

(Dose boys dar in de fofe seat from de front need n't 'zsmine der legs no mo'. I 's using a figger of speech which dey 's much too young to comprehend.)

I tole yer at de beginnin' of dis funeral discourse over what's left below ob the angel Brudder Jones, dat I 'd preach from the text "An' five ob dem were wise, and five ob dem were foolish," meanin' virgins. And now I 'll tell yer de story ob dem virgins. Dere were ten ob dem. Five war mighty wise, and five war mighty foolish. Dem foolish virgins, jiss as dey were a-goin into de kingdom, dey

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went to sleep. No doubt dey thought dar war time 'nuff to get ready after dey 'd slep' a spell; but when dey woke up, it war too late, and dar war heap trubble den sure enough. Yer see all dose virgins was to march into de kingdom, like a pine-torch procession, very imposing like, and all in keepin' wid de glory ob de place. But when dem pore foolish virgins woke up, dar war dere lamps, de wicks was all in dem, de chimneys, dey war all on, and dar war a heap matches ob de best qual'ty lying right dar. But what war lacking? — *oil*. Dose lamps war empty. Dey done make an awful time den I 'sure yer. How dey howled in der distress! Dey 'd hab giben ebery-ting dey had in de world for oil, but dar war n't no time to get to de fust sto' and get back agin. Dey knew what de feast inside war to be. I 's minded of that famous King Third, whose first name was Richard. "My kingdom," he cried, "my kingdom for a mule!" Dese foolish virgins would hab giben kingdoms, if dey 'd had em, for jess oil nuff to make a flicker, to light 'em into dat feast. And den dey came an' kep knocking and a-knocking, and de bridegroom he come to de do', and he says, "Go way dar, I done know ye!" and de wise virgins dey lit up, and dey all went in a-blazing, and kind o' scornful like, I would n't be surprised, cause der wa' n't no more 'scuse for de foolish virgins dan dar is for you to neglect yer soul's salvation.

And now I comes to de nub of my discourse. My bredren, dis yer brudder who 's gone war a wise virgin. His lamp war full and running over and flaring up, and dis yer minute he 's a-lyin' on Abraham's bosom. Oh, I see him a-smiling up into his face!

(Here a startling ejaculation near me, — "Bress Abra'm Linkum's hebbenly face!" —reminded me that there was more than one Abraham in heaven.)

I tell you he 's already dar. His soul war wafted into hebben by his last bref. De purgatory dat some folks talks about is an ignorous fatuos, and a mighty ignorous one too. Now don't yer cry no mo'. Think on de glories of de hebbenly place,— de peace and de joy de departed 's a 'speriencein' dis yer minute. Yer can't hab no klar idea of hebben. Done spect yer to. Dar 's more in it dan yer dream ob on yer philosofys, or in yer beds. But if dar 's white folks dar who don't like to associate wid us, dey 'll hab to move out. For de black man is to hab his harp; and up dar we 's to be men, wid all de curse ob de chain taken away! Yes, and all de memory of it. Dis brudder called another man master for fifty years, though he died free; but dere 's but one Master in hebben, and maybe we 'll know better how to serve Him up dar, dan folks who 's had no serving to do on earth. Done ye cry no mo'.

And now a word to de careless bredren here, — be wise virgins. Pears to me dat I 'd change my ways for de sake of making yer final exits to dat barn from whence no trabbler returns, a pleasure to de friends who come togegder to listen to yer funeral discourse. For I tell yer now, yer 'd be 'shamed, some ob yer, to show yer faces if yer could see a few ob de funeral sermons I 's got ready to be used if yer don't get yer lamps filled. Make me heap ob trubble to change em, but I 's willin'! Oh, I 's willin' for de sake of yer souls to forget dey 's ebber composed! Debilitate on yer ways, and lay in yer oil, and gib me de opportunity dat de departed hab giben me to-day, to hole yer up as a shining examble, and already a-playin' on yer harp, and I 'll preach yer funeral sermon wid joy and thanksgiving.

MARGERY DEANE.

THE following story is told of a distinguished Edinburgh professor. Desiring to go to church one wet Sunday, he hired a cab. On reaching the church door he tendered a shilling, — the legal fare, — to cabby, and was somewhat surprised to hear the cabman say, "Twa shillin', sir." The professor, fixing his eye upon the extortioner, demanded why he charged two shillings; upon which the cabman dryly answered: "We wish to discourage travelling on the Sawbath as much as possible, sir."

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"ONLY A SOLDIER:" AN INCIDENT.[1]

BY AGNES MACDONELL.

[*From the London Spectator.*]

UNARMED and unattended, walks the Czar
Through Moscow's busy street one winter's day.
The crowd uncover as his face they see;
"God greet the Czar!" they say.

Along his path there moved a funeral, —
Gray spectacle of poverty and woe, —
A wretched sledge, dragged by one weary man,
Slowly across the snow.

And on the sledge, blown by the winter wind,
Lay a poor coffin, very rude and bare;
And he who drew it bent before his load,
With dull and sullen air.

The Emperor stopped and beckoned to the man;
"Who is't thou bearest to the grave?" he said.
"Only a soldier, sire!" the short reply;
"Only a soldier, dead."

"Only a soldier!" musing, said the Czar;
"Only a Russian who was poor and brave.
Move on, I follow. Such a one goes not
Unhonored to his grave."

He bent his head, and silent raised his cap;
The Czar of all the Russias, pacing slow,
Followed the coffin as again it went
Slowly across the snow.

The passers of the street, all wondering,
Looked on that sight, then followed silently;
Peasant and prince, and artisan and clerk,
All in one company.

Still, as they went, the crowd grew ever more,
Till thousands stood around the friendless grave,
Led by that princely heart, who, royal, true,
Honored the poor and brave.

[1] This incident is narrated by a lady who was living in Moscow when it took place.

THE MATCH BOY.

DEAN STANLEY, in one of his sermons to children at Westminster Abbey, has told a very touching little story. He said, —

Not long ago, in Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of a hotel, one very cold day, when a little boy, with a poor thin, blue face, his feet bare, and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said, "Please, sir, buy some matches." "No, don't want any," the gentleman said. "But they are only a penny a box," the poor little fellow pleaded. "Yes, but you see we don't want a box," the gentleman said again. "Then I will gie ye twa boxes for a penny," the boy said at last, and so, to get rid of him, the gentleman who tells the story says, "I bought a box; but then I found I had no change, so I said, 'I will buy a box to-morrow.' 'Oh, do buy them to-night, if you please,' the boy pleaded again; 'I will run and get ye the change, for I am verra hungry.' So I gave him the shilling, and he started away. I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think bad of him. Late in the evening I was told a little boy wanted to see me; when he was brought in I found it was a smaller brother of the boy who got my shilling, but, if possible, still more ragged and poor and thin. He stood for a moment, diving into his rags, as if he were seeking something, and then said, 'Are you the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandie?' 'Yes.' 'Weel, then, here's fourpence out o' yer shilling. Sandie cannot come; he's very ill. A cart ran ower him and knocked him down, and he lost his bon-

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net and his matches and your sevenpence. And both his legs are broken, and the doctor says he 'll die; and that 's a'.' And then, putting the fourpence on the table, the poor child broke down into great sobs. So I fed the little man, and I went with him to see Sandie. I found that the two little things lived alone, their father and mother being dead. Poor Sandie was lying on a bundle of shavings. He knew me as soon as I came in, and said, 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back; and then the horse knocked me down, and both my legs were broken. And oh, Reuby! little Reuby! I am sure that I am dying, and who will take care of you when I am gone? What will you do, Reuby?' Then I took his hand, and said I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength to look up at me as if to thank me; the light went out of his blue eyes. In a moment,—

"'He lay within the light of God,
Like a babe upon the breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.'"

PAY AS YOU GO.

[*From the New York Observer.*]

THE best of all rules for successful housekeeping and making both ends of the year meet, is "pay as you go." Beyond all countries in the world, ours is the one in which the credit system is the most used and abused. Pass-books are the bane and pest of domestic economy,—a perpetual plague, vexation, and swindle. Abused by servants at the store and the house, disputed constantly by housekeepers and dealers, they are temptations to both parties to do wrong. "I never had that;" "We neglected to enter this;" "I forgot to bring the book;" "Never mind, we 'll make a note of it;" and so it goes. But the worst of it is that housekeepers are tempted to order what they have not the means to pay for, and when the month or quarter comes for settlement they are straitened. A family can live respectably on a very moderate income if they always take the cash in hand, and buy where they can buy to the best advantage. Then they will be careful first to get what is necessary. Extra comforts will be had as they can afford them. But it is bad policy to buy on credit. No wise dealer sells so cheaply on credit as for cash.

The table is the place for economy. Good wholesome food costs little compared with unwholesome luxuries.

The dress of a family is so much a matter of taste, that it need hardly be said it is just as easy to be respectable in clothing that costs little, as in that which is expensive. To dress according to one's means is the only respectable style.

One must have a home, and in every place there are dwellings suited to the ability of the tenant or the purchaser. When the rent, the food, and the clothing are kept within one's income, the margin for benevolence, for luxury, and for pleasure may be measured and used. In these, as in other matters, "Pay as you go."

Having made no debts at shops or store, and especially having paid servants, workmen, and workwomen promptly their dues, it is well also to carry out the same punctuality and caution in donations. If you would endow a professorship, and have the means, do so; but do not give your note for it, promising to pay the interest. That is not an endowment, it is a promise to make it such. If your circumstances are changed by the force of events beyond your control, you cannot redeem your promise. We can point to many colleges, seminaries, and other institutions falsely supposed to be endowed, and the basis proved to be promises worth no more than the scrap of paper on which they are written.

In all things "Pay as you go." Keep out of debt as you would keep out of prison. Try this plan through the year 1879, and see how well it has worked when you review the subject in the beginning of 1880.

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13 — 15 — 14.

THE dews of March were falling fast,
As through our city streets there passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid sleet and ice,
A paper box with this device:
"13 — 15 — 14."

"Oh, try it not," the maiden said,
"'T will only yield an aching head;
I 've tried it till I 'm nearly dead."
He wandered on, and only said:
"13 — 15 — 14."

"Drop it quick," and the old man wept.
"For sixteen nights I have not slept,
For thirteen days no breakfast eat;
But oh! I have not got it yet, —
13 — 15 — 14."

But the voice of youth, the voice of age,
Were lost alike on puzzle sage.
With head bent low and knitted brow,
He murmured: "I have got it now, —
13 — 15 — 14."

Said the police: "Beware the gutter, —
The lamp-post dodge." He did but mutter:
"I am bound to get it if I try;
I 'll get it yet before I die, —
13 — 15 — 14."

At midnight, waking from a dream,
A neighbor heard a smothered scream,
And gazing out into the night,
Saw a youth shouting in his flight:
"13 — 15 — 14."

Beneath the morning light so gray
The mystic ashman came that way;
A dead man, pale and cold, found he, —
His fingers on the figures three:
13 — 15 — 14.

WHY is the letter G like a talisman? — Because by it we can turn everything old into gold.

GREAT TROTTERS.

BELOW will be found a list of the great trotters that have made a mile in less than 2 : 20 in harness or to wagon: —

2 : 10¾ — Maud S.
2 : 11¼ — St. Julien.
2 : 13¼ — Rarus.
2 : 14 — Goldsmith Maid.
2 : 14¼ — Hopeful.
2 : 15 — Lulu.
2 : 15¼ — Smuggler.
2 : 15¼ — Hattie Woodward.
2 : 16¼ — Lucille Golddust.
2 : 16½ — American Girl, Darby, and Hopeful to wagon.
2 : 16¾ — Occident.
2 : 17 — Gloster.
2 : 17¼ —Dexter.
2 : 17¾ — Hannis.
2 : 18 — Dick Swiveller, Edwin Forrest, Great Eastern, Judge Fullerton, Nettie Proteine, Red Cloud, and Santa Claus.
2 : 18½ — Lady Maud, Lady Thorn, Luck, Midnight, and Independence.
2 : 18¼ — Colonel Lewis, Slow Go, and Charley Ford.
2 : 18¾ — Nutwood and Patchen.
2 : 19 — Albemarle, Alley, Bonesetter, Cozette, Edward Graves, Wedgwood, Kitty Bates, and Mosa.
2 : 19¼ — Bodine, Comee, Croxie, and George Palmer.
2 : 19½ — Thomas L. Young and Keene Jim.
2 : 19¾ — Adelaide, Camors, Flora Temple, Trinket, and Dick Wright.

MAHOMET overheard one of his followers say, "I will loose my camel and commit him to God." "My friend," said Mahomet, "tie thy camel and commit him to God." It is presumption, and not faith, that expects a harvest without sowing, or that prays God to avert a calamity while neglecting to use all lawful means for averting it. The means themselves are God's messengers.

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MACPHERSON'S BICYCLE.

[*From the New York Times.*]

THE Rev. Mr. Macpherson had been for nearly a year the rector of the church in Ishkatawhunky, Iowa, and, together with his young and attractive wife, had won the warm admiration of all but the unmarried ladies of the parish, when he became interested in bicycles. Being young and athletic, he soon became an excellent rider, and every afternoon after four o'clock he was accustomed to mount his bicycle in the back yard, to ride swiftly down the carriage path to the street, and thence through the village. As his house was an isolated one, and no curious neighbors were near, Mrs. Macpherson undertook to learn to ride, and in a short time was able to mount with ease and to ride the length of the yard, where her husband would meet her and hold the machine while she dismounted. She greatly enjoyed the sport, and it may possibly have been in order to remove from her the temptation to ride outside of the yard that her husband avoided teaching her to dismount without his help. A fortnight ago Mr. Macpherson bought one of the new Chicago spring-motor velocipedes, without informing his wife of the nature of his purchase. It was delivered at his house while he was absent at the Diocesan Convention, and his wife was filled with admiration of its beauty. She was entirely ignorant that it was in any respect different from other machines, and late in the afternoon she determined to try it. Her husband not being at hand to help her to dismount she called the cook, and gave her full directions as to how to catch the machine and hold it. Then taking the new machine to the extreme rear of the yard, Mrs. Macpherson sprang into the saddle, and was off at a speed of fifteen miles an hour.

It need hardly be said that she was terribly frightened. Scarcely less frightened was the cook as she saw her mistress sweeping down upon her at so terrific a speed. Instead of trying to stop the machine, she screamed wildly and ran out of its path. The gate was open, and Mrs. Macpherson whirled into the street. She would have given worlds to stop the runaway bicycle, but she did not know the secret of the lever, and she did not dare to risk her life by jumping off. In a few minutes she found herself entering the long principal street of Ishkatawhunky, and saw that the inhabitants were flocking to the sidewalk to watch her. She was crimson with horror as she reflected that the machine was strictly designed for riders with trousers, and for a moment she almost made up her mind to throw herself to the ground, regardless of consequences. Fortunately she reflected that the results of a fall would be more startling and extensive even than those entailed by keeping her seat, and so, trying to comfort herself with the reflection that they were real Balbriggan, and unusually tasteful in color and pattern, she rode on. She would gladly have changed places with Mazeppa, who rode through a desert instead of a crowded street, and she envied Lady Godiva, who had induced the people of Coventry to close their window-blinds. The sensation she caused as she rushed through the village and out again upon the prairie, cannot be described, but she knew perfectly well that no possible story that she could devise would be accepted in explanation of the frightful impropriety of which she had been guilty.

The runaway bicycle came to a stop ten miles out of Ishkatawhunky, and close to a railway station. Mrs. Macpherson promptly took the train to Milwaukee, where her parents resided, and then telegraphed to her husband. Of course she never returned to Ishkatawhunky, and Mr. Macpherson was requested to resign his parish on the ground that the conduct of his wife was to the last degree scandalous. He has since given up bicycling, but he is under a cloud, and his hopes of usefulness in the Church are ruined.

WHEN does a man have to keep his word?—When no one will take it?

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PRESIDENT FILLMORE'S VISIT TO BOSTON.

PRESIDENT FILLMORE visited Boston on the 17th of September, 1851. He was met at Newport by a committee of the Legislature, and at Harrison Square, Dorchester, by a large concourse of people. The arrival was the signal for huzzas, waving of flags, and firing of salutes. Marshall P. Wilder welcomed the President, who made an appropriate response. The Lancers, mounted on fine gray horses, acted as a body-guard to the President, who was accompanied by Alexander H. H. Stuart, Secretary of the Interior, William H. Graham, Secretary of the Navy, and United States Marshal Devens. The procession moved through the principal streets of Dorchester, and the President was everywhere received with cheers, fifteen hundred school children, on Meeting House Hill, giving him a grand ovation. On arriving at the line, on Eustis Street, separating Dorchester from Old Roxbury, Mayor Samuel Walker welcomed the party. The arrival of the procession at the Neck at noon was heralded by a salute by artillery. Henry Wilson, then President of the Senate, introduced the President to Mayor Bigelow, who extended the courtesies of the city. The President then took a seat with Mayor Bigelow in a barouche drawn by six gray horses, driven by James Stearns, of Cambridge. The military escort consisted of two brigades under Major-General Edmands, and the decorations along the route were very fine. On the arrival of the column at the Revere House the demonstration was of an enthusiastic character. Here the President met Daniel Webster and Governor Boutwell. In the afternoon, the presidential party was escorted to the State House by the Independent Cadets of Salem and Boston, the building being packed from top to bottom. Then followed speeches by the President, Mr. Stuart, Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Conrad, Secretary of War, Daniel Webster, and Governor Boutwell. Next in order was a military review on the Common, and a dinner at the Revere House in the evening. The next two days the President and suite took an active part in the festivities attending the railroad and steamship jubilee, including the great dinner in a tent on the Common, when some three thousand five hundred plates were laid. The addresses were from some of the most distinguished men of the land. A grand display of fireworks closed the festivities. — *Commonwealth.*

JOSHUA B. SMITH.

THE death of Mr. Joshua B. Smith, the colored caterer, which occurred yesterday [July 5, 1879], will be a surprise to many who did not know how much this gentleman's health had been impaired of late. Mr. Smith was not only among the best-known of Bostonians, but he had become in some sense a historical character, from the fact that he was accepted by Mr. Sumner, Mr. Garrison, and others of the anti-slavery advocates of New England, as the leading representative man of his race in the era that preceded emancipation. Mr. Sumner especially had accorded him a distinction of friendship which long connected his name with that of this philanthropist and statesman.

It was plain, from Mr. Smith's appearance, that he was not of unmixed African blood. One account states that he had none, being the son of an Englishman and an Indian woman. He always spoke of himself, however, as of the colored race. He was born in Coatsville, Penn., November 3, 1813, and early attracted the attention of a wealthy Quaker lady, who sent him to the public schools, where he acquired what little education he had as a lad. He came North in 1836, and was the head waiter at the Mount Washington House at South Boston, a hotel on the site of the present Blind Asylum. He subsequently was employed by the family of the late Robert G. Shaw, and it was while serving at Mr. Shaw's table that he first met with Senator Sumner. From this service he went

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into the employ of Mr. Thacker, the leading colored caterer of that time. There Mr. Smith exhibited a capacity which led him soon after to begin in business for himself. He was celebrated for his success in preparing dinners and providing for parties. For years he had no rival in Boston in this line. Mr. Smith was possessed of a fine personal presence and had gentlemanly manners. These qualities, combined with a native intelligence, attracted the general attention of those who employed him. Included among them were many men of distinction in literature and in public life. He was more or less noticed by all, and was honored with the friendship of Charles Sumner, of Governor Andrew, and of others who took an interest in his race. In an interesting review of his career and character in the "Traveller" we find the following reference to this period of his history: —

At the time of the great Railroad Jubilee, when the Earl of Elgin, then Governor-General of Canada, was present, Mr. Smith especially distinguished himself at the banquet served in his honor. His acquaintance in the practice of his calling naturally came to include a large number of the great men of the day. His personal reminiscences were, as a consequence, ample and varied. He was fond of recalling how, when Daniel Webster was receiving, at his home at Marshfield, the English minister, Mr. Crampton, the great Expounder sent to him to come down and cater for his illustrious guest. It was just after Webster's famous speech of March 7, 1850, and Mr. Smith, fresh from its perusal, sent a note to Marshfield, saying that he "could not cater for the man who made the 7th of March speech." The Hon. Benjamin R. Curtis once gave a grand dinner to some forty gentlemen, mostly from the South. It was shortly after the Elgin banquet on the Common, already alluded to. One of Mr. Curtis's guests said: "I understand that banquet on the Common was got up by a colored man." At once one of the Southerners remarked contemptuously, "No nigger ever had brains enough to superintend that dinner." Mr. Curtis, who sat at the head of the table as host, made a pretext for sending Caterer Smith out of the room, and as he closed the door behind him said: "Gentlemen, that banquet *was* gotten up by that man who just left the room, and whatever any man in this room can do, that man is able to do, so far as natural ability goes."

He made a good deal of money, but his liberality of disposition prevented his accumulating the fortune that should have been his. He never pressed for payment of debts when what was due him was not promptly forthcoming, and he therefore lost sums which a more exacting man would have secured. He loaned money in several instances to parties who failed to pay, and he was very liberal in his charities to his own race and to others. This has probably caused him to die a comparatively poor man.

Mr. Smith for many years evinced no desire to engage in politics as a candidate for office. In 1872, however, he was elected to the House of Representatives of the State Legislature from the city of Cambridge. He served in that body three years with credit to himself. He frequently took part in its debates, and became respected and a favorite among its members. His defence of Charles Sumner against the attempts to censure him in the Legislature, and his eulogy of Mr. Sumner after the death of the latter, are well remembered.

Mr. Smith was a man of generous instincts and large heart. He was intelligent, upright, and conscientious in a rare degree. Personally, he well deserved to be the favorite that he almost universally was. In his business life he evinced talent and executive capacity. No colored man in Boston has had anything like the same number of friends among the white race, or has won distinction approaching his with the public. His loss will be much mourned, and his memory will be respected by a wide circle in society.

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In what place does July come before June? — In the dictionary.

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"SOTTO L' USBERGO DEL SENTISSI PURO."

BY T. W. PARSONS.

BRUSH not the floor where my lady hath trod,
Lest one light sign of her foot you mar;
For where she walks in the spring on the sod,
There, I have noticed, most violets are.

Touch not her work nor her book, nor a thing
That her exquisite finger hath only pressed;
But fan the dust off with a plume that the wing
Of a ringdove let fall on his way to his nest.

I think the sun stops, if a moment she stand
In the morn sometimes at her father's door;
And the brook where she may have dipt her hand,
Runs purer to me than it did before.

How I dare to speak to her, scarce I can guess;
But the courage comes, for she makes me strong.
What *is* in my heart? Is it love? Oh, yes!
But a love with worship, that knows no wrong.

Under the mail of "*I know me pure*,"
I dare to *dream* of her; and by day,
As oft as I come to her presence, I 'm sure
Had I one low thought, she would look it away.

ABSENT-MINDED. — Jonathan Edwards was noted for absent-mindedness. When out riding one day a little boy opened a gate for him. "Whose boy are you, my little man?" asked the great theologian. "Noah Clark's boy, sir," was the answer. On the return of Edwards soon after, the same boy appeared and opened the gate for him again. The great theologian thanked him, and asked, "Whose boy are you, my little man?" to which the urchin replied, "Noah Clark's boy, sir; the same man's boy I was a quarter of an hour ago, sir."

ON Saturday, August 23, 1879, there died at Providence, Mr. J. Dunham Hedge, the librarian of the Providence Athenæum. He was born at Cambridge in 1809, on the seventh of January. His father was Levi Hedge, LL.D., his grandfather, the Rev. Lemuel Hedge, while his elder brother is now a professor at Harvard. Mr. J. D. Hedge was a Harvard graduate, and he grew up under the Cambridge influences of the second quarter in this century. This accounts largely for the truly classical tastes of the deceased. He was one of the few men, too rare now, who delighted in purchasing and in reading a model edition of a true Roman. Since 1854 he was the heart and soul of the Providence Athenæum, and in that capacity he contributed indefinitely to the literary taste and culture of Providence. The singular sweetness of his temper, his lavish liberality, and his truly encyclopædic knowledge were proverbial, and more than one of his younger friends did not think it worth while to undertake anything in reading without the advice of Mr. Hedge. Although he lived a quarter of a century in Providence, and was greatly beloved, he always felt that his true home was in Cambridge or Boston. His wife, who was the staff and comfort of his life, preceded him a few months since; they had no children. Mr. Hedge was born on a Saturday, and he wanted to die on a Saturday. His wish was gratified. Many thousands knew him as a singularly kind and obliging literary gentleman, a few knew of his love for the classics, and only one or two of his most intimate friends knew of his deep faith in the truths of the Christian religion.

TWO countrymen went into a hatter's to buy one of them a hat. They were delighted with the sample, inside the crown of which was inserted a looking-glass. "What is the glass for?" said one of the men. The other, impatient at such a display of rural ignorance, exclaimed, "What for? Why, for the man who buys the hat to see how it fits!"

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AT THE FIRESIDE.

THE June, 1880, number of the "Nursery," the pretty little monthly magazine published for the benefit of the youngest readers, contains these verses by Governor John D. Long: —

AT nightfall, by the firelight's cheer,
My little Margaret sits me near,
And begs me tell of things that were
When I was little just like her.

Ah, little lips, you touch the spring
Of sweetest sad remembering,
And hearth and heart flash all aglow
With ruddy tints of long ago.

I at my father's fireside sit,
Youngest of all who circle it,
And beg him tell me what did he,
When he was little, just like me.

AN INTERESTING INVALID. — The "Nachrichten" of Basel adds a new anecdote to the rich collection of German stork tales. During one of the great storms of the present year the lightning struck a barn in the village of Löwenberg, and a stork's nest, in which there were some young storklings, was threatened by the flames. The two parent birds contemplated the horrible situation from a distance with evident distress. At last the mother bird darted down upon the nest, and, seizing one of her young family with her beak, bore it off to a safe spot upon a meadow. The father followed her, and settled down to keep watch over his offspring. When the mother returned to the scene of danger, the fire had reached the nest, in which one bird still remained; but while she was flying round it, preparing for a descent, the young one fell through the charred nest into the burning barn. It was no moment for thought. Down darted the mother into the smoke and fire, and, coming up with her *Sprössling* in her beak, flew off, apparently unhurt. On the next day a wounded stork fell to the ground in the market-place of the neighboring town of Trebbin. She was unable to stand, and the policeman of the little town carried her into the guard-house, where it was discovered that both her legs were sorely burned, and she was recognized as the heroic mother who had done the brave feat of rescue at the fire in Löwenberg. A physician was sent for, and the burgomaster found her a temporary hospital in the Rathhaus. Meanwhile, the spouse of the sick she-stork had discovered her whereabouts. He attended diligently to the two young ones, and paid daily visits to the mother, as if to inform himself how the patient was getting on, and to assure her that their children were doing well. The school children of Trebbin readily charged themselves with the task of finding food for the patient, bringing her every day far more than the necessary number of living frogs. The burgomaster paid an official visit every day to the sick guest of the municipality, to see that the doctor's orders were duly carried out, and in less than a fortnight the bird was sufficiently hale to fly away to her husband and children. — *London Globe.*

A GENTLEMAN who had a leisure rainy hour, the other afternoon, was led, while considering the wear to which a watch is subjected, to go into a calculation of the distance the second-hand travels in a year. The result, which nobody would guess, is this: The distance is two hundred and forty feet a day, and nearly seventeen miles a year; in exact figures, sixteen miles, one hundred and eighty rods, and eighteen inches, — not counting the extra quarter of a day, which should be counted, and which adds sixty feet. The watch is of the ordinary size of a Swiss pocket-watch, the second dial being five-eighths of an inch in diameter. The sum is a simple and easy one, which anybody can figure out who chooses to give a few minutes to it. — *Hartford Times.*

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BELOW — ABOVE.

THESE lines, by Bishop Alexander of Derry, were repeated by Bishop Huntington at the close of his sermon preached at the consecration of St. Stephen's Memorial Church, in Lynn, Nov. 2, 1881.

DOWN below, the church, to whose poor window
Glory by the autumnal trees is lent,
And a knot of worshippers in mourning,
Missing some one at the sacrament.

Down below, a sad, mysterious music,
Wailing through the woods and on the shore,
Blended with a grand, majestic secret
That keeps sweeping from us evermore.

Up above, the host no man can number,
In white robes, a palm in every hand;
Each some work sublime forever working,
In the spacious tracts of that great Land.

THE GREAT BELL OF ST. PAUL'S.

[*From the New York Times.*]

THERE is one traditional custom in London, on the occasion of such an event as has just occurred here [the death of President Garfield], which carries with it a sort of weird solemnity, — we mean the tolling of the great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral. In all the years which have elapsed since that structure rose, which, superb as it is, fell, through the interference of others, so far short of the designs of its creator that he shed bitter tears over the failure of his hopes, the "great bell" has only tolled as many times as a man might in two minutes count on his fingers. Severe ceremony attends the event. On the demise of a member of the Royal Family, the Secretary of State for the Home Department addresses a letter to the Lord Mayor, — still a high functionary, albeit not quite the grandee of those days when Brass Crosby or Beckford ("Vathek's" father) ruled in "the City," announcing the event, — which is forthwith posted at the Mansion House. In his letter the Secretary requests that the Lord Mayor will take the necessary steps for the tolling of the great bell of St. Paul's. The king of "the City" then communicates with the Very Reverend the Dean of St. Paul's, who, supreme in his cathedral, gives the requisite order. It was by the solemn, grand, deep-toned death-strokes of this famous bell that the life-grief of Queen Victoria was announced to thousands who will never forget those resonant tones which have been immortalized by the illustrious author of "Villette." Except in the case of such men as Wellington and Nelson, the bell tolls only for the Royal Family, the Bishop of London, the Lord Mayor, and the Dean of St. Paul's. It would toll also for a prime minister dying in office. The most romantic incident connected with this bell (soon, we understand, to be recast) occurred some seventy-five years ago, at the time when "Bony" was the bugaboo by whom British nurses hushed refractory charges into propriety. A sentinel on Windsor Terrace was found apparently asleep, and immediately arrested. The penalty for such an offence then was death. "I was not asleep," said the delinquent; "I was lying listening intently, and to prove it I will tell you this, — I heard the clock of St. Paul's, which strikes on the great bell, strike thirteen." Of course the man was not believed; but subsequent inquiry proved that in consequence of something going wrong in the machinery of the clock it had that night struck thirteen. The question has often been mooted whether the strokes could have been heard. Windsor Terrace stands on very high ground, the country being flat between it and London, about fifteen miles from St. Paul's, in an air-line, and it has been thought that with the wind blowing from London a man with very sharp ears might have distinguished the boom of the great bell.

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EMBROIDERY AND JAPANESE WORK.

AT the Museum of Fine Arts the most beautiful embroideries ever exhibited in this country are now to be seen. First in importance, because first in originality, are the landscapes by Mrs. O. W. Holmes, Jr. This is probably the most remarkable needle-work ever done. It stands quite alone, and there is nothing in the least like it with which to compare it. Mrs. Holmes, who, as Miss Dixwell, contributed decorative embroidery to some of the earlier art exhibitions, is an artist; but instead of using paints and canvas, she makes her pictures with silks and satin, using her needle with masterly freedom, and producing tender or bold effects with the same ease that an accomplished painter does. She has no patterns which are to be painfully followed, but on the satin background she sketches and fills in her picture with her needle with boldness and wonderful success. One who has not seen this work cannot form the least idea of it.

The fourteen panels now at the Museum are,— a winter scene: a dark tree and driving snow; a wide water view, framed in pine-trees; a field, with glimpses of the sea through evergreens; a sunset at sea; a silvery gray day at sea, with one sail in the foreground; a gorgeous sunset; a mass of milk-weed in seed, flying about as if in a light wind; clematis in its bearded state, with a little bird a-tilt on a stalk of dead mullein; two river-scenes: one at night with stars and a new moon, the other, a golden sunset; a summer sea with pine-trees; a field of golden-rod and asters, with the sea beyond; an ocean view: blue, white-capped waves, with no shore and no sail; and a field of white weed in bloom beneath a golden sky. Perspective, atmosphere, character are all given in this interesting work, and Mrs. Holmes knows how to produce any desired effect of light or warmth. It is useless to talk about style or stitches. The style is her own,— she has invented it; the stitches cannot be described. Here they are massed and rich and heavy, there delicate and smooth; in one place orderly and regular, in another flung from point to point with the freedom and grace of a spider's lines. The panels are for wall-decoration, and this is the only opportunity for the public to see them.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE, in Westmoreland County, Va., on the bank of the Potomac, is now marked only by a pile of crumbling brick and a simple stone, suitably inscribed, that was erected by a namesake. The house was destroyed by fire during the President's boyhood, and as the spot is visited by but few people, little thought has been given until recently to the placing of a memorial upon the site. A short time before his term of office expired, Secretary Evarts took a lively interest in the matter. It was afterward brought before Congress, and that body appropriated $30,000 for such a monument as was acceptable to the State Department. It is certain that the plans by which the work will be done are those submitted by Howe and Dodd of this city. Over the ruins of the fireplace it is proposed to build a house twenty-five feet square and about thirty-five feet high, the roof being pitched. The locality is so lonely, that in preparing the designs the architects considered well the fact that the memorial must stand for years without much care. They select brick and terra-cotta for building materials, granite not being available, and intend that the roof shall be covered with tiles, and the doors and windows screened by bronze grilles. Over the door will be the inscription, "George Washington, *Hic Natus, Ubique Notus.*" This is to be surmounted by an eagle. On either side of the door, in panels, will be placed the ancient gravestones now standing on the premises. The interior of the building will be plain, the roof-timbers showing, and the floor being laid in mosaic. The house will be in full view of passengers on the river boats.

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GARFIELD AS A FARM-BOY.

C. H. LEONARD, M.D., of Detroit, who was a class-mate of Garfield at College, writes these recollections of him in the "News" of that city, —

When he came to work for my grandfather (he worked two summers for him, during haying and harvest-time), he was a lad of some sixteen years, tall, muscular, "raw-boned," poorly clad, pants not reaching down to his ankles, barefooted (as my grandfather describes him on his first visit), hair fuzzy, wiry, and rebellious to a comb, large eyes, and a frank, honest face. He had a scythe swung over his shoulder, and was walking with long, though not ungainly, strides toward the farmhouse. His first question was, after salutations, if my grandfather needed another man. The reply was, yes, he needed another man, but not a boy. Garfield then argued the point, that if a boy could do a man's work, then a boy should have a man's wages, and so far as the employer was concerned, it ought not to matter how old the laborer was.

The argument was so well put that it attracted my grandfather's attention, and instead of turning him away abruptly, as he intended doing, he began questioning him as to his early history, intentions, etc. Garfield explained quite minutely, ending with the remark that he had just quit the canal, and that he wanted to earn some money with which to get an education. The conversation ended in a contract that if the boy did the man's work, as the boy felt confident of doing, then he should receive a man's wages (I think it was seventy-five cents for harvest hands).

The next morning he was assigned his position, with four good mowers, in a field of Timothy-grass. The four men thought they would have a little fun, so they placed the "boy" in the middle, two to lead him in swath-making, and two to crowd him close at the rear, and so turn their swaths upon him and "bush him" as they had planned. Swath after swath was cut around the field, the "boy," rather than lagging behind, crowding a little on the mowers in front. Things were getting uncomfortable for the four as the day advanced, and when the noon-horn was blown, they were very glad to get the hour's rest.

The "boy" said nothing, ate his dinner silently, and when the "nooning" was up, and the men had returned to the field, asked if they would allow him to "lead" in the afternoon, as he was anxious to make his claim good to Mr. Taylor (my grandfather). The boy's hands were then already blistered, though he made no murmur as he struck into the grass as leader for swath number one. If things were uncomfortable for the four in the forenoon, they were getting still more so as the afternoon wore along. They wanted rest; but the "boy" kept at work, and finally put the four "to bush," while he kept steadily along with a sure, but slower swing of his scythe, till the hour for supper had come. After this was over, the four soon went to bed. The "boy" asked for an extra "tallow-dip" (as candles were called in those days).

"What for?" said my grandfather, in great surprise.

"Why, to study by, sir; I hope you have no objections. It is the only time I have for such work, as you must very well know."

"Why, certainly; but bless you, sir, you have done two men's work to-day, and you ought to be in bed."

"Never mind me, Mr. Taylor; I don't feel very tired," was his modest reply.

And study he did that night till nearly two in the morning. And these evening studies were kept up nightly till the small hours of the morning during the entire summer. It is needless to say that he received "man's wages," and always afterwards found a hearty welcome at Worthy Taylor's.

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WHY is the letter *r* like the face of Hamlet's father? — Because it 's "more in sorrow than in anger."

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ANOTHER STORY OF LINCOLN.

[*From the Independent.*]

In one of my temperance pilgrimages through Illinois, I met a gentleman who was the companion of a dreary ride which Lincoln made in a light wagon, going the rounds of a Circuit Court where he had clients to look after. The weather was rainy, the road "heavy" with mud of the Southern Illinois pattern, never to be imagined as to its blackness and profundity by him who has not seen it, and assuredly needing no description to jostle the memory of him who has. Lincoln enlivened the way with anecdote and recital, for few, indeed, were the incidents that relieved the tedium of the trip. At last, in wallowing through a "slough" of the most approved Western manufacture, they came upon a poor shark of a hog which had succumbed to gravitation, and was literally fast in the mud. The lawyers commented on the poor creature's pitiful condition, and drove on. About half a mile was laboriously gone over, when Lincoln suddenly exclaimed, —

"I don't know how you feel about it, but I 've got to go back and pull that pig out of the slough."

His comrade laughed, thinking it merely a joke; but what was his surprise when Lincoln dismounted, left him to his reflections, and, striding slowly back, like a man on stilts, picking his way as his long walking implements permitted, grappled with the drowning swine, dragged him out of the ditch, left him on its edge to recover his strength, slowly measured off the distance back to his buggy, and the two men drove on as if nothing had happened.

One incident like that, revealing a great and magnanimous character, while yet utterly unknown to fame, is worth a volume of dress-parade records, posthumous or otherwise. It is for this reason we cherish the stories of Lincoln's and of Garfield's obscurity, and delight to find that they were always great.

The grand and brotherly nature which could not consent to see the lowest of animals suffer without coming to its rescue, at great personal discomfort, was nurtured by years of self-abnegation for the great struggle, when he should be strong enough to "put a shoulder to the wheel" that should lift the chariot of state out of the mire and set a subject race upon its feet.

A CHILD'S EMBARRASSMENT: A LEGEND.

BY EMILY PFEIFFER.

There went a widow woman from the outskirts of the city,
Whose lonely sorrow might have moved the stones she trod to pity.

She wandered weeping through the fields, by God and man forsaken,
Still calling on a little child the reaper Death had taken.

When lo! upon a day she met a white-robed train advancing,
And brightly on their golden heads their golden crowns were glancing.

Child Jesus led a happy band of little ones a-maying,
With flowers of spring and gems of dew, all innocently playing.

Far from the rest the widow sees, and flies to clasp her treasure:
"What ails thee, darling, that thou must not take with these thy pleasure?"

"O mother, little mother mine, behind the rest I tarry;
For see how heavy with your tears the pitcher I must carry.

"If you had ceased to weep for me when Jesus went a-maying,
I should have been amongst the blest, with little Jesus playing."

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THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CLOCKS.

When General Grant returned to Philadelphia after his great tour around the world, he brought to his friend Mr. George W. Childs a large hall-clock, which he designed as a companion-piece to two remarkable timekeepers then in Mr. Childs's possession. One had ticked for more than two centuries in an Austrian cloister, and had rung out the signal which daily roused the monks to their devotions; the other is the most complex and the most complete piece of time-measuring machinery that can be found in America. To look at these curiosities, a reporter visited the private office of the "Ledger" publisher on Sixth Street, below Chestnut. A glance around the room revealed clocks in every place where such heavy articles could be put. On Mr. Childs's writing-desk were three odd-looking timepieces. On the top was a clock made with lapis-lazuli case, one foot high and ten inches broad. Stone as it is, the clock case is worth more than its weight in solid gold, and is the highest-priced article in the room. Immediately below is an odd-looking ornament, consisting of two uprights, supporting what at first glance appears to be a ball, but which is a Japanese clock, the dial completely covering the front half of the sphere, and curious hands pointing out Japanese scrawls to denote the hours. The works inside rock like a cradle. There is a third clock on Mr. Childs's desk, an ornamental steeple-clock, which is set in a stand that indicates the day and date of the month.

Over the old-fashioned fireplace, where the grate is suspended by a heavy iron crane, there is a basso-relievo, wherein a winged cupid is depicted bearing an hour-glass, to typify the flight of time, while on the mantel, immediately overhead, is a bronze and marble French clock of beautiful design and exquisite finish, and of such fine workmanship that it varies hardly more than a minute in a year. It has a perpetual calendar attachment, and cost over eight hundred dollars.

On each side of the mantel, under life-sized pictures of Messrs. Curtis and Drexel, are clocks marking two periods in French history. One has a case of tortoise-shell, inlaid with bronze scroll-work, such as was fashionable in the time of Louis the Fourteenth; the other is in the rococo style which was popular during the time of Henry the Fourth. The bronze case, nearly three feet high, is profuse in decoration of a debased style that succeeded the first revival of Italian architecture.

Above a huge ebony cabinet, filled with curiosities of every variety, stands an antique English clock, with square ebony case. It is very plain and very old; the seconds being measured by a verge escapement which was supplanted more than two hundred years ago by the pendulum.

Another expensive clock on the walls has a case of malachite ornamented with bronze. This is Russian work. The clock stands on a neat bracket of malachite and bronze, that was made in this country to Mr. Childs's order, at a cost of two hundred and fifty dollars.

The glance around the room from desk and mantel, and bracket and cabinet, now strikes three hall-clocks, — the dearest treasures of the collector. The "convent" clock, which came from an Austrian cloister, is over two hundred years old, is roughly made, and is exceedingly crude in its mechanism.

General Grant's present, sometimes known as the Grant clock, and often named the Klingenburg clock (after its maker, John Klingenburg, of Amsterdam), is of great value. But, precious as are these two timekeepers, they are commonplace as compared with the Rittenhouse clock, which occupies an honored corner in the magnificent office. For ingenuity and accuracy and beauty of workmanship, it is believed to exceed any clock in America. David Rittenhouse, a famous Philadelphian, after whom Rittenhouse Square was named, made the clock, in 1767, for Joseph Potts, who paid $640 to Rittenhouse. This timepiece was much sought after in the early days of the Republic, one hundred and twenty-five guineas

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having been offered for it by Lord Howe when he was holding Philadelphia under occupation. Later on, the Spanish Minister to the United States wanted to make a substantial present to his sovereign, and offered eight hundred dollars for this clock. It, however, fell into the possession of the Barton family, who retained it until it was bought by Mr. Childs in October, 1879. The intricacy of its mechanism is wonderful. It contains seventy-two wheels, with 5685 teeth. It is operated by three weights, aggregating one hundred pounds in weight. In addition to the timepiece, it has a musical attachment, and a limited planetarium in miniature. On its face are six dials. The main dial in the centre has four hands, indicating seconds, minutes, hours, and days, the last being so set as to run perpetually, with due provision for leap year, and all the other vagaries of the calendar. The phases of the moon are also shown. The second dial accurately represents the movements of Venus, Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, and the earth around the sun, each of the planets being represented by a small gold ball that makes its orbital revolutions around the central sun with wonderful precision. Thus far the gold ball marked Jupiter has made only nine and a half revolutions since the clock was made, one hundred and fourteen years ago. The rim of the dial is marked with the signs of the zodiac, thus showing the location of each planet. Equally curious is the dial in the upper left-hand corner, which describes the moon's phases in its course around the earth. The moon is portrayed by a ball, half white and half black, which slowly traverses around another ball representing the earth, the moon being made to revolve on a pivot in such manner as to give the correct view of it when in its various stages of reflection. The lower left-hand corner dial shows Saturn slowly crawling along its twenty-nine-year course around the sun. Another astronomical feature of the clock is its sun-dial, which shows sun time, fast or slow, in comparison with mean meridian time. The movement necessary for this dial is exceedingly intricate and rare. The sixth dial reveals a combination of chimes, which play at every quarter, half, and full hour. A hand is turned to one of ten numbers, and when the quarter point is reached, a peal of choral music is heard, lasting for a minute. A gentle push on a little knob on the dial brings a repetition, and the twenty tiny bells gush out their sweet melodies.

These clocks in Mr. Childs's office could not be bought for any money. They cost over ten thousand dollars, while thirty thousand dollars will hardly cover the cost of all his clocks, numbering fifty, the others being divided among his summer house at Wootten, his Long Branch residence, and his mansion at Twenty-Second and Walnut Streets. Every room in each of these domiciles has its clock, and each clock has its peculiar merit. In the library, at the corner of Twenty-Second and Walnut Streets, is a heavy clock, rich in design and finish, that was once owned by Prince Napoleon; while in the parlor, to be found between the two front windows, stands what is perhaps the most costly parlor clock in the world. It weighs two tons and stands nine feet high, onyx and verd-antique forming a base two feet square and four feet high. On this pedestal poses a life-size figure in silver of a woman, her raised arm poising a circular pendulum, which operates the machinery in the base. The clock has quite a history. It won universal admiration, as well as the grand prize, at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, when Le Grand Lockwood bought it after a sharp bidding with the Emperor of Russia, and placed it in his palatial home in Norwalk, Conn., where it remained until Lockwood's riches had been squandered, and the auctioneer mounted the block to sell off the effects for what they would bring. Mr. Childs visited the place eleven years ago, when studying designs for his Walnut Street house, and upon the announcement of the auction sale, the "Ledger" publisher went to Norwalk and there encountered A. T. Stewart's agent in competition. The price was started by Mr. Childs at one thousand dollars. Mr. Stewart's

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man bid two thousand dollars, and Mr. Childs bid three thousand dollars. Tapping the "Ledger" publisher on the shoulder, the representative of Stewart said with surprised tone, "Mr. Childs, I am bidding for Mr. Stewart."

"I can't help it," said Mr. Childs; "I want that clock."

"Four thousand dollars," exclaimed the agent, turning to the auctioneer.

"Five thousand dollars," added Mr. Childs, and to him the clock was sold.

A GOOD story is current of Prince Alexander of Holland. The prince, a young man of rather staid and literary tastes, paid a visit to Berlin last summer, and a review was given in his honor by the imperial court. Military pageants form an integral part of every grand reception in the Prussian capital; but Prince Alexander, with little inclination for soldiery, sat in silent contemplation while the troops were defiling before him. All at once the Crown Prince drew his guest's attention to a Uhlan regiment, with the remark that they were "a fine body of men." "Yes," replied Prince Alexander; "but they are not tall enough." This reply, delivered with the traditional Dutch phlegm, a little surprised his interlocutor, who, however, merely observed, "Very well, then, you must see my cuirassiers." The cuirassiers, erect in their saddles like men-at-arms of the middle ages, went by in breastplates and plumes. "Well, what do you think of them?" asked Prince Fritz. "Splendid men, but not tall enough." Still more piqued and astonished at this unexpected response, the heir to the crown of Germany exclaimed, "Indeed; then wait till you see the regiments of the Guard." In due time these magnificent six-footers made their appearance, and the same query fell from the lips of the Crown Prince "They are not tall enough," very quietly returned Prince Alexander; adding gently, but meaningly, "We can flood our country, when we choose, twelve feet deep."

IDA LEWIS.

NEWPORT, October 11, 1881.

THIS morning about fifty people gathered, by invitation of Mr. Cozzens, our collector, at the custom-house, as representatives of the American people, to confer upon Ida Lewis a gold medal donated to her by act of Congress. It was an honor such as has fallen to no woman in the history of our nation. For bravery and heroism in saving lives at the peril of her own, was this token given to this woman by the United States Government.

Had you looked in upon this gathering, and sought to select from among us all the woman who seemed most likely to possess the physical strength to lift strong men out of seething seas, and the courage and calmness to fight all the elements with no thought of self-preservation, you would without doubt have passed the heroine herself by. There she sat, timid and nervous, with downcast eyes and flitting color, a small and very slender-waisted young woman, half an invalid, and shrinking from any mention of her deeds. But modesty and bravery go hand in hand in woman. Ida Lewis is no fine lady, but there is nothing suggestive of the masculine about her. Her hands show traces of her daily labor, and she is browned and burned by her exposure. She wore a rather plainly-made black-silk dress, fastened at the neck by the Sorosis badge, presented to her by that society of women in New York. I believe in my heart that she would rather fight a storm any day than go through the ordeal of hearing speeches about her, and having gold medals placed in her hands. A boat was sent for her to-day, but she believes in paddling her own canoe, and she rowed herself and her sister, — a pretty young girl, — over to the city in her own boat.

This medal, which is very beautiful and costly, bears upon its obverse: "To Ida Lewis Wilson, for signal heroism in saving two men from drowning, Feb. 4, 1881." This inscription is on a tablet, around which runs: "In testimony of heroic deeds in

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saving life from the floods of the sea." Upon the reverse is a beautifully executed representation, in relief, of a boat in which is a woman rescuing men from the waves, and the inscription: "Life-saving medal of the first-class, awarded under act of Congress." Lieutenant Chadwick, of the Navy, made the presentation speech, in which he stated that she had saved at her peril thirteen lives, two of which were those of United States soldiers. Last March the Humane Society of Massachusetts gave her a silver medal, and the Life-Saving Benevolent Society of New York gave her a medal at one time and also one hundred dollars. Mrs. Lewis has received also some pieces of plate from individuals whom she has rescued, but she has reaped very little pecuniary benefit, though she has ruined her health in her utter disregard of self. She has always shown the greatest modesty in relation to her deeds. Again and again have the papers all over the world told of her heroism in the most glowing terms, yet not a line of all this has she preserved. She has kept no record of what she has done, does not know the dates of her rescues, and in most instances did not learn the names of the men she saved. In requesting Lieutenant-Governor Fay to-day to express her thanks to Lieutenant Chadwick for his kind expressions, and her gratitude to the Government, she said that she was not conscious of doing any act of unusual heroism, or anything different from what any woman, and certainly every man, would do at such times; that what was termed her bravery was only that which she did incidental to circumstances. Lieutenant-Governor Fay denied her request simply to voice her gratitude for the honor shown her, and spoke of the pride that Newport justly takes in having for a citizen such an example of heroism and self-sacrifice. Ex-Governor Van Zandt also spoke of his remembrance of her as of an elfish child at the lighthouse, who had astonished him by suddenly becoming the saviour of brawny men. But Mrs. Lewis became so manifestly uncomfortable, that speech-making was done away with, and personal congratulations followed. It was a scene, as Governor Van Zandt stated, that would live in history, this bestowal, for the first time upon a woman, of the highest public testimonial at the disposal of our Government.

Ida Lewis has been married, but was unfortunate in her marriage, and since her desertion by her husband is known as Mrs. Lewis, though her legal name is Wilson. Nearly all distinguished visitors to Newport, including foreigners, visit her at the lighthouse, and two Presidents and two Vice-Presidents and the Emperor of Brazil have paid their respects to her in her little parlor, which is scrupulously neat, but so tiny that a cat certainly could not be swung in it with impunity.

MARGERY DEANE.

THE LARGEST TELESCOPE EVER MADE. — Alvan Clark and Sons, Cambridgeport, have in hand the largest telescope ever made, it being a 36-inch object glass, and ordered for the Lick Observatory, California, at a cost of fifty thousand dollars without the mounting. The largest one before this, also by the Clarks, was a 30-inch, for the Pulkowa Observatory, Russia. The next below this was a 26-inch glass for the Government Observatory at Washington. This latter is the largest refracting telescope in the world actually mounted and in use, that for the Pulkowa being near its completion, and that for the Lick just entered upon and to be finished in about two years. For the testing of the Lick instrument, the Clarks are constructing a brick tower, supporting an immense iron cylinder, with such gearing as to be easily directed to any point in the heavens. So thoroughly have the astronomical instruments of this firm been tested by scientific observers, that they are now conceded to have no equals and no competitors in their line of business, either in this country or in Europe. Somewhat of satisfaction and even pride may be pardoned both to the State and nation in view of such a fact.

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THE TOMB OF LAFAYETTE.

BOSTON, October 17, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TRANSCRIPT," — During the present week, the centennial anniversary of the Yorktown surrender, every item concerning the Marquis de Lafayette will be of especial interest. At the last monthly meeting of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, a very interesting paper was read by Rev. A. B. Muzzey on "Personal Reminiscences of Lafayette," after which addresses were made by several members, nearly a dozen of whom, including President Wilder, were present when Lafayette laid the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument in 1825. I had the honor at that time of making some remarks concerning a visit personally made to the tomb of Lafayette in 1868, which, up to that time at least, was but little known, and had been visited only by comparatively few Americans. During my address, reference was made to a letter which was written soon after my visit for the guidance of Americans in Paris, which appeared in the Continental Gazette of Paris, June 27, 1868, then edited by General Charles B. Norton. The guidebook compilers of that time barely referred to Lafayette's tomb, and even to-day fail to give it due prominence in their works; and I therefore, at the request of one of the officers of the above-named society, append a copy of the letter for publication.

RUE DU 29 JUILLET, PARIS,
June 23, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CONTINENTAL GAZETTE: Sir, — Believing that many Americans will be glad to visit the last resting-place of the "Friend of Washington," I will give, with your permission, a few jottings of my recent visit to that interesting spot. Most of the guidebooks mention it very obscurely, or not at all, and this is my apology for the present letter.

Near the Place du Trône a narrow street runs out of the Faubourg St. Antoine in a southwesterly direction, called Rue de Picpus. It is very narrow and dirty, bounded at least half the way by high stone walls, and the intervals are filled with houses of an uninviting character. At several of these I inquired for the cemetery, but no one knew of any such place. I then inquired for the tomb of Lafayette, and several persons insisted that it was in Père-la-Chaise. Changing my question again, I made inquiry for the Convent du Sacré Cœur, near which I knew the cemetery to be. I finally found it several hundred yards farther up the street, near the new broad Avenue de Saint-Mandé. Tall, gloomy-looking monastic buildings stood on each side of the street, and looked dark and dismal. Seeing the gate of the *conciergerie* open, I made known my desire, and was informed that the tomb of Lafayette was in the rear of the convent. Waiting a few moments until the pleasant-looking *concierge* had locked his gate and changed his blouse for a black coat, I followed him through the courtyard. On each side were old buildings, and facing the entrance from the street was the chapel of the convent. A gate near by led us through a fine vegetable and fruit garden bounded by high walls, on which were trained apricots and grapes all nicely kept, and really a pretty sight in itself. At the rear end, a small gateway led into another enclosure, about three hundred feet long by one hundred feet wide, also bounded by walls ten feet high, and the surface was strewn with gravel from the Seine.

This was the cemetery. The monuments are but few, as the place is private, and nearly all the tombs are those of the nobility of France. Two of these are large and fine, almost like chapels, but the majority of the memorial stones, which would not number much above fifty, are very plain and unostentatious.

Passing, between two rows of these memorials of the departed, the southeastern corner of the enclosure, we came to two large flat stones, perhaps seven feet by four, and five or six inches thick. These were the graves of Lafayette and his wife. That of Lafayette bore his name, with the dates of his birth (1757), his marriage (1774), and his death

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(1834), and also his titles as "Lieutenant-Général et Membre de la Chambre des Députés." Near by, under a separate stone, lay the remains of his son, George Washington Dumotten Lafayette, born 1779, died 1849, — the whole space being enclosed by a strong iron fence about four feet high. There was but little ornamentation of grass or shrubbery either here or within the enclosure, but a few wreaths of immortelles were laid upon several of the tombs; but in the gardens adjoining, the waving of the trees and the rustling of the leaves were heard, and made the lack of shrubbery less apparent.

After recalling some of the events in the life of this great and good man, I prepared to leave the spot, bearing away a few leaves "for memory," to be pressed and kept for dear ones in America. I copied the inscription also, but as the *concierge* has an excellent photograph of the tomb, showing the inscriptions of both stones very legibly, I would advise visitors to purchase one of these, rather than be at the trouble of copying. As we passed through the garden on our way out, the guide motioned to me to go out by another path, as the nuns, in long white dresses and white hoods, were taking their evening walk. Many of them were intent upon their books as they walked among the fruit-trees and shrubbery. Just before I left, I took a peep also into the chapel, where nine of the white-robed sisters were kneeling in prayer; but I did not enter for fear of disturbing them.

Before closing, I will just add that close by the tomb of Lafayette is a little gateway opening into a small enclosure beyond, where are interred the remains of thirteen hundred and six persons, mostly of noble birth, who suffered by the guillotine during the short space of nineteen days, in June and July, 1793, at the Place du Trône near by, from where the guillotine was removed to the Place de la Concorde, to continue its horrid work.

Over the gate leading to this inner enclosure, and only a few feet distant from the tomb of Lafayette, is a marble tablet with this inscription, —

"Sépulture de la Maison
de Salm-Kyrburg
et de treize cent six personnes qui ont péri
à la barrière du Trône
depuis le 20 Prairial, an II. (1793),
jusqu'au Thermidor suivant."

Just inside the gate was the plain marble monument of Prince de Salm Kyrburg, in the form of a cross, on which was hung a wreath of immortelles. Around him are buried the remains of the victims of Robespierre. Their last resting-place is quiet and retired, and, unlike the outer cemetery, is ornamented with flowers and shrubbery.

G. H. A.

CURE FOR CRIBBING. — Let me mention a cure for cribbing in horses, — at least I found a cure for my first attempt in horse-flesh. The animal was warranted, in writing, "free from all tricks," etc. The first ten days no trick was observed. Subsequently, my purchase proved to be a determined cribber. The seller was apparently astonished. Nothing of the kind had ever occurred while he owned the horse. An inspection of the stable where the horse had been, showed no traces of chewed woodwork. My brother-in-law, accustomed to horses all his life, was sorely puzzled. He was convinced there "was some game," and "game" there was. Convinced that I had been "sold," I retaliated by finding out that the seller had used a paste made of red pepper and brown soap, lightly applied wherever and whenever he discovered marks of teeth in the stall, the paste being masked by dust scattered on the top. Thus it was. The horse, thinking my woodwork was like his late stable, let the timbers alone at first. I tried the remedy. The horse has not attempted to crib for four months, and a stranger would never imagine that a hundred little spots within reach of his head have bits of the paste. The horse knows it, however, and lets my stall alone. — *Country Gentleman.*

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THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes;
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again:
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There 's quiet in that angel's glance,
There 's rest in his still countenance;
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure,
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience, sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm,
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear,
The throbs of wandering pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will.

O thou who mournest on the way
With longings for the close of day,
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned;
Bear up, bear on; the end shall tell;
The dear Lord ordereth all things well."

A TRIBUTE TO DR. NEWELL.

[*From the Cambridge Tribune.*]

IT is a gratification to me to comply with the request that I should furnish a memorial notice of my friend Dr. Newell. It is more than sixty-four years since I first knew him. I then entered the school, in which he preceded me by two years. I looked up to him. Two years at that period of life subtends an angle that is wholly lost at threescore and ten. He inspired me with a sentiment with which one boy rarely inspires another,—a sentiment of reverence. I soon learned to regard him as a model in character, conduct, and scholarship. His deportment was ever blameless, and he won the highest prizes that were offered for literary attainment. When he left the Boston Latin School he was its acknowledged head; and I can recall no one during my connection with the school who seemed so deeply imbued with the spirit of classic literature.

In College, his early promise of eminent scholarship and of spotless virtue was abundantly fulfilled. Of him, too, it may be truly said, that "He did not need the smart of guilt to make him virtuous, nor the regret of folly to make him wise." He graduated the second scholar in his class, — second only to that brilliant youth, early lost, Edward Bliss Emerson, and inferior to him, probably, only in certain external qualities which in those days determined in doubtful cases the trembling balance of college rank.

After his graduation he taught two years in the Boston Latin School before engaging in his professional studies. I was thus brought into the same class with him in the Theological School. Here my previous acquaintance with him became intimacy, and as I had always respected, I now learned to love him. His genial temper, the native kindliness of his heart, his lambent wit and his simple piety, made him a delightful member of our social circle. In the warm atmosphere of Divinity Hall, the modest reserve, which perhaps habitually repressed him, melted away, and we saw him as he truly was. No member of the class brought to the study of the New Testament such accurate knowledge of Greek and so much critical sagacity as he. He was a favorite pupil of Professor Norton.

The natural tendency of his mind was not in the direction of profound speculation. To him the practical aspects of religious truth were the most interesting. On the application of such truth to daily life he had observed accurately and reflected deeply, and could discourse wisely. In some respects he resembled President Kirkland, for whom he ever entertained an affectionate reverence,

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and whose friendship he enjoyed. Like him, he knew how to use the resources of the English tongue with exquisite felicity. Dr. Newell excelled in verse as well as prose composition. The few specimens of his poetry that have been published excite the desire for more. One hymn of his has found its way into the latest edition of the hymn-book of the Unitarian Association. May not more be found among his manuscripts which may serve to perpetuate his memory, in a most desirable way, amidst the devotions of the Church?

It was owing to a diffidence that was his only fault, that he has not been more widely and deeply felt as a power in the Church and in the community. Public and conspicuous activity was not the mode in which he was qualified to work, but he used his peculiar talent faithfully and well. The influences of a ministry like his must have gently distilled like the dews of Hermon on the hearts of those who came under his pastoral care. Many doubtless can trace holy impulses, good purposes, matured religious character to his words, wisely and fitly spoken; and who can estimate the good that has flowed from the silent influences of his character and life?

After his retirement from the active ministry, he enjoyed a serene and happy evening of life. He retained a lively interest in the affairs of the community and of the Church. Whoever met him in the house or by the way was sure of a cheerful and cordial greeting, and a word of genial humor and playful wit and wisdom. He continued to show an affectionate interest in his ministerial brethren, old and young; and in the Association of ministers, over which he continued to preside, his presence was ever felt as a benediction.

In my last interview with him he implied, rather than expressed, the suffering of great bodily pain. Yet he spoke in the cheerful tones of perfect health, and testified to the entire sufficiency of his faith in a Fatherly God to sustain and comfort him under all that he endured.

CAZENEAU PALFREY.

THE following hymn, written by the Rev. William Newell, was sung at the consecration of the Cambridge Cemetery in October, 1854.

CHANGING, fading, falling, flying
From the homes that gave them birth,
Autumn leaves, in beauty dying,
Seek the mother-breast of earth.

Soon shall all the songless wood
Shiver in the deepening snow,
Mourning in its solitude,
Like some Rachel in her woe.

Slowly sinks yon evening sun,
Softly wanes the cheerful light,
And — the twelve hours' labor done —
Onward sweeps the solemn night.

So, on many a home of gladness,
Falls, O Death, thy winter gloom;
Stands there still, in doubt and sadness,
Many a Mary at the tomb.

But the genial spring, returning,
Will the sylvan pomp renew,
And the new-born flame of morning
Kindle rainbows in the dew.

So shall God, his promise keeping
To the world, by Jesus given,
Wake our loved ones, sweetly sleeping,
At the breaking dawn of heaven.

Light from darkness! Life from death!
Dies the body, not the soul;
From the chrysalis beneath
Soars the spirit to its goal.

Father, when the mourners come
With the slowly moving bier,
Weeping at the open tomb
For the lovely and the dear, —

Breathe into the bleeding heart
Hopes that die not with the dead;
And the peace of Christ impart
When the joys of life have fled.

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TO G. W. G.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WITH favoring winds, o'er sunlit seas,
We sailed for the Hesperides,
The land where golden apples grow;
But that, ah, that was long ago!

How far, since then, the ocean streams
Have swept us from that land of dreams, —
That land of fiction and of truth, —
The lost Atlantis of our youth!

Whither, ah, whither? Are not these
The tempest-haunted Hebrides,
Where sea-gulls scream and breakers roar,
And wreck and seaweed line the shore?

Ultima Thule. Utmost isle,
Here in thy harbors for a while
We lower our sails; awhile we rest
From the unending, endless quest.

PROFESSOR KUN-HUA KO.

FUNERAL services for Professor Kun-Hua Ko were held in Appleton Chapel, Cambridge, and were conducted by the Rev. C. C. Everett, D.D., Dean of the Divinity School, who made the following extemporaneous address, after the singing of "Den Entschlafenen" by the choir: —

A little more than two years ago, he whose sudden death calls us together to-day came among us as a stranger. He was a stranger in the fullest sense of this word. Not merely was he from another country, he represented another race and another form of civilization. Not only did he speak another language; his language was the farthest possible from ours. The most common facts, scientific, historical, and geographical, the facts that every child knows, that enter into all our common life, were unknown to him. We looked forward to his coming with a certain curiosity. We tried to enter into his thought. We wondered how things would strike him; whether he would be bewildered by the multitude of new things that forced themselves on his attention; whether he would be dazzled by the sudden light of our civilization. But when he came, when we saw him walking our streets, perhaps of a Sunday afternoon, reading as he slowly strolled, surrounded by his family, we felt that not only had he introduced upon our streets a touch of Oriental color, and on some high holiday we might almost say of Oriental splendor, but that he had introduced an element of Oriental repose as well. And when we saw the sweet dignity of his face, the sweet calmness, that not all the hurrying around him, not the gaze of rude curiosity, not even the insults which were sometimes cast upon him simply because he was a stranger, could disturb, we felt that we had something to learn as well as to teach. We realized that the profound scholarship of which we had heard so much meant something; that the dignity which he had enjoyed in his native land meant something. We realized that he had a history and a civilization behind him; that when we met him, it would have to be on more equal terms than we had dreamed.

It was his sense of the relation which I have just indicated that added much to the charm of intercourse with him. He was always interested in what he saw and heard. He was always eager to learn, yet he was always self-poised. He was always true to himself and to his position. An example from the lighter intercourse of society may make clear what I mean. When he visited, with the tact of a gentleman, he conformed to the customs of our society. When he received, he welcomed his guests with Chinese hospitality. When he was abroad, he was in America; when he was at home, his guests were in China. It was so in deeper matters. He studied our Christian scriptures earnestly and reverently; but what he found in them to accept he knew how to translate into the language of his own philosophy and religion. It was such traits as these that in part won for him so many hearts, so that now that he

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is gone, some mourn the loss of a personal friend. All feel the sadness of this sudden death, that seems to our human judgment so untimely. Just as he had learned the English speech; just as he could communicate between the old civilization and the new; just as he was prepared to introduce into his own land what he had found here most worthy of introduction, — for he was a man progressive in his ideas, — just as he is ready to begin his work, his work is ended; just as his instrument is formed, it falls from his hands. All sympathize also in the sad bereavement of those who remain behind him, strangers in a strange land. The eyes that at his coming were bright simply with an eager curiosity, at his going are dimmed with tears.

Other traits appeared to those who knew him best that completed the attraction which the quality just named had exercised. Beneath his dignified repose was a playfulness, a childlike love of humor, a brightness of wit, a quickness of repartee. We Americans sometimes claim for ourselves and the English the monopoly of what we call home. But this man, from this civilization so opposed to ours, had his home. Not only did he live in it for his family, he lived with it. He interested himself in the education of his children. In companionship with his wife and children he found his happiness. In the work in the University he was honest and faithful. In the period of waiting his time was improved in the preparation for his coming task, and when pupils came, he taught skilfully and conscientiously. A short time before his death, when the President of the University paid him a visit of kindly sympathy, he began in speech, difficult through his malady, to give account of his stewardship, to explain how many hours he had missed through this illness.

In regard to those deeper thoughts and feelings of which we would gladly know so much, little can be said. He was not, perhaps, quite familiar enough with our language to speak with perfect fluency on the deeper and more difficult themes. Then, too, there is a certain reticence in regard to these subjects peculiar to the Chinese, which we find exemplified in their great sage Confucius himself. Confucius had a strong religious faith. He appealed to Heaven for his support. When men failed to understand him, he said: "But there is Heaven; that knows me." Yet when his disciples asked him about religious matters, about Heaven and the future life, he had no answer. Upon such subjects he did not like to speak. So this student and follower of Confucius may have shrunk, like his master, from the discussion of themes in regard to which we, perhaps, sometimes speak too freely. But we know what his ideal was, and how faithfully he seemed to follow it. This is no place or time to debate the relative completeness of the Christian standard compared with that of the great Chinese teacher. Let us claim, as we will, that in the religion of Jesus is reached a height that is reached nowhere else; yet all must admit that the standard of Confucius is higher than that of most Christian lives; that thus the follower of the teaching that may seem to us less complete, may stand higher than one who follows less earnestly a pattern that may be in itself more perfect. As we contemplate the life of this representative of a faith in form so unlike ours, well may we hope that we may be as faithful to our own ideal as he was to his.

I spoke of his death as apparently untimely; but who can say what is timely and what is not? Certainly he has accomplished a most important work. He was a teacher, not merely to the few that came to learn of him the Chinese speech, but to this whole community. He taught us that the true gentleman is everywhere the same, under whatever dress or form of life; that the true scholar is everywhere the same. He has taught us a lesson that we thought we had already learned by heart, but in regard to which we find that we had much to learn, — that of the brotherhood of man. He has made us feel, as we had never felt before, the oneness of humanity.

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A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

[*From the Philadelphia Times.*]

A MECHANICAL marvel, the product of nine years' patient toil on the part of an unlettered miner, who made it in his "spare hours" in the Hallenback Colliery at Wilkesbarre, two thousand feet below the surface of the earth, has just been completed in the shape of a clock, by James McGlynn. It is built on the plan of the "astronomical clock" recently exhibited in this country, but is much more complicated in most of its parts, and derives an added interest from the manner of its construction.

The front of the clock shows three balconies rising above a massive and elegantly carved pedestal, and upon these the moving figures appear. The lower balcony shows a procession of Continental soldiers, headed by a mounted General, and marching past, while the old Liberty Bell proclaims its welcome notes of freedom. A sentinel salutes the Continentals as they pass, and just at the moment a door is opened from an upper balcony and reveals Molly Pitcher with her cannon, which she fires with startling and realistic effect.

To show how well the maker of the clock has considered the details of his handiwork, he has placed a small revolving fan in the clock, to be actuated after the firing of Molly's cannon, for the purpose of clearing out the powder-smoke. Simultaneous with this, the portraits of the twenty Presidents of the United States pass in panoramic review on a balcony just above the patriotic tableau, of which Molly Pitcher is the central figure, and Thomas Jefferson holds up the Declaration of Independence. The apostolic procession is similar to those hitherto seen in such clocks. The twelve Apostles file past, Satan appears, and the cock crows in warning to Peter. A figure of Justice raises her scales as the form of Christ appears, and during the scene a large representation of Death tells off the minutes upon a bell. When one sees the clock, the tools with which it was made, and hears the miner's story of how he bought the wood for it bit by bit as he could afford from his spare change, he is sensibly impressed with human possibilities.

WOMEN ALL AT SEA.

[*From the New York Graphic.*]

THERE is no subject on which woman is more helplessly afloat than on matters relating to marine architecture. Such knowledge does not stick in her brain. The captain who attempted teaching nauticalism to a party of ladies on a yacht, not long since, fared as follows: —

Lady No. 1. Now, captain, what is a sloop?

Captain. A sloop has but one mast.

L. (pointing to a schooner). Is that a sloop?

C. No; that is a schooner. A sloop has but one mast; a schooner has two, as you see. Now remember, sloop, one mast; schooner, two.

L. Certainly. How many masts has a ship?

C. Three.

L. How many masts did you say a sloop has?

C. One. Sloop, one mast; schooner, two; ship, three.

L. (pointing to a sloop). Is that a schooner?

C. No; that 's a sloop. Sloop, one mast; schooner, two; ship, three.

L. Oh yes, I remember! (Pointing to a ship.) Is n't that a pretty schooner?

C. That 's not a schooner, that 's a ship. Don't you see it has three masts?

L. Oh yes! Is n't that a big schooner lying at the wharf there?

C. Schooner? Now how many masts has that vessel?

L. Three.

C. Well, what has three masts?

L. A sloop.

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C. Sloop! Sloop has one mast, I tell you; schooner, two; ship, three.

Lady No. 2. Why, Jane, how stupid you are! A schooner always has one mast.

L. (chatty, and quite oblivious of stupidity). What is a brig?

C. A brig has two masts, and is rigged like a ship, with square sails.

Lady No. 2. Jane, look at this sloop coming along.

C. That's a schooner; don't you see the two masts? Sloop, one mast; schooner, two masts; ship, three masts.

L. Are those schooners there with three masts?

C. Yes.

L. I thought you said a schooner had but one mast?

C. Two! two masts! Sloop, one mast; schooner, two; ship, three.

L. But that schooner has three masts.

C. Well, it is a three-masted schooner.

L. Then a schooner can have any number of masts?

C. No. Sloop, one mast; schooner, two, and sometimes three masts; ship, three masts.

L. I'm sure I can't make it out; it's awfully puzzling. What is a bark?

C. (unable any longer to popularize nautical science, falls back on technical expression). Vessel with two masts ship-rigged, and one mast sloop-rigged; square sails on fore and mainmast, and fore and aft sails on the mizzen.

L. Mizzen! What is a mizzen?

C. Last mast aft.

L. Aft! What's the aft?

C. The stern, madam.

L. Oh, I'm sure I can't make it out. Is that a sloop there? (Pointing again to a schooner.)

C. No; it's a schooner. Sloop, one mast; schooner, two; ship, three.

L. How many masts has a man-o'-war?

C. Three.

L. Well, what's the difference between a man-o'-war and a smack?

C. (Groans, and is silent.)

L. What are those sticks across the masts of that schooner, captain?

C. That's not a schooner. Schooner, two masts; ship, three; sloop, one. That's a ship. Those are the yards which hold the sails.

L. Oh!

C. (encouraged). Now the first yard on the foremast is the fore-yard; the second is the foretopsail-yard; the third is the fore-gallant-yard.

L. What is that yard sticking straight up out of that little schooner?

C. Great Scott! That's not a schooner; it's a sloop. Sloop, one mast; schooner, two; ship, three. What you call her yard is her mast.

Lady No. 2. Certainly, Jane; how stupid you are! Captain, what are the names of the other masts on that schooner's yards you were pointing out to us?

C. (internally). — —— —— ——

Lady No. 2. Captain, where are the lubbers?

C. (wishes he could tell). Up there on that ship's masts, near the tops.

L. (looking attentively at a schooner). Near the top of the masts of that sloop?

C. No, no; farther down. Where the futtock shrouds are fastened. No, no; not on that vessel. A schooner has no lubbers, — (mentally) except this one, and they're on deck.

L. (whose interest in the locality of lubbers suddenly ceases). Is n't that a pretty ship sailing along?

C. Ship! That's an old tub of a schooner, ma'am. Schooner, two masts; ship, three; sloop, one, I tell you.

L. Can a sloop have two masts?

C. Sloop, one mast; schooner, two; ship, three.

Lady No. 2. How many masts has a ship, captain?

C. Ship, three masts; schooner, two; sloop, one.

L. Yes, I know. Schooner, one — no, two masts; sloop, two — no, three; ship, one. There!

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THE EVERETT OAK.

CAMBRIDGE is known the world over as "the historic city" to which pilgrims congregate from the "four corners," in summer's heat or winter's cold. The many points of interest in the city seem to grow more and more sacred and interesting as the years go by. 'Tis well! The shadows of her trees fall down on many a hallowed spot, and yet, not least of all, are the trees themselves.

There is a tree of uncommon interest to the few who know its history, which must in future become one of the famous trees of Cambridge. This tree stands near the Harvard Law School building, and is an oak. Its nativity is a remarkable one. Edward Everett, while on a visit to Mount Vernon, obtained an acorn which he brought home and planted with his own hand near the Law School. From the planting grew this oak-tree, which the silver-tongued orator tended and cared for during its infancy. This oak, now for the first time introduced to the world at large, must become a favorite tree to all who have ever heard the name of Edward Everett. It should be protected with peculiar care, and a stone to mark its identity would certainly be in keeping with such a history.

Near the oak stands a chestnut-tree with peculiar habits. One side blooms one year, while the other lacks blossoms, and the following year the order is reversed, and has so continued year after year.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

THE Buffalo "Express," in its report of the proceedings of the Women's Congress held there recently, inserts the following sketch of Julia Ward Howe: —

As the Convention proceeds, the strong individuality of some of the women active in the proceedings makes itself felt, and the casual listener takes away with him vivid impressions of two or three of the speakers which overpower his recollection of the others. To none of these ladies does a greater personal interest attach than to the president, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. As she presides with quiet grace over the Convention, the observer can note, now and then, as the current of discussion arouses her, the quick flush of emotion which identifies the scholarly, experienced woman with the romantic and eccentric girl of twenty. Julia Ward was well known in New York circles as having a "red temperament." The auburn in her hair is pretty well silvered now, but the author of "Passion Flowers" has never lost the "red temperament" by which the pet of the wealthy New York banker was known. As a girl she was a studious dreamer. She wrote verses in childhood, and acquired French, Italian, and German in early girlhood. As a school-girl she knew the wealth of Goethe and Schiller, and even published a review of Lamartine's "Jocelyn," creditable to any years. At twenty she was subject to seasons of profound melancholy. Her studies of German philosophy had made her anti-theistic; but the sudden death of her father and brother drove her passionate nature to the other extreme. The heretic became a devotee, and for two years her only reading was the Bible. At length a copy of Guizot's "History of Civilization" fell into her hands. Its perusal awakened her from a dream of holiness — possibly from the "beautiful poetic misery" of which she spoke Wednesday — to a life of usefulness. She became liberal in politics and in religion. At twenty-three she married Dr. Samuel G. Howe, whose heroic labors for Greece in her struggle for independence, whose devotion to the blind, and whose activity in the anti-slavery crusades, made him called "the new Bayard." They went abroad. In English court circles she was petted, and shone by the light of her husband's fame, which the publication of Dickens's "American Notes" had made dear to English hearts. Her first child was born in Rome, from which city she returned to the less romantic New England home. She continued her studies, taking up Swe-

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denborg. A second trip to Europe was made in 1850. From this time on, her contributions to American literature became frequent. Her husband was publishing the anti-slavery Boston paper, the "Commonwealth," and for it she wrote verses, editorials, letters, sketches. In 1857 she published "The World's Own," a play which was brought out at Wallack's, and failed. In 1859, with her husband, she accompanied the dying Theodore Parker to Cuba, and contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly" an account of the trip. It contained more humor than anything she had at that time written. It is impossible to name her subsequent writings, which have been legion, and have been in the fields of philosophy, religious ethics, and poetry, besides much lighter work. Her account of a trip in 1867 to the East to distribute American supplies to destitute Cretans, shows her as an enthusiastic philanthropist. It is well said of her that she has demonstrated in her life the wisdom of allowing women to learn the alphabet. Of late years she has written rather less than formerly, but is active in all such movements as this congress. Nothing she has ever written has won a wider admiration than her "Battle Hymn," which was called at the time of its publication the Marseillaise of the Republic, and which well shows the passionate, energetic richness of her poetry.

With the pleasantest of introductions, Mrs. Howe last night announced that she had been asked to recite this poem. A ripple of pleased applause ran through the audience at the announcement. She related how the poem was written. In the early days of the Rebellion she first saw the "bristling front of war" at Washington. The spectacle of military evolution moved her deeply, and to a friend she exclaimed, "How I wish I could put the meaning of this into verse!" The idea haunted her, and when she retired at night it was only to think of it. She tried to write, but found it impossible. Early the next morning she awoke and found her thoughts throbbing unconsciously to the stirring air, then all the rage, of "John Brown." Springing from bed in the gray light of early dawn, she found paper, and in a brief half-hour the "Battle Hymn" was written. The old girl-spirit of Julia Ward, the enthusiast, came back to her, her color heightened with the same flush which burned when the words were written, as she forgot self, audience and all, and recited in sympathetic accents the famous hymn, —

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible, swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps:
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps:
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat.
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

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1861 — THE VETERAN — 1881.

BY JOHN D. LONG.

A MOTHER'S kiss, — a sweetheart's sigh, —
A cottage door, red-arched with rose ;
A fair young soldier cries, *Good-by*,
And to the front of battle goes.

Wounded at Malvern Hill, he fell ;
In Libby wasted heart and limb :
Kinder had death been than the shell
At Gettysburg that shattered him.

Yet dared he all, and all he bore ;
What need feared he, come late or soon ?
Had not his country o'er and o'er
Pledged him her laurel and her boon ?

Nation and State keep well their trust ;
Yet, lest one roofless veteran roam
(Mother, sweetheart, and roses, — dust),
Add we our gift, — A SOLDIER'S HOME !

A PROPOS of the recent celebrations at Berlin in honor of the birthday anniversary of the late Queen Louise, Kaiser Wilhelm's mother, the following anecdote is told : One day Frederick William the Third, upon entering his consort's boudoir at the breakfast-hour, as was his wont, caught sight of a fine new cap upon the Queen's work-table, and laughingly inquired how much she had paid for it. "Very little," was the reply ; "I chose one of the cheapest in the shop. It only cost four thalers." "Only four thalers !" rejoined the King. "A great deal too much money, I should say, for such a thing as that." So saying, he walked across the room to a window overlooking the Schloss-Platz, and, happening to perceive an old pensioned guardsman passing by, called him up into the room, and, pointing to the Queen, exclaimed : "That lady sitting on the sofa has more money than she knows what to do with. Now tell me, my old comrade, how much do you think she gave for that cap lying there on the table ?" After taking a good look at the cap, the puzzled veteran shrugged his shoulders and replied, "I daresay it cost a few groschen." "Groschen, indeed !" cried the King, casting a triumphant glance at his smiling consort ; "I tell you she paid four thalers for it. Go to her ; I 'll answer for it, she 'll give you just as much as the cap cost." Taking out her purse, the Queen counted out four brand-new thalers and dropped them, one by one, into the old soldier's outstretched hand, saying, "You see that tall gentleman standing by the window. He has much more money than I. Indeed, everything I possess comes to me from him. Now go to him ; I feel certain that he will give you just twice as much as you have had from me." Frederick William, caught in his own trap, produced eight thalers and handed them to the old pensioner, who went on his way rejoicing. This man, Christian Brandes, lived to a great age, and the King, whose memory for faces and names was as remarkable as that of his great-uncle, Frederick the Second, met him accidentally several years later, a short time after the death of the Queen. Recognizing him at once, he held out his hand, and ejaculated in a voice broken by emotion, "Brandes, do you remember ?"

THE following legend relates how a certain Grand Duke of Florence built a bridge without expense to the State. The Grand Duke issued a proclamation that every beggar who would appear in the grand plaza at a certain designated time should be provided with a new suit of clothes free of cost. At the appointed hour the beggars of the city all assembled, whereupon the officers caused each avenue to the public square to be closed, and then compelled the beggars to strip off their old clothes, and gave to each one, according to promise, a new suit. In the old clothes thus collected enough money was found concealed to build a beautiful bridge over the Arno, still called the Beggars' Bridge.

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, the beloved and revered poet, was born in Portland, Me., Feb. 27, 1807.

In Parson Smith's "Journal," the source of so much of what is known concerning the early history of Portland, occurs this entry, under date of April 11, 1745: "Mr. Longfellow came here to live." This was Stephen Longfellow, the great-grandfather of the poet. He was a native of Newbury, Mass. His grandfather, William Longfellow, was born in Hampshire county, England, about the year 1651. In early life he came to Newbury, where, Nov. 10, 1678, he was married to Anne, daughter of Henry Sewall, and a sister of Samuel Sewall, afterward Chief Justice of the Province of Massachusetts Bay. As ensign, he accompanied Sir William Phips's ill-fated expedition to Quebec, in 1690. On the return of the fleet, a violent storm scattered the vessels in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. That in which William Longfellow sailed went ashore at Anticosti, a desolate island, and he, with nine others, was drowned.

Of his six children, one, named Stephen Longfellow (for Stephen Sumner, Mrs. Longfellow's grandfather), had died in early childhood; and to another son, born Sept. 22, 1685, the same name was given. This was the father of Stephen Longfellow, who came to Portland in 1745. Concerning his quiet, uneventful life we know but little. He became a blacksmith, and we may picture him, like the poet's hero of the village smithy, with large and sinewy hands, brawny arms, his brow wet with honest sweat, as he swings his heavy sledge with measured beat and slow. He married, March 25, 1714, Abigail Thompson, daughter of Edward Thompson, of Marshfield, by whom he had ten children. In his son Stephen, born Feb. 7, 1723, he seems early to have discovered signs of intellectual promise, and he sent him to Harvard College, where he was graduated in 1742. The father was permitted to follow the honorable career of his son for nineteen years, and he died Nov. 7, 1764.

Before taking up his residence in Portland, Stephen Longfellow had been keeping school in York. He came to Portland on the earnest invitation of Parson Smith, and opened his school April 17, 1745. The number of scholars is not known. In the following year it was fifty, and in the list which has been preserved occur the names of the prominent families of that day. Oct. 19, 1749, he married Tabitha Bragdon, of York. He continued to be the principal instructor in the town until 1760, when he was appointed Clerk of the Judicial Courts. When the town was destroyed, Oct. 18, 1775, Mr. Longfellow's house was burned, and he removed to Gorham, ten miles distant, where he died May 1, 1790.

Of his three sons (Stephen, Samuel, and William), the latter died in early life, while Samuel left no children. Stephen, the eldest son, was born Aug. 3, 1750. Dec. 13, 1773, he married Patience Young, of York. His home was in Gorham, where he died May 28, 1824. He represented Gorham in the General Court of Massachusetts eight years. For several years he was Senator from Cumberland County. He was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas from 1797 to 1811. To the close of his life he wore the old-style dress, — short clothes, a long waistcoat, and white top-boots. He was a man of sterling qualities of mind and heart, great integrity, and sound common sense.

Stephen, his second child, born in Gorham, March 23, 1776, was the father of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He entered Harvard College in 1794. That he was a favorite with his class is the testimony of his associates; but he went to College for other purposes than good fellowship. He was an earnest, exemplary student, and having completed his course, he left the University with a full share of its honors. After his graduation he entered the law office of Salmon Chase, an uncle of Salmon Portland Chase, late Chief Justice of the United States, and

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was admitted to the Bar in 1801. He at once entered upon an extensive and lucrative practice. Three years later, Jan. 1, 1804, he married Zilpah, eldest daughter of General Peleg Wadsworth, a Revolutionary soldier of distinction, and a descendant of John Alden, of Plymouth. Samuel Stephenson, a rich merchant of Portland, lived in the large square wooden house still standing on the corner of Fore and Hancock Streets, Portland. His wife, Abigail Longfellow, was a sister of Stephen Longfellow, and, as her husband had been suddenly called to the West Indies on business, she invited her brother to spend the winter of 1806–7 with her. Thus it was that on Feb. 27, 1807, in this house, and not in the Longfellow house, was born this second son, Henry Wadsworth, named for Mrs. Longfellow's brother, Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, who on the night of Sept. 4, 1804, in the harbor of Tripoli, lost his life, a voluntary sacrifice, in a gallant endeavor to destroy the enemy's flotilla by a fire-ship. In the spring of 1807 General Wadsworth, Mrs. Longfellow's father, removed to Hiram, Me., in order to occupy and insure a large tract of land which the Government had granted to him for his military services. Stephen Longfellow took up his residence in the house which General Wadsworth had vacated, and made it henceforth his home. It is now the residence of the poet's sister.

A few words should be added concerning Stephen Longfellow, the poet's father. In 1814 he was sent to the Legislature of Massachusetts. He was a member of the celebrated Hartford Convention. In 1816 he was made a presidential elector. In 1822 he was elected a member of Congress. At the close of his congressional term he retired from politics, and devoted his remaining years to his profession. In 1825, when Lafayette visited Portland, Mr. Longfellow was appointed to give the address of welcome. In his reply Lafayette said: "While I offer to the people of Portland, and to you, gentlemen, my respectful thanks, I am happy to recognize, in the kind organ of their kindness to me, the member of Congress who shared in the flattering invitation which has been to me a source of inexpressible honor and delight." In 1828 Mr. Longfellow received the degree of LL.D. from Bowdoin College, of which he was a trustee from 1817 to 1836. He was Recording Secretary of the Maine Historical Society from 1828 to 1830, and in 1834 he was elected president of the Society. He died, honored and beloved, Aug. 3, 1849, aged seventy-four years.

Such in public life was the father of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. In the domestic circle the noble traits of his character were no less apparent. His home was one of refinement and the purest social virtues, and she who shared its direction with him not only adorned it with rare womanly grace, but gave it many an added charm.

Here the poet passed his earlier years. How well he remembers the Portland of those early years, he has told us in his delightful poem, "My Lost Youth," —

"I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

"I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise-gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

"I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

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The first school that Mr. Longfellow attended was kept by Marm Fellows, in a small brick school-house on Spring Street. Later, he went to the town school on Love Lane, now Centre Street. A week or two later he was placed in the private school of Nathaniel H. Carter, which was kept in a little one-story wooden house on the west side of Preble Street, now Congress. Afterward he attended the Portland Academy, under the same master, and also under the mastership of Mr. Bezaleel Cushman, a graduate of Dartmouth College, who took charge of the Academy in 1815, and was at its head twenty-six years. One of his assistants, while Mr. Longfellow was connected with the Academy, was Jacob Abbott. Under such inspiring teachers, his progress was rapid, and in 1821, at the age of fourteen, he entered Bowdoin College, though for the most part during the first years of his College course he pursued his studies at home.

The class which he entered was a brilliant one. In it were sons of some of the choicest families in northern New England, and among them were not a few who were to achieve distinction in the field of letters, in the pulpit, and at the Bar.

When he entered College, Mr. Longfellow had already occupied the poet's corner in the Portland newspapers. His first published poem was on Lovell's fight. In his complete poetical works, as now issued, are seven poems which he tells us were written for the most part during his College life, and all of them before he was nineteen years of age. They were first published in "The United States Literary Gazette," and thence found their way into the columns of the daily and weekly press of the country.

Mr. Longfellow graduated second in a class of thirty-seven, and so full of promise was his future, that when, soon after his graduation, it was proposed to establish a chair of Modern Languages and Literature at Bowdoin College, he was elected to the professorship, being then only nineteen years of age. But he was not asked to take the position before he had qualified himself for its duties. He accordingly went abroad, and the next three and a half years were spent in the study of the more important languages of Europe on their native soil. When he returned to Brunswick, in 1829, he brought with him a mind amply stored with the treasures of the literature of France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland, and England. His reputation as an instructor was now established, and students were attracted to Bowdoin by his growing fame.

In September, 1831, Mr. Longfellow was married to Mary S. Potter, daughter of Judge Barrett Potter of Portland. His first published work, which appeared in 1833, was a translation of the "Coplas de Jorge Manrique," to which was prefixed an introductory essay on the moral and devotional poetry of Spain. In the same year he published the first two numbers of "Outre Mer," and the whole work was published two years later.

At this time Mr. George Ticknor, the learned Professor of Modern Languages in Harvard University, resigned, and the publication of "Outre Mer," and Mr. Longfellow's growing reputation as a poet, led to his appointment as Mr. Ticknor's successor. Before entering on his professorship at Cambridge, in order to devote some time to study in the languages of Northern Europe, he again visited the Old World. The summer of 1835 was spent in Norway and Sweden, and the autumn and winter in Holland and Germany. But his studies were interrupted by the sudden death of his wife at Rotterdam, Nov. 29, 1835, and in the shadow of this sorrow he was compelled to complete his work abroad. In November, 1836, he returned to the United States, and after a visit to the home of his childhood, he repaired to Cambridge, and entered upon his duties as "Smith Professor of Modern Literature."

Early in his Cambridge life, Mr. Longfellow called one day at the Craigie House, which for a time during the Revolution was Washington's headquarters, and at a later

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date the residence of Edward Everett and Jared Sparks. "I lodge students no longer," said Mrs. Craigie, in answer to the inquiry if she had a vacant room for a lodger. On learning that Mr. Longfellow was not a student, but a professor, she led the way to the room in the southeast corner, on the second floor, once General Washington's chamber, and placed it at his disposal. In 1843, on the death of Mrs. Craigie, Mr. Longfellow bought the house, and it has since been his home. In this year he was married to Frances Elizabeth Appleton, daughter of Hon. Nathan Appleton, of Boston. In this historic dwelling Mr. Longfellow's children, two sons and three daughters, were born; and here, too, occurred the tragic death of his wife, — an affliction most keenly felt, which has chastened all his subsequent years.

In the University he had the oversight of the work of four or five instructors in French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. He also gave lectures on prominent authors and their works. His spare time was given to literary labor. His study, as now, was on the lower floor, under the southeast chamber, which he occupied when he first made his home in the Craigie mansion. It was the room in which Washington transacted the business of his office as commander-in-chief, — a fact which the poet himself has recorded in the lines, —

> "Yes, within this very room
> Sat he in those hours of gloom,
> Weary both in heart and head."

Here, amid the pleasantest of surroundings, have been written in successive years so many of those poems, —

> "Voices and melodies from beyond the gates," —

which have fallen so sweetly upon waiting hearts in many lands.

Mr. Longfellow retained his professorship at Cambridge seventeen years, and then resigned, in order to give himself wholly to literary work. In 1859 he received from Harvard University the honorary degree of LL.D., and on revisiting Europe in 1868–69, he received the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford, and that of LL.D. from Cambridge. This was a just recognition of his extended fame, an expression of the high honor in which he was held by men of letters on both sides of the Atlantic.

Throughout his long career Mr. Longfellow has not been conspicuous upon public occasions. What he has written has been by an impulse from within, not from without. His "Morituri Salutamus," read at Bowdoin College in 1875, was not an exception. It was the fiftieth anniversary of his class, and though he was asked to honor the day with his verse, those "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," bore witness to the pure soul from which they came. Of those who were present on that memorable day, none will ever forget the scene in the church when the now venerable poet, surrounded by his classmates, saluted the familiar places of his youth; beloved instructors, of whom all but one had passed into the land of shadows; the students who filled the seats he and his companions once had occupied; and, finally, his classmates, —

> "against whose familiar names not yet
> The fatal asterisk of death is set."

One of these classmates, the Rev. David Shepley, D.D., referring to the poet, says: "How did we exult in his pure character and his splendid reputation; with what delight gaze upon his intelligent and benignant countenance; with what moistening eye listen to his words! And what limit was there to the blessing we desired for him from the Infinite Author of Mind!" And he adds: "Just before leaving for our respective homes, we gathered in a retired college-room for the last time; talked together a half-hour as of old; agreed to exchange photographs, and prayed together. Then, going forth and standing for a moment once more under the branches of the old tree, in silence we took each other by the hand and separated, knowing well that Brunswick would not again witness a gathering of the class of 1825."

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But the poet had not indulged in any vain regrets. Manifestly he revealed somewhat his own purpose when, in closing his poem on that occasion, he said, —

"Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear.
. . . . . .
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day."

That opportunity Mr. Longfellow faithfully used.

How the English regard Longfellow is shown in the verses printed in London "Fun" when he visited England, a dozen years ago, —

Here 's a welcome to you, Professor,
Arrived on the English strand,
For your songs across the Atlantic
In the tongue of the mother-land!

Your lyrics are loved of the household
That knows no Academy's law;
One hand's warm pressure is better
Than a whole world's distant awe.

It 's cold in the clear blue ether
That the king of the eagles achieves;
But the swallows have endless summer,
And build close under our eaves.

And the voices that bid you welcome
Are many, and tender and true;
They 'd not shout for Virgil or Homer
As loud as they 're hailing you!

Come to the homes of the people,
Where your household words are dear;
There 's seldom a poet has sung them
Such lyrics of courage and cheer.

The Poet who taught "Resignation,"
Who sang us the "Psalm of Life," —
You are dear to them all, Professor,
Child, parent, husband, and wife!

Aye, let universities seat you
In temples of honors and arts;
The people of England, sir, greet you,
And open the doors of their hearts.

ANECDOTE OF JUDGE STORY. — The following anecdote about the famous jurist, Story, is in private circulation, but is good enough for the public eye. It was prepared for Story's biography by his son, but Charles Sumner, who edited the work, struck it out. The narrative runs like this: In his younger days Story lived in the aristocratic old town of Salem, in Massachusetts. His great ability was not then tempered by as much wisdom as he afterward displayed, and he was looked upon with disfavor by some of the old families. One day Mrs. A called upon Mrs. B, and in the course of their conversation, — there being a seamstress present, — Mrs. A asked Mrs. B if her daughter was going to the party that evening. "No," was the short reply; "I don't propose to let my daughter go to any place which is frequented by that insignificant young puppy, Story." Years afterward, when Story was a judge on the Supreme Bench, he visited Salem, and was warmly welcomed by those who had known him formerly. Among his best friends apparently was Mrs. B, and he accepted her pressing invitation to dinner. Now in the years which had elapsed, the seamstress had become possessed of a home of her own, to which was attached a garden, with a pear-tree, which was just then loaded with fine fruit. After the invitation to dinner had been accepted, the seamstress received a call from Mrs. B's servant, asking her to send up a basket of her excellent pears for dinner, as "Mr. Justice Story, of the Supreme Court of the United States, was to be present." The good-natured seamstress sent the pears at once, and with them this message: "Tell your mistress that I am glad that the insignificant young puppy, Story, has grown to be so fine a dog." — *Harper's Magazine.*

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STATUE OF HARRIET MARTINEAU.

On Saturday morning, May 13, 1882, a few favored persons had an opportunity of seeing Miss Anne Whitney's plaster cast for a statue of Harriet Martineau, before the shipment of the work to Florence, where it is to be executed in marble. The statue will cost between twelve and fifteen thousand dollars, and has been, in its inception, and from beginning to end, the work of women, the money (only fifteen hundred dollars is still lacking) having been subscribed entirely by women, and a female sculptor having performed the artistic task. The marble figure when completed will come to this city, and will find a permanent home here, though the exact locality where it will be placed is not known with certainty as yet. The project of erecting a statue of Miss Martineau in Boston has been cherished for some time by a few women who appreciate the importance of her labors in the direction of ameliorating the condition and advancing the interests of their sex, and it seems eminently appropriate that Miss Whitney should have been chosen to construct the memorial. The literary works of Miss Martineau at the time of her death numbered over one hundred published volumes, including books upon an extraordinarily wide range of subjects, from religion, ethics, philosophy, and reform, to fiction and travel. On grave practical questions of the utmost importance, her published opinions attracted the greatest attention among thoughtful people, and won for her a permanent and distinguished place in literature. Her visit to this city in 1834–35 was the occasion of a very cordial welcome on the part of the most respected portion of the community; but when she took the unpopular part of the Abolitionists, "Society" at the West End turned its back upon her. She was a loyal friend to Garrison and the little band of anti-slavery agitators, and promulgated her radical views on the social condition of the United States in a volume published soon after her return to England. She was a great traveller, an indefatigable worker (in spite of ill health), and a profound and original thinker. In all reforms she took a deep and active interest, and her philanthropy was both practical and far-reaching. The effigy of such an earnest and gifted woman in a public place will do honor to the city of Boston, and especially to the women through whose endeavors the memorial is to be consummated. This statue is the most important work Miss Whitney has ever undertaken, and — whether the result is due to the congenial character of the subject or to the artist's progress alone — it is unquestionably the most successful. The figure is somewhat larger than life-size, and is seated in a straight-backed garden-chair, such a one as Miss Martineau habitually occupied on a terrace in the pretty grounds of her English home at Ambleside. She is represented as having just finished the reading of a manuscript which lies in her lap, and upon which her hands are crossed, while she looks directly in front of her, as though lost in meditation. The position, though dignified, appears natural to the somewhat serious and austere character of the individual. There may be a trace of stiffness in the straight, erect, unbending rigidity of the form, but it is likely enough that it belongs to the character of one in whom inflexibility of purpose was so marked a trait. The expression of the face is genuinely thoughtful, and in this regard the sculptor has achieved a triumph of which she may well be proud. Miss Martineau, at the age of thirty-five or forty, in her prime, had a sweet, matronly, and superior face, with regular, well harmonized and proportioned features, as is shown by the portraits of her, one of which forms the frontispiece to the London edition of her Autobiography (1877). So far as can be judged, the statue bears a close resemblance to her, though the portrait is of course an ideal rather than a literal presentment. The hair is dressed in the mode of forty years ago, being brought down low on the temples, and terminating in a simple knot just above the nape of the neck. The head

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is covered by a lace head-dress like a kerchief, which hangs to the shoulders on either side. The gown is very plain in its pattern, and is ornamented only by a lace ruffle about the neck. One foot is crossed over the other. The head is slightly turned toward the right, and is remarkably well poised upon a strong, firmly-modelled neck.

MEMORIAL TABLET TO GARFIELD.

VISITORS to Elberon this summer will find among the places of interest, not only the cosey Francklyn cottage, from which President Garfield "passed to where beyond these voices there is peace," but they will have pointed out to them the quaint little Queen Anne church, across the drive, St. James's Chapel, where prayers were repeatedly offered last summer for the sufferer's recovery, and in which the Bishop of New Jersey preached his funeral sermon. That those who come after may have no opportunity to forget the fame which the place and the chapel have thus gained, a number of ladies, — many of them from this city, — who have summer residences at Elberon, decided to have erected a tablet to the memory of the dead President. The order was given about a month ago, and it is expected that the memorial will be in place before the season opens. The tablet is to be of polished brass, engraved and richly ornamented in colored enamel. It will be fifty-six inches long and twenty-three inches wide, and will occupy the wall-space on the south of the chancel, facing the congregation.

The design is a free treatment of the Gothic. There are conventionalized columns on either side, surmounted by a trefoiled arched canopy, surrounded by intricate tracery. Running almost the entire length of the tablet is the sword of the General, about the hilt of which is twined a laurel-wreath. In the spaces on either side of the arch are medallions, bearing representations of the obverse and reverse of the great seal of the United States, designed by John Adams, in 1782, from a suggestion of Sir John Prestwich, an English antiquary. The obverse is too well known to call for description. It shows the spread eagle (the emblem of strength) bearing upon its breast an escutcheon with thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, like the national flag. In its right talon is the olive branch, and in its left the thirteen arrows. In its beak is a ribbon with the motto, *E pluribus unum*. Over the head of the eagle is a golden light breaking through a cloud surrounding thirteen stars, forming a constellation on a blue field.

The reverse of the seal is not so common. The principal feature is an unfinished pyramid, emblematic of the unfinished Republic, the building of which is still going on. In the zenith is an All-Seeing eye, surrounded by light, and over the eye the words, *Annuit cœptis*. On the base of the pyramid, in Roman numerals, is the date, 1776, and below this the motto, *Novus ordo seclorum*. Midway down the tablet, one on each side of the sword-blade, are two heraldic shields, one bearing a correct facsimile of the arms of the State of Ohio, and the other of the arms of the State of New Jersey. These were furnished by the Governors of the respective States, and are therefore official. The lower portion of the tablet is devoted to the inscription, which is in Old English text, of red and black enamel, and reads as follows, —

To the memory of
JAMES A. GARFIELD,
President of the United States.
Shot at Washington, July 2, 1881.
Died at Elberon, Sept. 19, 1881.

The text from which Bishop Scarborough preached the memorable funeral sermon, runs about the two sides, —

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" — 2 *Samuel* iii. 38.

The design was adapted by Mr. John Henry Buck, the New York agent for the manufacturers, Cox, Sons, Buckley, and Co, of London, and the tablet was ordered through the New York agency, 13, Bible House.

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A PUZZLE.

In me the music of the sea is hid, —
Sweet echo, from far-off shores
Of ocean waves resounding.
Beheaded, nor sea, nor earth, nor air
Such punishment contains,
For wicked men abounding.
Behead again, of five and forty parts I am,
Five-quarters in one whole, —
Assertion, how astounding!

A WHALER.

A RHYMED yarn, which, unhappily, is not all a yarn, reaches us from Hawaii. It only hints at the cruelties that are practised by tyrannical shipmasters, some of whom, it is said, will not permit sailors to spend a holiday on shore in far-off climes, except under the surveillance of half-civilized native police, who are paid to club the tars for offences of very slight importance. The correspondent who sends the rhymes says that not long ago an American whaler came in at Hawaii with all the seamen sick with scurvy, and nothing was done for their relief, and the ship sailed away in as bad condition as she came. Another ship lost thirteen of her men, who deserted in consequence of cruelties suffered by them, five of the number swimming to shore, preferring to risk encounter with sharks to longer endurance of the captain's tyranny. As a bit of literary flotsam, the genuine work of a sailor, the ballad is peculiarly interesting. Here it is: —

I, a sailor in a whaler,
  Suffered much in every way;
So with others, my two brothers,
  I determined to run away.

Since we started, weary-hearted,
  From New Bedford, months ago,
All our earning, every turning,
  Into other hands did go.

Even skippers, through the shippers,
  Charged us twice for everything;
Thus they sold us, then they told us
  We were short of everything.

Food was rotten, some forgotten,
  So we suffered every day;
But what vexed us and perplexed us
  Was, they gave the good away.

For, wherever there was treasure
  To be had, the captain took
Food and gave it, though we craved it;
  "Used," he entered in the book.

If we muttered, or but uttered
  Just a word that seemed to be
Like complaining, or for aiming
  For our rights and liberty, —

They would curse us, hit us, kick us,
  Just as though they had the right
So to prize us and chastise us,
  Just because they had the might!

So ere morning, at the dawning,
  Three of us swam to the shore;
There we wandered, suffered, hungered,
  Six long weeks and little more.

Our old captain made an offer:
  "Fifty dollars every head
To the one who brings them to me,
  Be they live or be they dead."

Then the crazy, drunk, and lazy
  Hunted us with dog and gun;
Thus to catch us, kick us, thrash us,
  Was to them the greatest fun.

Once they captured two poor fellows,
  Tied their hands unto their feet,
Ran a pole down in between them,
  Took them like a lump of meat.

Yankee freemen, think that seamen,
  Fellow-citizens with you,
Thus are treated, sold and cheated!
  Save us from the evil, do!

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LINCOLN AND BUTLER.

[*From Schuyler Colfax's Lecture.*]

LINCOLN'S well-known disposition to be merciful, which prevented his signing the death-warrants found by courts-martial, was aptly illustrated by several stories, and the fact is stated that it was for this reason Congress so modified the law toward the close of the war, that death-warrants from the courts-martial could be executed by the mere order of a commanding general in the field.

An instance of this trait was found in the pardon of one of Butler's command. When the condemned man's father called at the White House to beg his son's life, the President had just received a telegram from General Butler, which read, —

"MR. PRESIDENT, — I implore you not to interfere with the judgments of our courts-martial. You will utterly ruin all discipline in my command.

"B. F. BUTLER."

When this despatch was read to the old petitioner, he fell at the President's feet heart-broken. Lincoln looked down at him a moment, and then, grasping a pencil and paper, he said: "Ben Butler or no Ben Butler, here goes;" and he wrote a note and handed it to the old man, whose face was now beaming with hope. His countenance again became sad, however, when he read the words: —

"GENERAL BUTLER, — John Blank is not to be put to death until further orders from me.

"A. LINCOLN."

"Ah, Mr. President," said the man, "I thought you were writing a pardon. You might order his execution to-morrow."

"My man," rejoined the President, "you are not very well acquainted with me, I see. If you were, you would know that if your son never died until put to death by my orders, he would live to be a great deal older than Methusaleh."

THE YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER.

[*From the Hartford Times.*]

WE continue to receive occasional inquiries concerning the "year in which there was no summer." Some persons appear to have a wrong idea of the time. It was the year 1816. It has been called the "year without a summer," for there was sharp frost in every month. There are old farmers still living in Connecticut who remember it well. It was known as the "year without a summer." The farmers used to refer to it as "eighteen hundred and starve to death." January was mild, as was also February, with the exception of a few days. The greater part of March was cold and boisterous. April opened warm, but grew colder as it advanced, ending with snow and ice and winter cold. In May, ice formed half an inch thick, buds and flowers were frozen, and corn was killed. Frost, ice, and snow were common in June. Almost every green thing was killed, and the fruit was nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of three inches in New York and Massachusetts, and ten inches in Maine. July was accompanied with frost and ice. On the fifth, ice was formed of the thickness of window-glass in New York, in New England, and in Pennsylvania, and corn was nearly all destroyed in certain sections. August, ice formed half an inch thick. A cold northerly wind prevailed all summer. Corn was so frozen that a great deal was cut down and dried for fodder. Very little ripened in New England, or even here in Connecticut, and scarcely any in the Middle States. Farmers were obliged to pay four or five dollars a bushel for corn of 1815 for seed for the next spring's planting. The first two weeks of September were mild, and the rest of the month was cold, with frost, and ice formed a quarter of an inch thick. October was more than usually cold, with frost and ice. November was cold and blustering, with snow enough for good sleighing. December was quite mild and comfortable.

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LONG WORDS.

"Bob," said Tom, "which is the most dangerous word in all the English language to pronounce?"

"Don't know," said Bob; "unless it is a swearing word."

"Pooh!" said Tom, "it is stumbled, because you are sure to get a tumble between the first and last letters."

"Ha, ha!" said Bob, "now I've one for you. I found it one day in reading the paper. Which is the longest word in the English language?"

"Valetudinarianism," said Tom promptly.

"No, sir; it's smiles, because there is a mile between the first and last letters."

"Ho, ho!" cried Tom; "that's nothing. I know a word that has over three miles between its beginning and ending."

"Now what's that?" asked Bob faintly.

"Beleaguered!" exclaimed Tom triumphantly.

LONGFELLOW'S FIRST POEM.

When our great poet was nine years old, his master wanted him to write a composition. Little Henry, like all children, shrank from the undertaking. His master said, —

"You can write, can you not?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then you can put words together?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," said the master, "you may take your slate and go behind the school-house, and there you can find something to write about, and then you can tell what it is, what it is used for, and what is to be done with it, and that will be a composition."

Henry took his slate and went out. He went behind Mr. Finney's barn, which chanced to be near, and seeing a fine turnip growing up, he thought he knew what that was, what it was for, and what would be done with it.

Half an hour had been allowed Henry for his first undertaking in writing compositions. In half an hour he carried in his work, all accomplished, and the master is said to have been affected almost to tears when he saw what little Henry had done in the short time.

MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP.

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew, and it grew,
And it grew behind the barn,
And the turnip did no harm.

And it grew, and it grew,
Till it could grow no taller;
Then Mr. Finney took it up
And put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay,
Till it began to rot,
When his daughter Susie washed it,
And she put it in the pot.

Then she boiled it, and boiled it,
As long as she was able;
Then his daughter Lizzie took it,
And she put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife
Both sat down to sup,
And they ate, and they ate,
Until they ate the turnip up.

LONGFELLOW'S LAST AFTERNOON WITH CHILDREN.

[*From St. Nicholas.*]

"He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!
He has gone from us forever:
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing."

In the early part of March, some lads belonging to the Dwight School, Boston, wished to visit Professor Longfellow, with whose poems they were becoming familiar.

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"Let us write to him," said one of the boys, "and ask his permission to call on him some holiday afternoon."

They consulted their teacher, who favored the plan, and the following note was sent to the poet: —

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW: Dear Sir, — Would it be agreeable to you to receive a call from four boys of the Dwight School?"

Four names were signed to the note.

In a few days the following answer was returned, —

"Mr. Longfellow would be pleased to meet the boys of the Dwight School on Saturday afternoon."

The boys were delighted. They procured a choice bouquet of flowers to give to the poet, and, on Saturday afternoon, March 18, went to Cambridge, and made the last visit to Longfellow that he ever received. Soon after they left him, he walked on the piazza of the ancient house, and being there exposed to the raw March winds, he contracted the sudden illness that ended his life.

On their way to Cambridge, the boys left Boston by the Charles River Bridge, over which incessantly day and night a procession of footsteps goes and returns, as restless as the tide that ebbs and flows among the wooden piers, and there makes its ceaseless murmur.

A horse-car ride of half an hour took the boys past Harvard College, where the poet had spent many happy years as a professor, to his home, the mansion that Washington made famous in history as his headquarters. It resembles the one described in "The Old Clock on the Stairs."

This poem was suggested by the French words, *Toujours! jamais! Jamais! toujours!*

In that house the "Psalm of Life" was written. This poem, which to-day is known and admired wherever the English language is spoken, was at first not intended for publication, but was merely an expression of the poet's own views and purposes.

Longfellow once told the writer of this article the story of the composition of this poem, and added the following pleasing incident: —

"As I was returning from my visit to the Queen in London, a laborer came up to my carriage and extended his hand: 'I wish,' he said, 'to shake hands with the author of the "Psalm of Life!"' Few incidents of my life have been more pleasing. *That* was a compliment I could appreciate!"

The poet received the boys most cordially and graciously, accepted their present of flowers, and expressed his pleasure in it. He then showed them the historic rooms, and the articles associated with Washington's residence there. He was accustomed to exhibit to older visitors a piece of Dante's coffin, Coleridge's inkstand, and Thomas Moore's waste-paper basket.

The old poet, crowned with his white hair, chatted pleasantly a while with the four boys, whose faces wore the beauty and inquisitive intelligence of the years that had vanished from him forever.

One of the lads, a Master Lane, then asked him a question which must have revived tender memories. "In your poem on the River Charles," he said, "there is a stanza beginning in some books with the line, 'Four long years of mingled feeling.' In other books it begins with, 'For long years with mingled feeling.' Will you please tell me which is right?"

"'*Four* long years,'" answered the poet, thoughtfully.

"Is that the River Charles?" asked one of the boys, pointing outside.

The poet looked out on the flowing stream. It was almost the last time that he gazed upon it, — perhaps *the* last time that his attention was directed to it. "Yes," said he, mournfully, in answer; "that is the Charles."

The poet bade the lads an affectionate farewell, and for the last time he saw the forms of children depart from his door. He gave them his autograph, and copies of the poem he had written for the children of Cambridge after they had presented to him a chair made from a tree that stood near the shop of the Village Blacksmith, whose honest

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history he had taken for the subject of one of his poems.

The last view of the River Charles and of happy children! How the scene must have awakened in the poet's mind memories of the past, even although he could not then know that the shadow of death was so near!

LONGFELLOW'S LAST POEM.

[*From the Atlantic.*]

WHY dost thou wildly rush and roar,
Mad River, O mad River?
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour
Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er
This rocky shelf forever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?
Why all this fret and flurry?
Dost thou not know that what is best
In this too restless world is rest
From overwork and worry?

. . . . . .

A brooklet, nameless and unknown,
Was I at first, resembling
A little child, that all alone
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,
For the wide world I panted;
Out of the forest dark and dread
Across the open fields I fled,
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,
My voice exultant blending
With thunder from the passing cloud,
The wind the forest bent and bowed,
The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant Ocean call,
Imploring and entreating;
Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall
I plunged, and loud the waterfall
Made answer to the greeting.

And now, beset with many ills,
A toilsome life I follow;
Compelled to carry from the hills
These logs to the impatient mills
Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms
The rudeness of my labors;
Daily I water with these arms
The cattle of a hundred farms,
And have the birds for neighbors.

Men call me Mad, and well they may,
When, full of rage and trouble,
I burst my banks of sand and clay,
And sweep their wooden bridge away,
Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,
As of thine own creating.
Thou seest the day is past its prime;
I can no longer waste my time;
The mills are tired of waiting.

A PRETTY good story is told of Professor John Stuart Blackie, who has just retired from the Greek chair of the University of Edinburgh, after thirty years' service. It is related that once, on the first day of the college year, he posted on his class-room door a notice that "Professor Blackie will meet his classes on the 4th instant, at the usual hour." A joker among the students erased the *c* in "classes," thus announcing that the Professor would "meet his lasses," etc. As class-time drew near, the young men gathered about to "see what Blackie would do." The Professor came, glanced at the card, touched it with a pencil, and passed on to his desk, with a grim smile overspreading his features. And the students followed him into the room with mingled emotions of jollity and dismay, as they saw that his deft pencil-stroke had obliterated the *l*, leaving the announcement that Professor Blackie would "meet his asses" at the usual hour.

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"PUT ON ANOTHER PLATE."

A GOOD story is told of a couple of farmers who lived a few miles apart. One day one called on the other, happening around at dinner-time. The person called upon, by the way, was a rather penurious old fellow. He was seated at the table enjoying his dinner. The visitor drew up to the stove, looking very wistfully towards the table, expecting the old farmer to invite him to dine. The old man kept on eating.

"What's the news over your way, neighbor?" (still eating). "No news over there, eh?"

"No, I believe not." Presently a thought struck the visitor. "Well, yes, friend, I did hear of one item of news worth mentioning."

"Ah! what is that?"

"Neighbor John has a cow that has five calves."

"Is that so? Good gracious! What in thunder does the fifth calf do when the others are sucking?"

"Stands and looks on just as I do, like a fool."

"Mary, put on another plate."

LINCOLN'S STORY OF THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

[*From the Chicago Journal.*]

A CORRESPONDENT, in sending the following anecdote, says it was often related by Lincoln, with that peculiar expression and fascination of manner that those only can fully appreciate who knew him: —

While yet a humble surveyor in Mound County, a friend of President Lincoln, who then, like himself, had little education, but strong attachments, was elected a justice of the peace. Feeling the importance of the position to which he had been elected, he made a rough desk standing on four legs, to hold his "statoot" and papers, and behind it a large old-fashioned arm-chair, with "splint-bottom." Soon after his commission was received, giving him authority to dispense justice, a neighbor, a friend of his, called to commence the first suit and get out the first summons. The summons was duly issued and served, and the day fixed for trial. On the day of the trial the whole neighborhood were on hand, eager to see and hear and learn the result of this litigation. The only room in the justice's cabin was occupied by the court, and the justice, clean-shaved and shirted, dressed in his best "jeans," took his seat in the old arm-chair at one side of the huge fireplace, and behind the rude desk. The court was opened, the evidence heard, and the case promptly decided in favor of his friend, the plaintiff.

While the defendant and his friends were leaving the room in no pleasant mood, the justice rose from his seat, walked over to where the plaintiff stood, surrounded by his witnesses and friends, rubbed his hands, bowed, and smilingly said: "I'm glad this case went that way"

EZEKIEL HAYES, the great-grandfather of the President, was a successful mechanic in Connecticut, and kept a number of apprentices. It is said that sometimes, like apprentices in all ages, they felt that they had long work and short rations. At one time a new cheese was put on the table whole. It stood uncut for a day or two, Hayes saying at each meal, "That is a nice-looking cheese: it is a pity to cut it!" The boys thought this was growing rather monotonous, and planned to show their sentiments. The blacksmith had one day got a bar of iron nicely heated, and laid it across the iron anvil to be cut the proper lengths. The boys, with chisel and sledges, were to cut it off. But no hand was raised. Hayes asked why they did not "strike." One of them replied, "That is such a nice bar of iron: it would be a pity to cut it." Hayes quickly saw the point, and shouted with a laugh, "Strike, boys, strike! the cheese shall be cut."

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VIA SOLITARIA.

BY DR. O. M. CONNOVER.

ALONE I walk the peopled city,
Where each seems happy with his own;
O friends, I ask not for your pity, —
I walk alone.

No more for me yon lake rejoices,
Though moved by loving airs of June;
O birds, your sweet and piping voices
Are out of tune!

In vain for me the elm-tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery spray;
In vain the evening's starry marches,
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers,
Ye cannot greet those cordial eyes;
They gaze on other fields than ours,
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath;
Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is — Death.

Yet well I know the voice of Duty,
And, therefore, life and health must crave;
Though she who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein apart a traveller stands, —
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands;

And I, as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For Death shall bring another mating
Beyond the shadows of the tomb:
On yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing;
And there, — oh, vision of delight! —
I see the child and mother straying
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breakest,
Stealing the treasures one by one,
I 'll call thee Blessèd when thou makest
The parted, — one.

MADISON, WISCONSIN,
Sept. 18, 1863.

HOW WEBSTER WAS TAUGHT TO USE HIS KNIFE AND FORK. — When Daniel Webster's father found that his son was not robust enough to make a successful farmer, he sent him to Exeter to prepare for College, and found a home for him among a number of other students in the family of "old Squire Clifford," as we of a younger generation have always heard him called. Daniel had up to this time led only the secular life of a country farmer's boy, and, though the New Hampshire farmers have sent out many heroes as firm and true as the granite rocks in the pasture, there cannot be, among the hard and homely work which such a life implies, the little finenesses of manner which good society demands. Daniel was one of these diamonds of the first water, but was still in the rough, and needed some cutting and polishing to fit him to shine in the great world in which he was to figure so conspicuously. None saw this more clearly than the sensible old Squire. The boy had one habit at table of which the Squire saw it would be a kindness to cure him. When not using his knife and fork, he was accustomed to hold them upright in his fists, on either side of his plate. Daniel was a bashful boy of very delicate feelings, and the Squire feared to wound him by speaking to him directly on the

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subject. So he called aside one of the other students with whom he had been longer acquainted, and told him his dilemma. "Now," said he, "I want you this noon at the table to hold up your knife and fork as Daniel does. I will speak to you about it, and we will see if the boy does not take a hint for himself." The young man consented to be the scapegoat for his fellow-student, and several times during the meal planted his fists on the table, with his knife and fork as straight as if he had received orders to present arms. The Squire drew his attention to his position, courteously begged his pardon for speaking of the matter, and added a few kind words on the importance of young men correcting such little habits before going out into the world. The student thanked him for his interest and advice, and promised reform, and Daniel's knife and fork were never from that day seen elevated at table.

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SOME CURIOUS PATENTS THAT HAVE BEEN ISSUED. — Some of the applications made for patents are very amusing; but however funny the idea, if it is only original with the applicant, the patent can be secured. The rights of the American inventor are sacred, and no Commissioner of Patents dares infringe upon them. It will be sad news to many a prudent housewife to learn that every time she pricks a hole in an egg with a pin she is violating the patent of an American inventor, but such is the case. Years ago an inventive genius devoted himself to discovering a method to prevent eggs from cracking during the process of boiling. He solved the problem by pricking a pin-hole in one end of the egg, through which the air in the shell was allowed to escape, and this pin-hole he duly patented according to law. Precisely how he manages to collect his royalty is a mystery; but the fact remains, that he has a legal claim for royalty on every pin-hole made in an egg before boiling. An application has recently been made for the patent of a machine to prevent young orphan chickens from being lonely. This is an invention which should, and probably will, commend itself to Mr. Bergh. The inventor claims that hundreds of chickens hatched out in the artificial incubators become lonely because they miss the "cluck! cluck!" of the mother-hen, which is the lullaby of all well-regulated chickens hatched in the natural way, and that many are killed by this loneliness. He has arranged a system of clock-work which produces a noise somewhat similar to that of the hen, which he proposes to attach to the incubator, and on this machine the patent is asked. A patent has been issued on a clog for fowls, designed to prevent them from scratching in gardens. It consists of a wire in the shape of a hair-pin, sharp at the points. This is attached to the feet of the fowl in such a way that when it attempts to scratch, the points enter the ground and prevent the claws from reaching it. Hens have ever been the subject of much patient thought on the part of inventors. A nest designed to deceive them into laying more than the one egg daily which every respectable bird contributes to the farmer's larder, has been devised and patented. It has a false bottom, through which the eggs drop as soon as laid, and the patient hen, feeling that she has failed in her duty, proceeds to lay another, until her treasury becomes exhausted or she discovers the deception. A beehive has been patented, the doors of which are attached to the hen-roost in such a manner that when the fowls go to roost, they close the hive and thus secure the inmates against the ravages of the bee-moth, and at daylight, when the hens leave the roost, the hive doors are opened and the bees set at liberty. Even the faithful horse has been made the subject of optical delusion by the inventors. A patent has been secured for what is known as a horse fence. It consists simply of a wire frame placed over the head of the horse, so that when he approaches a fence with the laudable desire of jumping it, he sees the wires above his head, mistakes them for part of the fence, and concludes that it is too high for him to leap.

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WHATEVER YOU DO, DO CHEERFULLY.

WHATEVER you do, do cheerfully,
As if your heart were in it;
'T will smooth the way to the goal you seek,
And give you strength to win it.
For little of silver or gold you 'll get,
If you make up your mind to frown or fret;
Little of joy for a lonely hour,
If you never have planted a single flower.
What though the task a hard one be,
Still with a smile begin it;
And whatever you do, do cheerfully,
As if your heart were in it.

EMERSON'S FAMOUS TRIBUTE TO BURNS.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN, — I do not know by what untoward accident it has chanced, — and I forbear to inquire, — that in this accomplished circle it should fall to me, the worst Scotsman of all, to receive your commands, and at the latest hour, too, to respond to the sentiment just offered, and which indeed makes the occasion. But I am told there is no appeal, and I must trust to the inspiration of the theme to make a fitness which does not otherwise exist. At the first announcement, from I know not whence, that the 25th of January was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, a sudden consent warmed the great English race, in all its kingdoms, colonies, and States, all over the world, to keep the festival.

We are here to hold our parliament with love and poesy, as men were wont to do in the Middle Ages. Those famous Parliaments might or might not have had more stateliness and better singers than we, — though that is yet to be known, — but they could not have had better reason.

I can only explain this singular unanimity in a race which rarely acts together, but rather after their watchword, each for himself, by the fact that Robert Burns, the poet of the middle classes, represents in the mind of men to-day that great uprising of the middle class against the armies and privileged minorities, — that uprising which worked politically in the American and French Revolutions, and which, not in governments so much as in education and social order, has changed the face of the world. In order for this destiny, his birth, breeding, and fortunes were low. His organic sentiment was absolute independence, and rested, as it should, on a life of labor. No man existed who could look down on him. They that looked into his eyes saw that they might look down the sky as easily. His muse and teaching were common sense, joyful, aggressive, irresistible.

Not Latimer, not Luther, struck more telling blows against False Theology, than did this brave singer. The "Confession of Augsburg," the "Declaration of Independence," the French "Rights of Man," and the "Marseillaise," are not more weighty documents in the history of freedom than the songs of Burns. His satire has lost none of its edge. His musical arrows yet sing through the air.

He is so substantially a reformer, that I find his grand, plain sense in close chain with the greatest masters, — Rabelais, Shakspeare in comedy, Cervantes, Butler, and Burns. If I should add another name, I find it only in a living countryman of Burns. He is an exceptional genius. The people who care nothing for literature and poetry care for Burns. It was indifferent, they thought who saw him, whether he wrote verses or not; he could have done anything else as well.

Yet how true a poet he is! And the poet, too, of poor men, of gray hodden and the guernsey coat and the blouse. He has given voice to all the experiences of common life; he has endeared the farmhouse and cottage, patches and poverty, beans and barley; ale, the poor man's wine; hardship, the fear of debt, the dear society of weans and wife, of brothers and sisters, proud of each other, knowing so few, and finding amends for

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want and obscurity in books and thought. What a love of nature, and, — shall I say it? — of middle-class nature! Not like Goethe, in the stars, or like Byron, on the ocean, or Moore, in the luxurious East; but in the lonely landscape which the poor see around them, — bleak leagues of pasture and stubble, ice and sleet and rain and snow-choked brooks; birds, hares, field-mice, thistles, and heather, which he daily knew. How many "Bonny Doons," and "John Anderson my Joes," and "Auld Lang Synes," all around the earth have his verses been applied to! And his love-songs still woo and melt the youths and maids; the farm-work, the country holiday, the fishing cobble, are still his debtors to-day.

And as he was thus the poet of poor anxious, cheerful, working humanity, so he had the language of low life. He grew up in a rural district, speaking a patois unintelligible to all but natives, and he has made that Lowland Scotch a Doric dialect of fame. It is the only example in history of a language made classic by the genius of a single man. But, more than this, he had that secret of genius to draw from the bottom of society the strength of its speech, and astonish the ears of the polite with these artless words, better than art, and filtered of all offence through his beauty. It seemed odious to Luther that the devil should have all the best tunes; he would bring them into the churches; and Burns knew how to take from fairs and gypsies, blacksmiths and drovers, the speech of the market and street, and clothe it with melody.

But I am detaining you too long. The memory of Burns, — I am afraid heaven and earth have taken too good care of it to leave us anything to say. The west winds are murmuring it. Open the windows behind you, and hearken for the incoming tide, what the waves say of it. The doves perching always on the eaves of the stone chapel opposite may know something about it. Every home in broad Scotland keeps his fame bright. The memory of Burns, — every man's and boy's and girl's head carries snatches of his songs, and can say them by heart, and, what is strangest of all, never learned them from a book, but from mouth to mouth. The wind whispers them, the birds whistle them, the corn, barley, and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them, — nay, the music-boxes at Geneva are framed and toothed to play them, the hand-organs of the Savoyards in all cities repeat them, and the chimes of bells ring them in the spires. They are the property and the solace of mankind.

PROBABLY no man has ever filled the Presidential office with so little sense of humor and wit as Mr. Hayes. On one occasion a story was told in his presence to illustrate the want of real pride in the South concerning the negro. The person stated that at a certain tavern a number of the chivalry were gathered around, when an old negro drove up with a bale of cotton on a rickety wagon drawn by a mule. "Is that your cotton, Ben?" cried one of the chivalry. "Yes, massa; I done made it all myself." "And clean it too, Ben?" "Yes, massa; and I done plant it and pick and clean it too; and now I am going to sell it." "Well, Ben, don't you think you ought to treat?" "Yes, massa, I can treat." Whereupon all those idle chivalry went into the bar, and the poor negro set up the drinks on his one bale of cotton. When this story had been told, Mr. Evarts dryly said, "Well, that was a shame to make him gin his cotton twice." Nearly everybody laughed except Hayes, the President; and one dull fellow sitting by him said, "I do not think I caught that joke." "Well," said President Hayes, with thoughtful politeness, turning to this person, "the Secretary of State remarked that the process of cleaning cotton, which takes some time, had been done by this negro man so thoroughly that he had gone over it twice." The expression on Evarts's face was that there was so much Civil-Service reform in that Administration, that even his jokes had to pass a school of examination.

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AN ANCIENT RIDDLE.

A GREAT many years ago, a prominent merchant in Taunton promised to an eccentric old woman named Lucy King, living in the neighboring town of Berkley, a desirable prize, if, taking her subject from the Bible, she would compose a riddle which he could not guess. She won the prize with the following: —

Adam, God made out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first;
So I was made before the man,
To answer God's most holy plan.

My body God did make complete,
But without arms or legs or feet;
My ways and acts he did control,
But to my body gave no soul.

A living being I became,
And Adam gave to me my name;
I from his presence then withdrew,
And more of Adam never knew.

I did my Maker's law obey,
Nor from it ever went astray;
Thousands of miles I go in fear,
But seldom on the earth appear.

For purpose wise, which God did see,
He put a living soul in me;
A soul from me my God did claim,
And took from me that soul again.

For when from me the soul had fled,
I was the same as when first made;
And without hands or feet or soul,
I travel on from pole to pole.

I labor hard by day, by night;
To fallen man I give great light;
Thousands of people, young and old,
Will by my death great light behold.

No right nor wrong can I conceive;
The Scriptures I cannot believe;
Although my name therein is found,
They are to me an empty sound.

No fear of death doth trouble me;
Real happiness I ne'er shall see;
To heaven I shall never go,
Or to the grave or hell below.

Now when these lines you slowly read,
Go, search your Bible with all speed,
For that my name's recorded there,
I honestly to you declare.

The following is the solution of the above riddle, —

God made the "whale" without a soul,
To wander wide from pole to pole;
But when the "fish" had Jonah swallowed,
As in the deep the prophet wallowed,
It had a soul enshrined within,
Till prayer secured relief from sin;
Then on the distant shore was shed
The prophet sent to save the dead.
As light thus shone on God's command,
So whales shed light o'er all the land,
To all mankind, the slave and queen,
Unless they burn the kerosene.

BOOKS FOR THE BLIND.

BY BISHOP CLARK.

SOME of our readers have probably never seen any of the books printed for the use of the blind, and not one of them could use these books as the blind do, and learn anything from them. Take an ordinary embossed card, and try to find out by feeling the pasteboard what are the figures with which it is stamped, and then you can tell whether you could decipher the raised letters by passing the tips of your fingers along the page. It is difficult for us to distinguish by the touch a small circle from a square, and in feeling a leaf, which is as intelligible to the blind as the columns of the "Ledger" are to the present reader, all that we can perceive is a little roughness on the surface.

The blind who are well trained read with

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their fingers as readily as we do with our eyes; but, for obvious reasons, the range of literature that becomes accessible to this unfortunate class is very limited. There are not more than one hundred and twenty books in existence printed with raised letters. They are much more costly than ordinary books. You can buy a common Bible for fifty cents, while the price of a Bible for the blind is twenty-five dollars. There can be no remunerative market for the sale of such books; the number of blind people who read is not very large, and few of them can afford to buy such expensive volumes. What has been done in this department is a work of charity, and how small a space it covers, compared with the stores of knowledge provided for the community at large! There are about one hundred volumes on the shelves of the Perkins Institution for the Blind in South Boston, while there are three hundred and ninety thousand on the walls of one of the public libraries in the same city.

Just imagine your own reading for a lifetime to be confined to the few volumes that occupy a couple of shelves in your library, without ever being able to read a newspaper or a periodical of any sort at all. All that the good offices of the benevolent have thus far been able to do is to give the blind a slight taste of a few of our best and most popular authors, — a little mouthful of grass from the green pastures of literature, — a cup or two of water from the fountain of which we drink till we are gorged. A fund of one hundred thousand dollars has been nearly completed, for the most part in Boston and the vicinity, the income of which will enable the blind to be furnished with ten or twelve new books every year, and to place sets of these books in the public libraries of all the great cities in the Union, for the free use of such as can read them. What an addition this will be to the stock of human happiness! And who would not like to do something in such a cause?

When we consider from how many things the blind are excluded, from everything which comes to us through the eye, the sight of friends, and all the beauties of nature and all the treasures of art, what a blessing a new book must be, which they can take with them into their quiet room, and even into bed with them, to while away the hours of the night, and there open, literally with their own fingers, the door of some new, strange chamber in the domain of science, or history, or fiction, or poetry, or philosophy, or religion! They need to pay no gas-bills, and even the electric light is of no concern to them. This is one of the compensations of their condition, and, strangely enough, they are usually a light-hearted and merry class. One who has never seen at all, of course can have no adequate conception of what he loses by his blindness.

It is a wonderful and mysterious thing to see Laura Bridgman, who has no communication whatever with the outer world except by the sense of touch, come forward, quivering with excitement, and turn over the leaves of the Bible until she finds the chapter that she wants, and then, with the fingers of one hand moving deliberately over the page, silently communicate the words of the text with her other hand to the attendant by a rapid series of touches, which only the initiated can comprehend. The life of this woman is stranger than any fiction that ever was written. The question was first to be solved, whether, in the dark and silent chambers of her soul, which no ray of light or wave of sound could penetrate, — chambers sealed up and closed, — there was any *capacity* of intelligence, — any ability to apprehend anything in the outside world, if communication could possibly be opened. No wonder that Dr. Howe, the apostle of the blind, was filled with holy exultation when, after long and patient experiment, he caught the first response from that still, dark chamber, and found that there was a key by which it could be unlocked.

The appliances for the education of the blind are not confined to books. They are also provided with embossed maps for the study of geography, which is one of their favorite pursuits. These maps are dissected, so that the pupil can remove any one of the

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States of the Union at his pleasure, or lift an island from its place when it is called for, and he can also reconstruct the world after it has been taken to pieces. By these processes he seems to acquire a more ready and thorough knowledge of the earth than is possessed by ordinary pupils in our schools.

The blind children are also made familiar with the anatomy of the human frame by means of models, which they study carefully with their hands, while the teacher explains the several parts and functions. I recently heard a little girl deliver a short lecture on the construction of the ear, which she illustrated by the model before her, and her description was a perfect model of a first-class scientific discourse. At the same time I heard from another blind girl an admirable exposition of natural history, — a stuffed bird being used as the text from which she discoursed; and she *handled* her text with the most consummate skill.

The blind are also taught to model with their own hands a variety of objects, useful and ornamental, and even to do fancy work in worsted, — the exquisite delicacy of their touch enabling them, within certain limits, to distinguish the different colors by the tangible qualities of the various dyes.

It is one of the marvels of modern surgery to illuminate the interior of the body by the introduction of electric light into the œsophagus; but it is a greater achievement to light up the temple of the soul which no sunbeam has ever penetrated.

The educated blind take great delight in music, in which they are proficients, and their articulation, in ordinary reading as well as in singing, is much more distinct and accurate than it is in the case of our ordinary public speakers and performers.

It is a comfort to know that the calamities of life may be tempered with all these compensations, and that those who might seem to have most cause to be wretched, after all may not be as unhappy as others upon whom Fortune has showered all her best gifts except that of contentment.

GLADSTONE'S HOME AND HABITS.

[*From the Worcester Spy.*]

WHILE at Chester I walked out to Gladstone's country home at Hawarden, which is only seven miles south of Chester, in the extreme north of Wales. Hawarden, called here Harden, is a quaint old village, with a Gothic church with battlemented tower and walls. Gladstone's second son, Rev. Stephen Edward Gladstone, is the rector of this church. The houses of the village are either of stone or brick, with numerous large chimneys, and are mostly situated along a narrow street, into which the front doors all open. Gladstone's residence is called Hawarden Castle, but it is situated some eighty rods north of the old castle, and was never used for castle purposes. The ruins of the old castle stand upon the top of a cone-shaped hill at the foot of the Welsh mountains, and from the top of the castle tower a fine view may be had of a large territory, covered with mansions, villages, and fertile and well-kept farms, while in the distance the spires and cathedral tower of Chester are conspicuous. The dwelling-house occupied by Gladstone and his family is a large mansion with battlemented walls and towers. It stands in the midst of a fifteen or twenty acre park, which is beautiful for situation and for what it contains. Some portion of the ground is hilly, and the walks through vales and rocky dells, shaded by great old trees, are lovely in the extreme. Many beech-trees in this park must be twelve or fifteen feet in circumference, and a hundred and fifty feet high. A little eastward of the house lies a large field, which stretches away as far as the eye can reach, and is dotted over thickly with trees. In this field droves of red and white cattle and flocks of sheep graze upon the greensward, and here the Premier of England at times seeks health and recreation by felling trees and chopping them up into wood. At the present time he is one of the best abused men in England, but I found no one in the vicinity of his home who spoke of him except in

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terms of love and respect. His modest and unassuming manner of life, and his earnest and persevering efforts for the public welfare have made him the people's William; and they love his wife, both on account of her many admirable social qualities, and on account of her untiring assiduity in caring for their William. For fifty years they have been familiar with his abounding physical and mental activity; but at the last general election he performed such feats of physical endurance and mental prowess, that the people, in astonishment, said he never could have done such things at his age had he not had Mrs. Gladstone to care for him. They will tell you how, at the last general election, he left Hawarden one winter's morning, in company with his noble wife, for a political campaign in Scotland. Day after day he delivered three or four political speeches of great vigor and power. These orations were not merely the repetition of the same address, but each one dealt with a new subject, or with a new phase of the same subject. They were printed in every newspaper in Great Britain, and created such enthusiasm for his party and such distrust of the Conservative party, that the election resulted in the complete overthrow of Beaconsfield's Government. He set the cold hearts of the Scots on fire by his fervid eloquence, and Lord Beaconsfield wittily termed his campaign "a pilgrimage of passion." Many of these speeches were delivered to vast crowds in the open air. But during the whole campaign Mrs. Gladstone remained by his side. At the close of each address she took charge of him, saw that he was kept out of draughts of air, and properly robed him with her own hands. In this way she kept him in splendid working condition, and at the close of about twenty days she brought him back to their Hawarden home in good health, and the virtual prime minister of Great Britain. Gladstone's incomparable industry is shown in his manner of life in Hawarden. Soon after eight o'clock each morning he walks to his son's church, and attends morning prayers. It is said that when he is at home, the attendance in Hawarden church is doubled, and it is presumed that many go to see him, and to hear the lessons read in the sonorous tones of the Premier of England. After breakfast, until 2 P. M., he applies himself with all the ardor of youth to intellectual work. After luncheon he spends some time in conversation with family and friends, and when the weather is favorable he takes long walks or chops wood. He can toil terribly, and with him no moment is allowed to pass unoccupied. Most people consider idleness one of the beatitudes of heaven; but I think he would rather place it among the tortures of hell.

HOW TO RAISE STRAWBERRIES.

HORTICULTURE and small-fruit culture are not exactly in my line, but let me tell you of a charming thing a friend of mine has done. She has raised twenty quarts of strawberries in a space occupying just the room of the head of a wine-barrel. This barrel she had perforated with good-sized holes all over its sides. Proper drainage was secured by filling the bottom full of large stones, and the barrel was filled with earth. The plants were "set out" from the *outside*, through these holes. In a short time, when the vines had grown, — they were also planted in the open top of the barrel, — she had something lovely to look at, for the vines completely covered the barrel! They were always clean and fresh, for they touched no earth, and the fruit blossomed and came to fruition most perfectly. Can you imagine anything pleasanter than picking these berries from out of this pretty tangle of clean foliage? Who cannot have a thing of beauty, a thing of profit, and a thing of joy through strawberry-time and all through the summer, even if his "grounds" are but three feet square? A large hogshead can be used, but to my certain knowledge one "strawberry-barrel" yielded twenty quarts of berries.

MARGERY DEANE.

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COMMANDED TO WINDSOR.

[*From Truth.*]

THE Queen never resides at Windsor Castle for more than four months in each year, and it is only during that period that Her Majesty can be said to live in sovereign state. The rigid etiquette of the English Court is never relaxed at Windsor. But at Balmoral and Osborne it is a comparatively quiet life, with no guests except an occasional minister or member of the Royal Family, with hardly a ceremony in a month, and with a reduced court; for, except for an odd day or two for special occasions, the Queen never takes either lords or grooms-in-waiting to her private residences. When at Windsor, on the contrary, the Castle is an almost perpetual stream and scene of hospitality. Ministers, ambassadors, the "old nobility," notable personages of every description, and members of the Royal Family are coming and going almost daily; and not a week passes but there is some ceremony of state, involving the attendance of the great officers of the household.

Invitations to Windsor were formerly for two and sometimes three nights, which gave the guest the opportunity of having some quiet conversation with the Queen, and allowed time for him to view the magnificent collection of pictures and objects of art with which every part of the Castle is crowded, or to pass a few hours in the library, which contains a very fine selection of books and prints. Of late years, however, ordinary invitations have been for one night only, — an arrangement which precludes the possibility of the visitor's enjoying himself as he did formerly, and which is positively disadvantageous to the Queen, as when on the intervening day the guest used to be conducted to the aviaries, kennels, farm, and gardens, it often happened that at home he possessed some bird, dog, beast, implement, or plant which was not to be found in the royal domain; and when this was the case, permission was usually requested to be allowed to supply the deficiency, so that in this way the Queen received a great number of valuable presents. Invitations now are merely to dine and sleep, and they are usually sent by Sir John Cowell, the master of the household, but occasionally from the Lord Chamberlain's office. As a rule, very short notice is given. A command (which it is, *de facto*) has been known to reach a guest late on the afternoon of the very day on which he was expected at the Castle.

Royal guests leave Paddington either at five or half-past six. On arriving at the visitors' entrance of the Castle, they are received by the pages of the chamber, who, after consulting a table on which each person's location is written out, conduct the guests to their respective apartments. The visitors' rooms are spacious, warm, and thoroughly comfortable; they are hung with interesting pictures, and each contains a large bath, with a perpetual hot and cold supply. If the guest is known to any one in waiting, he will probably be speedily looked up by his friend; if he is acquainted with a lady of the household, he may be bidden to drink tea with her. In any case, he probably receives a visit from Sir John Cowell. About half-past seven it is time to prepare for the Queen's dinner-party, as it is indispensable to appear at the royal dinner-table in full dress. The old and ugly Windsor uniform is usually worn by those who have a right to it.

Soon after eight, the visitor finds his way into the grand corridor, where the dinner company assemble. This noble gallery, which extends all around the quadrangle, is hung from end to end with pictures, and is filled with cabinets of china, vases, and other exquisite objects. It would look splendid with the electric light, but at present it is sparsely illuminated with lamps. The canalettis and the portraits are the special features of the gallery, which, of course, is never shown to the public. There are particularly admirable portraits of Mr. Canning, Mr. Pitt, Lord Thurlow, and Archbishop Markham; and close to the entrance to the dining-room is a portrait of Lord Beaconsfield. But it would

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take hours even to give a cursory glance at the contents of the corridor. The collection of china is unique. There is a little cabinet of Rose du Barri, of which it is said by a connoisseur, that if put up at Christie's, the first bid would be twenty thousand pounds. It is rather a blot that there are several daubs of notable events in the Queen's reign, principally of domestic order, and it is a pity that these are not relegated to a back room. One or two of them are interesting from the portraits, especially one of the Queen's first council, which includes almost every eminent man of that period. Mr. Charles Greville is particularly good in the picture.

Shortly after half-past eight, the Queen enters from her own private apartments, followed by Princess Beatrice. Her Majesty speaks a word or two to the visitors, and then all go to dinner. The private dining-room, which opens from the corridor, is a most comfortable apartment. The Queen always lunches in this room, and dines there when her party does not exceed sixteen. The further side is almost all window, looking into the quadrangle; the walls on each side of the door are covered with splendid tapestry, which was presented to William the Fourth by Louis Philippe. There are only two pictures, — the Queen (by Angeli) at one end, and the Duchess of Edinburgh at the other. The dinner is always very good; the *carte* being well conceived and well executed, and the diners excellently served. On the *menu* the name of the cook who is responsible for each dish is written opposite to it, so that praise and blame can be equitably dispensed. Champagne and claret are the wines usually taken. There is a large cellar of very fine old port at the Castle, but very little is now consumed; nor is sherry (which was the favorite wine of William the Fourth) in great request. In Prince Albert's time, tokay always appeared, as he invariably drank one glass after dinner; and as a supply was sent every Christmas by the Emperor of Austria, he got the best that could be had. The royal dining-room is quite a brilliant spectacle, and the first time a visitor "has the honor of dining," he is very likely to lose his dinner while looking round the room. John Brown, in full Highland dress, is stationed behind the Queen's chair, and occasionally the other "personal servant," Löhlein (who was Prince Albert's confidential valet) is also to be seen hovering about. There are footmen in their state liveries, pages and cellarmen in their respective uniforms, and the clerks of the kitchen, who carve at the side-table. On ordinary occasions they are in plain black, with knee-breeches, but at large dinners they appear in their uniforms. While the Queen is dining, the ladies and gentlemen of the household are taking their meal in the large dining-room under the presidency of Sir John Cowell; this room opens into the first of the three principal drawing-rooms, and is at the northeast corner of the Castle, and the finest view from the whole place is to be obtained from its windows. The Queen dines here when she has a party of from twenty to thirty. On the very rare occasions when the number is still larger, and it becomes an affair of a state banquet, St. George's Hall is used. The Queen leaves the room with the ladies, and in two or three minutes the gentlemen follow; and then comes the only personal intercourse that takes place between a guest and the host, as Her Majesty remains in the corridor for perhaps half an hour, and converses for a few minutes with each visitor in succession, after which she bows to the circle and retires. The guests and household then adjourn into the crimson or green drawing-room (there is some wonderful Chippendale work in this room, which would be the despair of ordinary *dilettanti* if they could see it), and the evening closes with music and whist. These rooms contain numerous cabinets of priceless china. The Queen passes the evening in conversation with Princess Beatrice, or in reading or writing, or in listening to a reader, either in her own sitting-room or in the adjoining one, which was formerly used by Prince Albert. Both are invariably lighted up. Candles are used for the illumination of Her Majesty's private rooms.

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There is an excellent billiard-room, where smoking is allowed, and cooling drinks are to be obtained. The idea that the regulations as to smoking are of inconvenient stringency is quite illusory. There are smoking-rooms not merely for the household and guests, but for the upper and ordinary servants. It is impossible to grant liberty to guests to smoke in their rooms, as the next person might dislike the smell, and after a night's occupation by some of the German visitors, one would find an atmosphere capable of curing a Westphalian ham. In the morning there is daily service at nine o'clock in the private chapel, conducted by the Dean of Windsor; but as visitors are expected to leave by the eleven o'clock train, they have quite enough to do to get their breakfast comfortably, unless they are very early. There are two breakfast-tables going on, and the meal can be obtained in one's own room if wished. It is etiquette that the Queen invariably breakfasts in private, either alone, or only with persons of the blood royal.

Her Majesty rarely appears before nine. If it is fine, the Queen then drives to Frogmore in an open carriage, and there breakfasts in the house, unless the weather is very hot, when Her Majesty takes the meal in a tent on the lawn, and reads her private letters and newspapers. The Queen never takes up a newspaper that has not previously been perused by a lady-in-waiting, who marks all the passages which she thinks would interest Her Majesty, who is supposed to look at nothing that is not marked. Afterwards the Queen goes to another room or to another tent, and proceeds to the business of the day. There are seldom less than twenty, and often more than thirty, boxes to be gone through, and a groom is kept constantly riding between the Queen at Frogmore and Sir Henry Ponsonby at the Castle. There are despatches, state papers, letters from ministers, and, what are quite as troublesome, ten thousand tiresome trifles, each one of which must be carefully gone into and decided upon, to say nothing of private business of every description. After about three hours of incessant work, Her Majesty drives back to the Castle with the boxes in the carriage, and they are then carried upstairs on a tray, and sorted and despatched by Sir Henry Ponsonby. Then Her Majesty lunches with Princess Beatrice and any other members of her family who are at the Castle; and, unless there is any ceremony of state appointed for the day, they afterwards take a walk in the sunk garden or on the slopes, and later go out for a drive. On their return they retire for a little necessary rest before preparing for dinner, which brings the day's visitors. The only part of the Queen's daily routine which never varies is the morning work, which comes as regularly as that of any clerk in the City, and everything is done by Her Majesty with conscientious thoroughness.

The Queen looks into everything herself, and the public have little idea of the prodigious number and variety of the subjects which come before her for decision. It is an axiom amongst all who have served the Queen, that if they can only get their case looked into by Her Majesty, strict justice is assured. At Windsor her life is more laborious than elsewhere, from the incessant visitors and ceremonies, and the impossibility of getting away from the pomp and pageantry of a court. There is nothing which Her Majesty so much dislikes at the Castle as the innumerable sentries, who are everywhere to be seen, and whose monotonous tramp never ceases along the east terrace, underneath the windows of the private apartments.

PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC. — "You can't add different things together," said an Austin school-teacher. "If you add a sheep and a cow together, it does not make two sheep or two cows." A little boy, the son of an Austin Avenue milkman, held up his hand and said: "That may do with sheep and cows; but if you add a quart of milk and a quart of water, it makes two quarts of milk. I've seen it tried."

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AN OLD DRUMMER.

SEPT. 29, 1790, was celebrated in the family of the Simpsons in Winslow, Me., because he whom they named Daniel was that day born. Sept. 29, 1882, was celebrated in the family of the Simpsons on East Fourth Street, South Boston, because Daniel is still alive, and has been such a prodigious drummer. When only ten years old, Daniel received a prize of a handsome drum for a brave feat in managing an unruly horse, and he never recovered from the drum-fever. He drummed for a militia company at a muster in 1800, and has been rattling the drumsticks ever since. The inflexible facts of history forbid the conjecture that Uncle Daniel was the person conspicuous in Washington's camp at Cambridge, —

> "And there we saw a little keg, —
> Its heads were made of leather;
> He knocked upon 't with little clubs,
> And called the folks together."

But he was the same kind of man, and may easily have been the poet's model for the departed Revolutionary drummer. Major Simpson was drummer for the Ancient and Honorables for sixty-eight years, having finally laid down his drum in 1878. He and his companion fifer — the veteran "Si" Smith — drummed and fifed together for fifty-nine years, and were constantly in attendance at the parades of the Ancients.

A pleasant company gathered at Mr. Simpson's home yesterday afternoon and evening. He has been in poor health for two weeks, but was better yesterday, and was about to see his callers. Mr. Albert Lauten, of the common council, — his next-door neighbor, — helped to receive the friends, and among them were Mayor Green, Captain John L. Stevenson, Captain David Pulsifer, Charles Allen, of the Ancients, Vincent Laforme, the Treasurer, Captain Goodwin, of station 12, Professor Walter Smith, the Hon. Benjamin Dean, John R. Hall, President of the Florida Railroad, and his brother, William H. Hall, Major W. Hatch, James J. Doherty, of New York, and D. M. B. Thaxter, a veteran born May 12, 1797. A fine basket of flowers was sent in by Mr. J. Putnam Bradlee, and a young girl friend sent as a tribute a loaf of cake with the figures "92" arranged in colored candies. Major Simpson was looking as well yesterday as could have been expected. He was erect and smiling, and greeted cordially the gray-haired veterans who came up and shook hands with him. It was a pleasant, wholesome, but informal gathering, without speech-making, and many happy returns of the day were wished to the oldest drummer in this country, and perhaps the oldest in the world.

The veteran, Mr. Simpson, recently sent the following letter to the Bostonian Society: "If my life is spared, I shall reach my ninety-second birthday on the 29th of this month. At the suggestion of some old friends, I have decided to make your Society a birthday gift, and I now send it to you. Herewith you will receive a drum that was beat in the battle of Bunker Hill by John Robbins (I knew him well, and have used it considerably myself), and an oil portrait of myself and the same drum, painted by Darius Cobb (a most worthy gentleman, who spent much time and labor to make it a correct portrait of me, and my friends think it very good). I give you the drum and portrait to be framed by you, and both of them hung up. I should like to have the portrait over the drum in the Memorial Hall of the Old State House in Boston, and to be forever in the care and custody of the Bostonian Society. If you could hang the drum (and possibly the portrait, for I was a drummer in the War of 1812) in sight of the lion and unicorn, perhaps they would leave the building, as some timid people wish, as I hear, without being ordered to do so by the common council. For my part, I like these old relics, but it may be because I feel like one myself."

WHEN does a thief resemble a law student? — When he is called to the bar.

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A TRIBUTE TO R. H. DANA, JR.

THE following hearty tribute to Mr. Dana is appended by Mr. W. Clark Russell to his story, "My Watch Below," just published:—

There is no English-speaking sailor, whether he sails or has sailed under the Red Ensign or the Stripes and Stars, who will not feel as if he had said good-by for the last time to an old and honored friend when he hears of the death of Richard H. Dana, the author of "Two Years before the Mast." Jack cannot think of him but as an old sailor; and it would be like deranging one of the most genial of our latter-day maritime traditions to praise Dana to him as a brilliant lawyer, a distinguished jurist, an eloquent and far-sighted politician. All this he was, and how much more, the friends who are mourning him know. But to Jack he must always be the sailor's friend, the plain forecastle hand, who drank of the seaman's cup and ate of his bread, toiled with him, suffered with him, and, when the time came, championed him as he had never been championed before. "I vowed," he wrote in his famous book, "that if God should ever give me the means, I would do something to redress the grievances and relieve the sufferings of that poor class of beings of whom I was then one." The result of his resolution was a contribution to English and American literature of the greatest sea-book that was ever written in any language. Since that volume was printed, many notable changes have taken place in the marine. Steam is doing the work that was then done by sail; voyages are shortened to an extent that can only be realized by people who crossed the Atlantic forty years ago, and hear how long it takes now to perform the same journey. But how far have our mechanical improvements and progress affected Jack's life as a sailor? Is he better off than he was? To a certain degree he is. People ashore are interesting themselves about him; sailors' homes have been built; acts of parliament have jeopardized, if they have not wholly extinguished, the existence of the crimp and of the overloaded ship. But this view is from the shore standpoint. The question is: "How is he off at sea?" "How does he fare, what is his work, what is his treatment aboard?" Not, indeed, the great ocean steamship that whirls him from port to port, and scarcely yields him time to discover the flavor of his beef, and his duff, and his tinned meats, but those vessels of the "Pilgrim" pattern, the brig, the bark, the ship, of which there are so many afloat that the crews who man them make a large population of human souls? No man who knows the sea can answer the question in such a way as to satisfy Jack's well-wishers. We may write and talk much of what has been done on behalf of the sailor; but when all is said, we have only to take up "Two Years before the Mast," and enter a forecastle with it in our hands, to perceive that the merchant-seaman is very little better off than he was forty years ago. In Dana's time a captain had a power to tie a man up to a grating and flog him. He may not do that now, but if it is not sometimes done, it is rather because sailors nowadays would not stand by and witness such an act of brutality, than because it is rendered illegal by statute. But if Jack is no longer flogged, he is very often knocked down, shot at, clapped in irons, and put to work that might break the heart of a dray-horse. Certainly he often needs a taut hand; sometimes he is a skulker, sometimes a ruffian, sometimes little better than a pirate. But while day after day we are reading in the newspapers of such cases, for instance, as that of the master of the "James Bolt," who was fined thirty shillings and one pound costs by the Newry magistrates for having knocked down and kicked a colored seaman, ironed him, and fastened him up to the side of the cabin with hands above his head for twenty-four hours without food,—do not let us overestimate the value of such an illustration of the progress of nautical humanitarianism as the extinction of the old custom of flogging and pickling our merchant-seamen. It is not too much to say that the forecastle of the little "Pilgrim," in which

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Dana performed his voyage to California, is still the forecastle of hundreds of sailing ships yet afloat, and of many a slow, lumbering cargo steamer, too, no doubt. The sailors he has drawn with incomparable skill may still be found at work in every dock, sleeping at sea in the dark and resonant forecastle, or giving battle to the roaring canvas aloft. The quarrels in the "Pilgrim," the "hazing," the murmurs over bad provisions, the harsh privations, the *esprit de corps* that gives a rough poetry to the inner and hidden life of the rudest crew, are the same now as they were in Dana's time. There is no honest shipmaster but will acknowledge the accuracy of the portrait of the captain of the "Pilgrim" as a type of a large number of men still extant. The picture was an American one; but its general truth was so felt that, had the book been written by an Englishman, its immediate popularity could not have been greater in this country, nor its keenness as a home-thrust more fully admitted. But apart from its value as an exquisite photograph of the life of a merchant-sailor at sea, it possesses a fascination absolutely irresistible to the seaman. Its English has the freshness and *naïveté* of Defoe; no other diction than what Dana chose to write in could so finely have carried the descriptions and reflections he desired to set before his readers. It is as clear as a piece of crystal, and beautifies every image seen in it with its own prismatic radiance. He is minute to a degree, rigorously exact. Nothing escapes him. If he has to set a sail, the clew-lines must be overhauled, and there must be a song on the deck; if he has to haul down the jib, every hank must utter its metallic note, and the watch below, disturbed by the noise of ropes flung down overhead, must mutter one to another that the "old man" is doing so-and-so, and that it is so-and-so's voice who is bawling down from the foretopmast crosstrees to haul taut the lee topgallant brace. Yet whatever the landsman may think of this abundant interlarding of unintelligible cries and terms, to the sailor the treat is a rich one. He follows the narrative eagerly; he knows that every order is the right one; that whether the rigging has to be set up, the royal masthead painted from the truck to the eyes of the royal rigging, a new sail to be bent, the relieving tackles hooked on, it is Jack who is talking, sitting on his chest with a sooty pipe between his lips, and waving a brown forefinger in the glimmering light of the forecastle lamp as he recites his yarn amid the muffled thunder of the bow wave that breaks from the stem, and runs hissing and seething past the vessel.

There never was a bolder and truer experiment than "Two Years before the Mast," nor of its kind a more successful one. There had been marine writers before Dana. But they had looked at the sea as novelists; they viewed it as a theme that must be made interesting for men and women who knew very little about ships and the habits and thoughts of sailors, and for boys and girls who liked exciting stories; they went to the Navy for their incidents, very well knowing the literary value of gunpowder, dashing exploits, the chase, the capture, the imprisonment, and the escape. It is impossible not to speak without reverence of Marryat, nor without deep admiration of Michael Scott's exquisite pictures of the sea; but what terms shall fitly express the triumph and the merit of a writer who, discarding the old conventionalism of the marine painting, the dashing frigate, the sparkling epaulets, the humors of the gun-room, and the amours of midshipmen in cocked hats, goes for his subject into the forecastle of a little crazy brig bound on a long voyage round the Horn to the lonely coasts of the California of that day, there to load with hides? How could he hope to find an audience for such a narrative? Who was likely to take any interest in the talk and habits of "common sailors"?—a class of beings known to landsmen mainly in the pages of the novelists who were nimble only in the reconstruction of the remains of the dummies in pigtails, full of drink, and curses, and the lowest species of libertinism, which had come down to them from the days of Smollett?

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But Dana's keen eye, sharpened by the noblest sympathy and the wisest knowledge, pierced through the rough clothes and still rougher manner of the poor fellows among whom he had cast his lot, and beheld there such wild new ocean-echoing poetry as he felt must win the world to the side of the simple-hearted, mute, and toiling sailor, could he only reproduce it with something of the magic with which it appealed to him. One sees him stepping aboard at Boston, "fresh from the light dress-coat, silk cap, and kid gloves of an undergraduate of Cambridge," but now attired in loose duck trousers, checked shirt, and tarpaulin hat of a sailor. One follows him as, almost prostrate with sea-sickness, he is forced aloft by the order of the mate to grease down the royal-mast. One follows him into the dim little forecastle, there to find men whom he at once pities and honors, whom he clings to with a shipmate's affection and parts from with a shipmate's reluctance and sorrow, and to whose pitiful, obscure, and perilous life he devotes his genius. His book could not be read forty years ago without emotion, and cannot be perused now without deep regret that, in spite of the efforts of a few upright men, the sailor should still be able to look his country in the face and complain of the neglect that leaves him without religion, without education, and without recognition of the hundred troubles and trials of the hidden life which he has not the power to make known by words.

"No sooner," says Dana, "has the young sailor begun his new life in earnest, than all the fine drapery falls off, and he learns that it is but work and hardship after all. This is the true light in which a sailor's life is to be viewed; and if in our books and anniversary speeches we would leave out much that is said about 'blue water,' 'blue jackets,' 'open hearts,' 'seeing God's hand on the deep,' etc., and take this up like any other practical subject, I am quite sure we should do fully as much for those we wish to benefit." This is the key-note of his writings on the subject of sailors. There is never any cant, never any sort of "gush." The "Seamen's Manual" surprisingly illustrates its perfect mastery of the minutiæ of life on shipboard. There is, indeed, so far as regards the advice it tenders to masters, mates, and men, nothing in the language to compare with it, unless the late Captain Kelly's "The Mate and his Duties" be excepted. Nor has the enormous preponderance of steam over sailing vessels rendered the work less applicable to the current needs of the seaman. No sailor, let his ship and let his post be what they will, can rise from the perusal of this volume without being informed by a clearer conception of the nature of his obligation, and without a heartier leaning towards his manly and honorable profession. The representations of the sailor, even in the hands of men who very well knew what they were about, have been for the most part so overcharged with Jack's traditional rather than actual infirmities, as to render the portrait little better than a caricature. From this defect two writers only have been free; and, strangely enough, they were both Americans. The one is Dana, and the other is Herman Melville. But they were both of them men who had lived in the forecastle; their knowledge was not obtained by quarter-deck glimpses, but by entering and dwelling in Jack's parlor, sitting in his bunk, drinking out of his pannikin, diving into the mess kid, and turning out "all standing," to the cry of "All hands!" And, in truth, only men who have served before the mast are capable of thoroughly understanding sailors. What hand but an able seaman's could have depicted the forecastle as we see it in "Two Years before the Mast," and more faintly in Melville's "Omoo"? In the former work, the lamp, burning feebly, swings from the blackened beam; it is bitterly cold, for a Cape Horn blast is blowing the little vessel down to her water-ways, and the air is blind with snow. The watch on deck have come below, wet through, and their clothes stiff with ice; but their other clothes are wet too, and all they can do is to feel over them for the driest, and put them on. The gale

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keeps the forecastle humming as though it were full of locusts; but every now and again the thunderous blow of the sea breaks in upon this strange chanting, and the deck overhead roars under the discharge of a slashing weight of water. Some of the men turn in without removing their clothes, others seat themselves on the chests, with their ice-cold hands buried in their trousers pockets, not choosing to lie down, for any moment the scuttle may be beaten overhead to the hoarse cry of "All hands! Tumble up, men, tumble up, before it is upon us!" The sailor as he looks at the picture lives in it. He has gone through it all, and knows that it is as true and real as if he were there listening to the groaning of the bulkheads.

And now the great-hearted seaman who loved Jack so heartily, and strove to serve him so nobly, has shaken his shipmates by the hand, and the great deep of death has closed forever over his honored head. But his generous, loyal mind still lives, and must live while there remains an English-speaking mariner afloat, to plead for the sailor, and to beg compassionate regard and care for him. As his life was devoted to the seaman's cause, so his honorable ambition may find even in his death a fruitful soil, if by dying he shall have given fresh impulse to his inimitable and incomparable book.

—•—

A GENTLEMAN who believes in ventilation was recently visiting in Reno, Cal., and was given a room in which he found it impossible to raise one of the windows. He went to sleep with the matter on his mind, and it woke him up. He found it impossible to get to sleep, and imagined himself nearly smothering. After suffering for an hour or so, he determined to stand it no longer, and felt around for the window. When he found it, he held a chair against it and broke out the glass. Then he went to bed, and slept sweetly all night. In the morning he found that he had broken in the glass door of a bookcase.

A PURITAN'S COURTSHIPS.

[*From the Third Volume of Judge Sewall's Diary.*]

SEWALL'S diary makes us thankful that we did not live in that age of narrowness and hardship. The life was starved, and, lacking the powerful alliance of our modern physical developments, ran lame and weak. There were great men then; but small men now achieve a hundredfold more than they. Besides the long dreary winters, with their tremendous snowstorms, the wooden houses and the open fireplaces for heating, the ignorance of medicine and nursing raised the death-rate, and would be unbearable to our workpeople, who to-day are better housed and fed than our ancestors. Sewall's Diary often looks as though the chief business of those times were doctoring and burying. The funeral expenses were unreasonable, and malarial fevers — typhus and lung — abounded. Sewall is always on the lookout for the spring, which comes to him with the swallows about the middle of April, as witness repeatedly such entries: "April 14, 1718. The swallows proclaim the spring. I saw three together." The sacramental bread froze in the meeting-house, and he writes on a cold day: "At six o'clock my ink freezes so that I can hardly write by a good fire in my wife's chamber."

But undoubtedly the gem of this third volume is the account of Sewall's various courtships in his old age. At first sight there is a question of propriety in the publishing of these accounts, for they are very curious. But the pictures of social life are so vivid and unique, that we may fairly say that American history would lack much without them. Whether Sewall wrote his diary as private memoranda or for possible publication, may be uncertain. He was student enough to know, however, that other diaries had been published, and he was responsible for leaving his unburnt. At any rate it is a rich mine. Actually he was thrice married, first, in 1675, to Hannah Hull, only child and heir to a plentiful estate. She bore him seven

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sons and seven daughters, dying in 1717. It was after her death that what we may call the fun for us, though a very grave affair for the pious judge, began. Our ancestors held marriage in high esteem, and probably public opinion would in a measure force a man of Sewall's station to remarry. Nor was Sewall himself averse. Indeed, at this time we discern from his diary that the activity of his piety ran level with his aspiration for matrimony. Besides, his neighbors and gossips, especially the women, were great match-makers, and everybody of his circle seems to have set it down that he was to marry a widow, and a widow, too, entitled to sit on the fore seat in the meeting-house, — in other words, a Puritan lady. His travail with the widow, therefore, was full of energy and vicissitudes. Of course his courtships took on a religious aspect. One of the Mathers sent him a pious tract called "Marah; or an Essay to do good unto the Widow," with this advice: "But your honor will allow me to say that in my opinion all regards are not yet paid which you owe unto the widow, and which are expected from you." "Mrs. Willoughby seemed to hint," notes Sewall, "that persons had need beware how they married again. I said (to humor it) they that had been to sea should be careful how they put to sea again, especially in winter time, — meaning of old age." It does not appear that he had ever courted *her*, or was likely to do so. His own mind is in this note: "Cousin Moody went with me into the new hall, read the story of Rebecca's courtship, and prayed with me respecting my widowed condition." The judge was evidently embarrassed at first by the possible marriageable riches of Boston town; but he soon set his face toward a Mrs. Denison, of Roxbury, whose husband's will he had drawn, and whose estates he knew. She was a shrewd, straightforward business woman, and at first his suit throve. He brought her sweetmeats and pious tracts, and "ate curds at her house. I craved a blessing and returned thanks." "I gave her two cases, with a knife and fork in each, one with turtle-shell tackling, the other with ivory handles; cost 4s. 6d." He was now receiving congratulations on his approaching marriage. But Fate, in the shape of money matters, drove away Cupid. Madam, offering back all his presents, which he refused, declined to marry him. Friday, Nov. 28, 1718, he notes: "My bowels yearn toward Mrs. Denison; but I think God directs me in his providence to desist." We catch one more glimpse of the lady, Lord's day, Nov. 30, when, in the evening, while Sewall was at family prayers, "she came in, preceded by her cousin Weld, saying she wished to speak to me in private. I was very much startled that she should come so far afoot in that exceeding cold season. She asked pardon if she had affronted me. Seemed inclined the match should not break off, since I had kept her company so long. I fetched a tankard of cider and drank to her. She desired that nobody might know of her being here. I told her they should not. She went away in the bitter cold, no moon being up, to my great pain. I saluted her at parting." Puritan kiss and heart are cold; and a woman's heart — to-day or then — who fathoms it?

This time he ended uncertainties by marrying a respectable lady, Mrs. Tilley, who shortly died. Then Sewall and his friends turned to Madam Winthrop, widow of that rare gentleman, Waitstill Winthrop, and the ecstasy of Sewall's marriage comedy flamed up with exceeding brilliancy. He was now sixty-nine and the lady fifty-six, twice married before, and with grown-up children. The diary tells the story, Sept. 30, 1720: "Daughter Sewall acquaints Madam Winthrop that if she pleased to be within at three P. M. I would wait on her. She answered she would be at home.

"Oct. 1. Saturday. I went to Madam Winthrop's just at three. Spake to her, saying my loving wife died so soon and suddenly, 't was hardly convenient for me to think of marrying again; however, I came to this resolution, that I would not make any court to any person without consulting with her. She propounded one and another for me, but none would do.

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"Oct. 2. Waited on Madam Winthrop again; 't was a little while before she came in. Her daughter Noyes being there alone with me, I said I hoped my waiting on her mother would not be disagreeable to her. She answered she should not be against that which might be for her comfort. By and by came in Mr. Airs, chaplain of the castle, and hanged up his hat, which I was a little startled at, it seeming as if he were to lodge there. At last Madam Winthrop came too. After a considerable time, I went up to her and said, if it might not be inconvenient, I desired to speak with her. She assented, and spake of going into another room; but Mr. Airs and Mrs. Noyes presently rose up and went out, leaving us there alone. Then I ushered in discourse, and at last said I prayed that Catharine (Madam W.) might be the person assigned for me." The lady, as was fit, replied that she could not answer until she was asked, and said she could not leave her children. The judge expressed sorrow at her hasty decision, and inquired when he might wait on her again. She set no time, and he said "a week that day." "Gave her Mr. Willard's 'Fountain,' saying that I hoped if we did read well that book we should meet together hereafter, if we did not now. She took the book and put it in her pocket. Took leave.

"Oct. 6. A little after six P. M. I went to Madam Winthrop's. She was not within. I gave the maid 2s.; Juno, who brought in wood, 1s. After the nurse came in I gave her 18d., having no other small bill. After a while Dr. Noyes came in with his mother, and quickly after his wife. They sat talking, I think, till eight o'clock. I said I feared I might be some interruption to their business. Dr. Noyes replied pleasantly, they feared they might be some interruption to *my* business, and went away. Madam seemed to harp upon the same string, must take care of her children, could not leave that house and neighborhood, &c. I gave her a piece of Mr. Belcher's cake and gingerbread wrapped up in a clean sheet of paper. My daughter Judith, I said, was gone from me, and I was more lonesome, — might help to forward one another in our journey to Canaan. I took leave about nine o'clock.

"Oct. 11. I write a few lines to Madam Winthrop to this purpose: 'Madam, — these wait on you with Mr. Mayhew's Sermon and an Account of the State of the Indians of Martha's Vineyard. I thank you for your unmerited favors of yesterday [she had given him wine, marmalade, &c.], and hope to have the happiness of waiting on you to-morrow before eight o'clock afternoon. I pray God to keep you and give you a joyful entrance upon the 229th year of Christopher Columbus his discovery, and take leave, who am, Madam, your humble servant, — S. S.'

"'Sent this by Deacon Green, &c.'

"Oct. 12. In the little room Madam Winthrop was full of work behind a stand. Mrs. Cotton came in and stood. Madam pointed to her to set me a chair. Her countenance looked dark and lowering. At last the work (black stuff or silk) was taken away. I got my chair in place, had some converse, but very cold and indifferent to what 't was before. Asked her to acquit me of rudeness if I drew off her glove. Enquiring the reason, I told her 't was great odds between handling a dead goat and a living lady. Got it off! I told her I had one petition to ask of her, to wit, to change her answer. She insisted on her negative. I gave her Dr. Preston's the 'Churche's Marriage and the Churche's Carriage,' which cost me 6s. Sarah filled a glass of wine; she drank to me, I to her. She sent Juno home with me with a good lantern. I gave her 6d., and bade her thank her mistress. In some of our discourse I told her the reason why I came every other night was lest I should drink too deep draughts of pleasure. She had talked of Canary: her kisses were to me better than the best Canary. Explained the expression concerning Columbus. [In the name of two worlds, what might it be in a love-letter!]

"Oct. 17. In the evening I visited Madam Winthrop, who treated me courteously, but not in clean linen, as sometimes. She said she did not know whether I would come

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again or no. I asked her how she could impute inconstancy to me. Gave her this day's 'Gazette.' Heard David Jeffries (her little grandson) say the Lord's Prayer, and some other portions of the Scriptures. Juno came home with me.

"Oct. 19. Visited Madam Winthrop. Sarah told me she was at Mrs. Walley's, would not come home till late. Was ready to go home, but said if I knew she was there, I would go thither. I went and found her with Mr. Walley and his wife in the little room below. At seven o'clock I mentioned going home; at eight, I put on my coat and quickly waited on her home. Was courteous to me, but took occasion to speak pretty earnestly about my keeping a coach. I said 't would cost £100 per annum. She said 't would cost but £46.

"Oct. 20. Madam Winthrop not being at lecture, I went thither first; found her very serene, with her daughter Noyes, &c. She drank to me, and I to Mrs. Noyes. After a while prayed the favor to speak with her. She took one of the candles and went into the best room, closed the shutters, and sat down upon the couch. She spoke something of my needing a wig. I took leave.

"Oct. 21. My son (the parson) and I pray for one another in the old chamber, more especially respecting my courtship. At six o'clock I go to Madam Winthrop's. Sarah told me her mistress had gone out, but did not tell me whither she went. She presently ordered me a fire; I went in, having Dr. Sibb's 'Bowels' with me to read. [This was a book on "The Discovery of the Union between Christ and the Church."] A while after nine Madam came in. I mentioned something of the lateness; she bantered me and said I was late. I asked her when our proceedings should be made public. She said they were like to be no more public than they were already. Offered me no wine that I remember. I rose up at eleven o'clock to come away, saying I would put on my coat. She offered not to help me. I prayed that Juno might light me home, she opened the shutter, and said 't was pretty light abroad; Juno was weary and gone to bed. So I came home by starlight as well as I could. Jehovah Jireh. The Lord reigneth.

"Oct. 24. As to my periwig, I told her my best and greatest Friend (I could not possibly have a greater) began to find me with hair before I was born, and had continued to do so ever since, and I could not find it in my heart to go to another. She gave me a dram of black cherry brandy, and a lump of the sugar that was in it.

"Nov. 4. I asked Madam what fashioned necklace I should present her with. She said none at all. I asked her whereabouts we left off last time; mentioned what I had offered to give her; asked her what she would give me. She said she could not change her condition, and had said so from the beginning.

"Nov. 7. I went to Madam Winthrop; found her rocking her little Katie in the cradle. She set me an armed-chair and a cushion. Gave her the remnants of my almonds. She did not eat of them as before, but laid them away. Asked if she remained of the same mind still. She said thereabouts. I told her I loved her, and was so fond as to think that she loved me. The fire was come to one short brand besides the block, which brand was set up on end; at last it fell to pieces, and no recruit was made. She gave me a glass of wine. I did not bid her draw off her glove, as sometime I had done. Her dress was not so clean as sometime it had been. The Lord reigneth."

And so with the one black brand on a fireless hearth, the curtain falls on Sewall's courtship of Madam Winthrop. Soon after he married Mrs. Gibbs.

ACCOMMODATIONS FOR SIX. — Moses Schamburg has been annoyed by burglars prowling about his residence. One day he went into a gun-shop to buy a revolver. "What kind of a weapon do you want?" asked the gunsmith. "I should like one," said Moses, "mit accommodations for six burglars."

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PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES IN BOSTON.

THE receptions of former Presidents have been notable occasions in Boston, and a brief *résumé* of their significance is not inappropriate. President Washington and Vice-Predent John Adams were received here Oct. 9, 1789, the President journeying from Philadelphia in his own carriage. He entered the city by his Old Cambridge headquarters. The procession was headed by five companies of Massachusetts troops, commanded by Colonel Bradford. There was continuous festivity during the several days of his stay. He was lodged at the boarding-house of Joseph Ingersoll, on the site of S. S. Pierce's grocery.

President James Monroe visited this city in July, 1817, and occupied rooms in the Exchange Coffee House, where a banquet was served, at which General Swift, superintendent of West Point, presided, assisted by Commodore Perry. The President visited ex-President Adams at Quincy during his stay.

Andrew Jackson came in June, 1833, with Vice-President Van Buren and Secretaries Cass and Woodbury, to take part in the docking of the frigate "Constitution," the first that entered the present dry dock at the Navy Yard in Charlestown. The public schools took part in the reception on the Neck. A levee was given by Governor Lincoln at the State House. The militia, under General John S. Tyler, was reviewed on the Common. Service was attended at the Old South Church on Sunday, and Edward Everett addressed the party at Bunker Hill on Monday.

On June 16, 1843, President Tyler came to be present at the completion of Bunker Hill Monument on June 17. Martin Brimmer was then Mayor. The procession was escorted by the home military, and representative organizations of the militia of other States, and passed through lines of school children. The President and Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, dined with the city authorities at the Tremont House. Daniel Webster on this occasion delivered his memorable address at the base of the completed monument.

James K. Polk came June 29, 1847, for a brief stay. He was escorted by a military and civic procession two miles long, and was welcomed by Josiah Quincy, jr., then Mayor. He visited Faneuil Hall, Bunker Hill, and other points of interest.

On the 17th of September, 1851, Millard Fillmore attended the great railroad jubilee, which continued three days. He was accompanied by Charles M. Conrad, Secretary of War, and Alexander H. H. Stewart, Secretary of the Interior. The Earl of Elgin, Governor-General of Canada, was also present, and the festivities were continued in the old Boston style.

The next President to honor Boston by a visit was Andrew Johnson, on the 24th of June, 1867, on the occasion of the completion of the present Masonic Temple. He was present at the dedication, and received all the honors due his position from the State and city officials.

The visits and receptions of President Grant during the Peace Jubilee of 1869, of President Hayes in June, 1877, and of President Chester A. Arthur, in October, 1882, are too recent to call for comment; suffice it to say that the city did itself credit, as on former occasions, as an entertainer.

WEBSTER'S HOME.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Philadelphia paper who visited Marshfield in the latter part of June, 1882, gives the following description of the historic spot, which will be read with peculiar interest at this time: —

In the visitors' record preserved at the Webster Place is this pathetic entry: "Ashburton Webster, the last male descendant of Daniel Webster bearing his name, died in New York city, aged thirty years, Jan. 22, 1879. . . The old house burnt on

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Feb. 14, at half-past 3 o'clock, A. M., 1878. All gone." On the place occupied by the old house has been erected a charming modern villa, with seven gables and wide piazzas; the spirit of hospitality, not frightened away by the flames, still reigns, and the modern house, though not so large as the old, might still be called "Liberty Hall." When Daniel Webster was alive, thirty years ago, as he stood on his house-top, he could say with Alexander Selkirk, "I am monarch of all I survey." As far as his eye reached, extended his domain. Two thousand goodly acres, covered with woodland and orchards, with hay-fields and tillage, with undulating uplands and wide flat saltmarshes, constituted a patrimony of which any man might well be proud.

In those days it was a long drive to Boston by stage, but the sea came up to the garden-wall, and his yacht, laden with provisions, could anchor within three minutes' walk of the house. The house itself, an ante-Revolutionary mansion, had been enlarged, and with its thirty rooms offered accommodation for a small army of visitors. The country life of the great statesman is familiar to every one, — his popularity with all the neighbors, his junketings, his fishing excursions. The best picture of him represents him with pole in hand, with his famous white hat, dressed for out-of-door life. After his death, the house became a Mecca for pilgrims. The first visitor to inscribe his name on the record was Edward Everett, and the date was Aug. 3, 1853. One summer there were several thousands who paid their respects to the memory of the defender of the Constitution. It is an interesting record: from all over the world men came, — Cuban planters, Russian princes, Polish counts, and the untitled nobility of our own land. One of the autographs is that of Jefferson Davis. Occasionally an enthusiastic person would break out into impromptu poetry, and inscribe the tribute of his praise. In October, 1853, Charles Blanchard wrote: "He gave his time, his talents, and his great heart to his country, and left a name perishable only with our planet."

Daniel Webster's tomb, where he and his descendants are buried, is in an enclosed lot a short distance back of the house, in the old Pilgrim graveyard. A number of simple marble cenotaphs commemorate the various members of his family. Until within a year or two his features were perfectly preserved; but the last time his coffin was opened, the virtue of the embalming, probably owing to the action of the air let in, had entirely failed, and now only a little dust remains. The Pilgrim graveyard on the hill is a peculiarly solemn spot; the old tombstones, standing at every angle, broken by time and covered with moss, are legible only with difficulty. It was here that the first governor of Massachusetts was buried. Under a quaint coat-of-arms is engraved this inscription, —

"The Hon'ble Josiah Winslow, Gov'r of New Plymouth, Dyed December ye 18, 1680, ætatis 52. Penelope, ye widdow of Gov'r Winslow, dyed Dec. ye 7, 1703, ætatis 73."

Even more interesting is an old mossy stone not far from Governor Winslow's, —

"Here lyeth ye ashes
of yee Reve rend Learned
& Pious Mr. Edward Tompson,
Pastor of ye church of
Marshfield, who suddenly
departed this life March
ye 16, 1705, Anno
ætatis suæ 40."

On the floor stone is the stanza, —

"Here in a Tyrant's Hand Doth Captiue lye
A Rare Synopsis of Diuinity.
Old Patriarchs, Prophets, Gospel Bishops meet
Under deep silence in this winding sheet.
All rest awhile in hopes and full intent
When their King calls to sit in Parliament."

The burning of the Webster House was a cruel shame. It is supposed that the fire was incendiary. About one o'clock of a cold St. Valentine's morning, a man who had a grudge against the coachman crept up to the L and applied the fatal torch. There was about four feet of snow on the ground, and when the fire was discovered it had made

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such headway that there was no hope of stopping it. The night was very bright; the fire burned with almost no smoke, and no help was forthcoming from the distant village. Only seven persons were on hand to do the work of preservation. Every endeavor was therefore turned to saving the furniture and the invaluable memorials which the house contained. According to all accounts, an unusual tenderness was shown to the insurance companies. The men engaged in rescuing the furniture took enormous pains to remove the piano, which was insured; a rare cabinet of the sixteenth century, valued at nearly one thousand dollars, was left to perish. One of the men said it came to pieces as he tried to pick it up, and he thought it was not worth while to waste his time over it. Most of the pictures, the smaller ornaments, and the movable furniture were saved. All the valuable china and a considerable quantity of the silverware were destroyed. From the melted silver afterwards collected from the cellar a handsome service was made. Nearly all the books in the library, and many private papers and letters carefully stored away in the attic, were burned. Some of these letters belonged to Colonel Fletcher Webster, and had an important bearing upon the case of Fitz-John Porter in his favor. The present house has still many interesting memorials. The portraits are particularly valuable. In the larger hall hang portraits of Daniel Webster, painted by Stuart and Frothingham, of Mrs. Grace Fletcher Webster, of Colonel Fletcher Webster and his beautiful wife; above the Stuart portrait are Webster's staff and his great white hat, big enough to fit the head of Olympian Jove. In the dining-room is a silhouette of a stately lady, and in Daniel Webster's handwriting the words, "My excellent mother. D. W."

A feature of the old library is preserved in the dining-room. Over the fireplace the chimney divides to make room for a window. In the old house the window was lower and furnished with blinds; now stained glass with conventionalized lotus flowers makes a pleasant light. A bronze devil, brought home from China by Colonel Webster, and a water-pitcher beaten by Chinese silversmiths from two hundred Mexican dollars, occupy a prominent place in the alcove. The view from one of the windows covers the wide marshes. In the music-room are several valuable paintings, two original water-colors by Turner, and a large Wouvermans representing a scene at a forge. Not the least interesting thing in the house is a miniature of Daniel Webster's son Charles, with a kitten in his baby arms. It is a sweet face, and a head quite worthy of his father.

The present Webster estate comprises about three hundred and fifty acres, and is under the charge of Mr. Frank Bohun Devereux, a cousin of Mrs. Fletcher Webster. The house is approached through a long avenue of beautiful trees. The lawn is quite ideal, stretching up to the road, rolling with gentle undulations, and dotted with various kinds of trees. The driveway in front of the house encloses an oval grass plot bright with flowers. The old elm at the corner was badly burned at the time of the fire, but its long, low branches are still full of vigor. Before the Revolutionary War it was used as a whipping-post. It has survived all the Websters, and there is something very pathetic as it holds out its blackened limbs as if to take the house to its heart.

Back of the great barn is a pond, which covers several acres; an ancestral frog haunts its depths, and at nightfall its mighty voice comes booming up like a voice from the past. The sea no longer floods the creek and the marshes. The white sea-wall is only an idle reminder of its former use. This is the story of the dike: Some years ago certain inhabitants of Marshfield went to the Legislature of Massachusetts, and by means of plausible representations forced a bill through, allowing them to build a dike across Green Harbor River, so as to reclaim the marshes. The expense of the dike was to be ten thousand dollars, and the petitioners were to keep the lower river and the harbor clear of sand. The interests of the Upper Marshfielders and of the Lower Marshfielders were herein clearly

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opposed. The dike has now cost fifty thousand dollars, and a certain proportion of the expenses was levied on the marsh owners, including those who had protested against it. Naturally feeling aggrieved at such a high-handed proceeding, they refused to sacrifice themselves. Among those who refused to pay the assessment were Mrs. Fletcher Webster and Miss Adelaide Phillipps. The town then went farther, and sold a large number of acres of their land by auction. In the Webster case the sixty-seven acres sold brought eleven hundred dollars more than the assessment; but with unexampled generosity the town made itself a donation of the whole. The man who bought Miss Phillipps's land last year proceeded to cut the hay; but the energetic singer (with the other ladies of the family), determining not to be outdone, went at nightfall and gathered it all into her own barn, and mocked at the threats of the lawyer sent to obtain satisfaction. Meantime, Green Harbor River has almost entirely filled up with sand. The bar at low tide is entirely out of water, and the fishing interests of the natives are brought to naught. Moreover, the experiment of reclaiming the marshes has not by any means proved the success that was anticipated. If the fishermen had their way, a ton of dynamite would be placed under the costly dike and exploded, and again the sea would find its way across the fields.

There is great beauty about these Marshfield lands. As one stands on the low road leading to the beach, there is a bending circle of gentle hills. On one of them the Miles Standish monument cuts the horizon; that clump next the sea is where the French cable from Brest lands, and far beyond is the blue outline of Manomet, beyond Plymouth. From the beach on hazy days you sometimes see the coast of the Cape and the shore of Provincetown lifted by the mirage. As a general thing, the bay looks like the open sea, only there is scarcely a ripple to mark the rising tide. The color of the water rivals that of the Mediterranean. The soil is sandy, but is nevertheless covered with the brightest vegetation. The whole region is getting to be more and more a place of summer resort. On the beach the land seems to be growing, and there are little headlands forming, on which people have only to "squat," — that is, build a shanty or a cottage, and there is no one to dispute the title. At Brant Rock there is quite a colony, and several sizable hotels fill themselves with guests, who enjoy the perfect quiet and restfulness of the South Shore. It is especially for these summer waifs that a little church is being erected. Mrs. Fletcher Webster has generously given a cottage for a parsonage, and a lot of land, on which a neat and unpretentious edifice is in process of erection. The few extra hundred dollars needful to insure freedom from debt are being raised by fairs and prospective concerts. The neighborhood of Miss Adelaide Phillipps and her accomplished sister seems to make the assistance of musicians an easy matter.

It is a quiet summer life on this bending sandy shore of Cape Cod Bay; but to those who like the whistle of the quail, the song of myriads of birds, and the sight of a gentle sea and long stretches of marsh-land, sometimes flooded at high-tide, there is no pleasanter retreat for the summer days.

"A FARMER said to me," says Rev. N. W. Miner, D.D., "I once got into difficulty with a neighbor about the line between our farms. I went to Mr. Lincoln to secure him. Mr. Lincoln said: 'Now if you go on with this, it will cost both of your farms, and will entail an enmity that will last for generations, and perhaps lead to murder. The other man has just been here to engage me. Now I want you two to sit down in my office while I am gone to dinner, and talk it over, and try to settle it. And to secure you from any interruption I will lock the door.' He did so, and he did not return all the afternoon. We two men, finding ourselves shut up together, began to laugh. This put us in a good humor, and by the time Mr. Lincoln returned, the matter was settled."

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WEBSTER AS A POET.

DANIEL WEBSTER, it has been said, during the whole course of his literary life, wrote but one poem, and that was upon the death of his infant son. This son, who was named Charles, was born on Summer Street, Boston, on the first day of December, 1822, and died in the December of 1824. The poem has not appeared in print for some years. It bears the title, —

LINES ON CHARLES'S DEATH.

My son, thou wast my heart's delight;
Thy morn of life was gay and cheery.
That morn has rushed to sudden night;
Thy father's house is sad and dreary.

I held thee on my knee, my son,
And kissed thee laughing, kissed thee weeping;
But ah! thy little life is done,
Thou 'rt with thy angel sister sleeping.

The staff on which my years should lean
Is broken ere those years came o'er me;
My funeral rites thou shouldst have seen,
But thou art in the grave before me.

Thou raisest to me no filial stone,
No parent's grave with tears beholdest;
Thou art my ancestor, my son,
And standest in Heaven's account the oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast,
Thy generation after mine;
Thou hast thy predecessor's part,
Earlier eternity is thine.

I should have set before thine eyes
The road to Heaven, and showed it clear;
But thou, untaught, spring'st to the skies,
And leavest thy teacher learning here.

Sweet seraph, I would learn of thee,
And hasten to partake thy bliss;
And ah, to thy world welcome me
As erst I welcomed thee to this!

Thy father, I beheld thee born,
And led thy tottering steps with care;
Before me risen to Heaven's bright morn,
My son, my father, guide me there!

THE CITY OF REST.

"And the name of that city is Rest."

[*From Household Words.*]

O BIRDS from out the east, O birds from out the west,
Have ye found that happy city in all your weary quest?
Tell me, tell me, from earth's wandering may the heart find glad surcease,
Can ye show me as an earnest any olive-branch of peace?
I am weary of life's troubles, of its sin and toil and care;
I am faithless, crushing in my heart so many a fruitless prayer.
O birds from out the east, O birds from out the west,
Can ye tell me of that city, the name of which is Rest?

Say, doth a dreamy atmosphere that blessèd city crown?
Are there couches spread for sleeping softer than the eider-down?
Does the silver sound of waters, falling 'twixt its marble walls,
Hush its solemn silence even into stiller intervals?
Doth the poppy shed its influence there, or doth the fabled moly
With its leafy-laden Lethe lade the eyes with slumber holy?
Do they never wake to sorrow who, after toilsome quest,
Have entered in that city, the name of which is Rest?

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Doth the fancy wile not there for aye? Is the restless soul's endeavor
Hushed in a rhythm of solemn calm forever and forever?
Are human natures satisfied of their intense desire?
Is there no more good beyond to seek, or do they not aspire,
But weary, weary of the ore within its yellow sun,
Do they lie and eat its lotus-leaves, and dream life's toil is done?
Oh, tell me, do they there forget what here hath made them blest,
Nor sigh again for home and friends in the city namèd Rest?

O little birds, fly east again! O little birds, fly west!
Ye have found no happy city in all your weary quest.
Still shall ye find no spot of rest wherever ye may stray,
And still like you the human soul must wing its weary way.

There sleepeth no such city within the wide earth's bound,
Nor hath the dreaming fancy yet its blissful portals found.
We are but children crying here upon a mother's breast
For life and peace and blessedness, and for eternal Rest.

Bless God! I hear a still small Voice, above life's clamorous din,
Saying: Faint not, O weary one, thou yet mayst enter in!
That city is prepared for those who well do win the fight,
Who tread the winepress till its blood hath washed their garments white;
Within it is no darkness, nor any baleful flower
Shall there oppress thy weeping eyes with stupefying power.
It lieth calm within the light of God's peace-giving breast,
Its walls are called Salvation, the city's name is Rest!

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